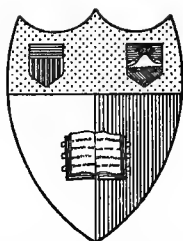


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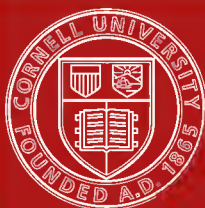
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A SOLDIER'S SAILORING.

Chas. H. Mason
10/7/14



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER BRUCE TULLOCH

A Soldier's Sailing

BY MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR ALEXANDER BRUCE TULLOCH
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PREFACE.

A PROPOSITION was submitted for bringing out a second edition of "Recollections of Forty Years' Service," in which my experiences as a sailor are referred to, but so many soldiers' accounts of later and more interesting present day campaigns have been, and will continue to be, brought out, that I came to the conclusion a repetition of what was merely soldiers' active service work was unnecessary, but thought a full statement of what soldiers had to do as part of their duty in the days of sailing ships might, however, be useful as a record of work which could never again be required of them.

So much of my life has, like that of Sinbad, been passed at sea, that I ventured to think my voyages and their shore adventures—eliminating as far as possible all purely military experiences—might be interesting even if not so wonderful as those of that ancient mariner.

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A Soldier's Sailing.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST VOYAGE.

THAT strain of adventurous Norse blood, which has made this country mistress of the sea and the greatest world power that has ever existed, shows itself amongst those who are unconscious that they are still influenced by that wild strain, forcing them from quiet, peaceful homes to adventures, privation, and often death.

What other race but ours would have sent its swarms of men of every class, from dukes to dust-men, to South Africa? Pay, it certainly was not with thousands who left kith, kin and home, not only in the old Mother-land, but in every part of the British Empire. It was, although they knew it not, that fighting strain derived from long-ago ancestors, which they could not resist, any more than the millions of birds which annually fly north or south, as nature sends them.

With those races of warm latitudes, where ease and luxury are the first considerations, then the paradise of the future life is to be entirely sensual, but with the hardy, danger-loving Norseman the Walhalla was to be hard fighting all day, to be followed by hard drinking Valkyrie fellowship at night.

Kingsley, in "Westward Ho!" clearly touches on the Norse strain in the blood when giving those fascinating descriptions which the old sea rovers of the Spanish main pour into the willing ears of Amyas Leigh and his young companions on Bideford Quay.

In the days of our own youth, now, alas! well over half a century ago, what more eagerly devoured books were there than those of Marryat—"The Privateer's Man of a Hundred Years Ago," and such like, and more stimulating still of that old Norse blood in us were the yarns of those grand old men of Nelson's time, who had as youngsters taken part in broadside to broadside actions and boarding, and who gave such blood-stirring descriptions of it as made us youthful listeners long for the time when we also would have our turn.

To get a nomination for the Navy towards the end of the long peace and before the Crimean War was no easy matter, and to my vexation I arrived at the superannuation age of fourteen just before getting to the top of the First Lords' List, and so had to become a soldier instead of a sailor. Such a thing as any other mode of existence was not even taken into consideration. However, even as a soldier I have managed to see a good deal of sea life, and been several times regularly under that glorious much loved pennant of the British Navy, and had the good fortune to be twice mentioned in naval dispatches. My acquaintance with the sea began early, almost as soon as I could hold an oar, and still later I well remember how fascinating it was to prowl about a sailing ship, even in harbour, and more than delightful if it chanced to be one of

the laid-up men-of-war which had taken a share in the fights in Nelson's time.

But it was not until 1855, when taking a draft out to the Crimea, that I had my first long sea voyage, and then somehow on embarking I felt myself quite at home on a ship, and seemed to know all about it. But that voyage, although my first, was nearly being my last. The vessel, a low-powered but heavily sparred transport, the "Urgent," managed to break her main shaft soon after leaving Malta, and when she lay becalmed, some of us youngsters began skylarking in the rigging, soon to be followed by the captain of the mizzen-top, to make us pay our footing. Determined not to be caught, I decided to crawl along the mizzen-top mast stay into the maintop. The stay seemed to slope sufficiently for me to do so, but with the masts so far apart as they were in the "Urgent," I found but little inclination downward, and I had to work along hand over hand under the stay with my legs crossed over it behind to support them. The stay was also decidedly sticky, and when I got to the middle I was about done, and halted. Every one on board had by this time crowded on to the upper deck, and shouted to me to hold on. I rested a bit and then managed to slowly continue until I got close to the maintop, when a blue-jacket reached up to me and I dropped, just about dead beat, into the top. At Malta we changed into a regular full powered passenger steamer, so had no more fun aloft, but I happened to get a chance of more useful work, being the first to seize a life-buoy to throw to a poor fellow, a ship's boy, who was pitched out of the heads in the plunge of a heavy sea. Although

he had three life-buoys close to him, he went down almost at once, doubtless entangled in his clothing.

Malta to me, from a professional point of view, was interesting, principally on account of the great stone bastions and outworks on the land side, cut out of the solid rock and fully exposed to a besieger's fire, so very different from the carefully earth-hidden systems of Vauban, which had been hammered into us as cadets at Sandhurst, but which from the nature of the country were impossible at Malta ; but from a boy's point of consideration, Malta was a grand place. Such oranges for next to nothing, and as for the ices and confectionery at Meurice's shop, and Rhatlakum at the " Sick Man," they were a dream.

Gibraltar, where we had to stop for coal before arriving at Malta, was very different, even to a lately commissioned cadet. As we entered the Straits, there was Africa in full view, and soon we were abreast of Trafalgar Bay, with the " Rock " looming up in the distance, that grand record for all time of one of the proudest pages of our history. As we neared the town, the shot marks of the great siege were still to be seen on the Moorish castle, and long may they be allowed to remain there. The gun galleries excavated during the siege, high up on the perpendicular face of the cliff at the north front, were the first places to be explored. When looking out of the portholes, one could with a slight draw on the imagination, see the Spanish besieging army far below, and the floating batteries down the bay preparing for the grand attack. The shot-heating contrivances were still on the sea-front, and the bastions as they were during the attack. That one

—the King's bastion—where Elliot is always depicted as taking his station, watching the destruction of the floating batteries, was particularly interesting. The more modern batteries along the Alameda and higher up were objects of special investigation, but what was particularly interesting was the fact that Gibraltar was still regulated as a great fortress, which required that the drawbridges on the land side should be raised and the great gates shut and locked with stern ceremony from sunset to sunrise. The flash of the second evening gun at the signal station high overhead, and as seen from our ship, apparently amongst the stars, and the rattle of the drums and fifes at retreat, after which time no one was allowed either in or out of Gibraltar, made one feel it was all very different from peace work in England, and more like real soldiering.

Gibraltar has a special personal interest for my family, inasmuch as my grandmother died and was buried there during the Peninsular War. I found her tombstone in the old, long disused "Trafalgar" cemetery, so called because those who died of their wounds after the battle were buried there. For many years afterwards all armed parties marching past the cemetery "shouldered" their muskets in salute.

As Constantinople was the only other place touched at after leaving Malta, I may just say that to a young subaltern its dirty streets and crowded bazaar were not particularly interesting. The interior of the mosque of St. Sophia was so naturally, but if possible more so was the distant view of the yew trees of Scutari cemetery, the last resting-place of former cadet comrades; one of them a very dear

friend. The coast of the Crimea and the entrance to Balaklava roused us almost to fever-heat of professional delight, as we could hear the thud of the guns at Sebastopol, and even the peculiar noise which a shot makes in passing through the air, although several miles away, but everything connected with those times has been so often written about, that all I need say is that so forcibly was the scene impressed on my memory as we were placed in our berth close to the shore that I could now draw a picture of it, with the old 50 gun frigate, the "Diamond," a little further out. The Admiral in charge of the port, who lived on the "Diamond," and who was so well known for his energy and forcible language, as he was going off one day in the winter, was requested by a very muddy individual to give him a passage to his ship. On being asked by the Admiral who he was, he stated simply, "The Bishop of Balaklava." The answer was sharp and to the point: "You a bishop? You be damned. Shove off."

The voyage back from the Crimea was in a lightly sparred four-masted steamer—the "Queen Adelaide," if I remember correctly—so there was no chance of learning anything in the seamanship line, but picking up wrinkles generally. My regiment, after going up to Aldershot for a day or two to be reviewed by the Queen, returned to Portsmouth, and was quartered on board an old three-decker in ordinary, the "Britannia," which I remember lay almost within speaking distance of a convict hulk.

The regiment a few days afterwards went over to the Curragh, remaining there until the following July, when we were sent off in hot haste to India

for the Mutiny, our destination being Calcutta, so I was again afloat on my second voyage within twelve months after disembarking from the first.

In former days, when the sea transport of troops was necessary for long voyages, ordinary large sailing ships were taken up by the Admiralty, either in whole or part. The troops embarked were by regulation expected to assist in the working of the ship, but not off the deck, pulling and hauling as required and directed by the ship's officers, their own officers being in immediate charge. With such assured powerful help, full regular crews, which would otherwise have been necessary, were not required, and the ship owners could square matters accordingly, but whoever was responsible for the crews might have been more careful. I well remember one, shipped as an ordinary seaman, confessing, in the agonies of sea-sickness, that his only voyage before had been from Dublin to Liverpool. The soldiers soon got into the work, and as there were generally some who had done sailing before they enlisted and could go aloft, we could in a short time have done without the greater portion of the usual crew. On more than one occasion, when a transport's crew have in those days struck work, they have been put entirely on one side, some being in irons, and the ship worked by the soldiers under direction of the ship's officers. On one voyage where such occurred, the soldiers coming from the Cape not only worked the ship, but also changed an entire suit of sails. What the soldiers did when the boats left the burning "Sarah Sands," and how they eventually saved what was left of the ship, should have been recorded, as well as the steady discipline

of those who stood on the deck of the sinking naval transport, the "Birkenhead." Full particulars of that disaster were related to me by one of the surviving officers of the draft. It was also one of the officers who was in the "Sarah Sands" who gave me an account of what took place, and how the ship was saved and brought into port at the Mauritius lashed round with chain cables. The discipline shown on the "Birkenhead" is part of our national history, but few now have ever heard about the "Sarah Sands."

There cannot be many regiments whose records do not refer to some wreck or disaster in the old days when the ships taken up for troop service were anything but what they ought to have been. Some regiments have a special record in connection with naval service. My own regiment, formerly the 69th, were known as "The Agamemnons,"—they were so named by Nelson—because at the end of the eighteenth century, when embarked for duty as marines in the "Agamemnon," they had the good fortune to be with Nelson, and were with him again in the "Excellent" at St. Vincent. It was a 69th man who broke in the stern windows, and was believed to be the first man on board, when the "San Joseph" was carried by boarding from the "Excellent." The 69th became the 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment, which now bears on its colours the words "St. Vincent" in commemoration of the services of the 69th in a naval victory. That same regiment was also subsequently associated with the Navy, when during a terrible outbreak of yellow fever in the West Indies, a party of the 69th stationed at Port Royal went out to the

plague-stricken "Dauntless," and helped her diminished crew to bring her into port; they also took charge of the survivors. The Navy were so touched by what the 69th had done that a general subscription was started, every ship in commission assisting, to give some testimonial to the regiment. Over £1,000 was subscribed, and a handsome centrepiece for the officers' mess purchased and presented by the Admiralty. But all this was before my time; the records mentioned are, however, useful, showing how soldiers afloat or sailors ashore in those brave days of old have always stood by each other when the guns were in action, or when fighting the plague, and will continue to do so as long as Army and Navy exist. But I must now continue my yarn as—in the words of Sinbad—my second voyage.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND VOYAGE.

My first voyage—to the Crimea and back—was in masted steam ships, but as nearly all the rest of my sea time was in hired sailing vessels, or square rigged screw men-of-war, a short statement of the means of getting about the world in the early fifties may not be out of place, especially now that steam, and even electrically produced gas, are the motive powers for passenger ships, and that wind and sails as propulsive agents are as much out of date as the oars of the galleys and triremes of ancient Greece and Rome. But it was not so even as late as the Russian War in 1854-5, when the British and French fleets in the Baltic and Black Seas were largely composed of sailing line-of-battle ships.

Although large paddle steamers, such as the unfortunate "Amazon," and eventually fully rigged screw steamers, were used by all the great shipping companies for crossing the Atlantic, sailing vessels were the only means of getting to Australia, and until the overland route via Suez was opened, to India also. The difficulty of suitable coaling ports, and the great consumption of coal to steam power in those days, prevented the use of steam ships except in certain favourable directions. Even after the overland route was in full operation with P. & O.

steamers in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean, many passengers to India preferred the comfortable roomy cabins in well-found sailing ships of 1,200 or 1,500 tons, such as those of the well-known Green's line, although the voyage took about four times as long as that by the overland route, four months from the Downs to Calcutta being considered a good passage. These ships, although an improvement on the old-fashioned, well-armed two-decker Indiaman of the century before—a squadron of which defeated a squadron of French line-of-battle ships—were also cargo carriers, and nothing like such fast ships as the Aberdeen-built clippers, which were the only means of getting to and from Australia. The voyages made by some of the vessels, such as the "Marco Polo" and the "Red Jacket"—when commanded by men who were expert navigators as well as seamen—were wonderful. To the best of my recollection, the "Red Jacket"—which, alas! I actually saw as a coal hulk at Madeira—made a record passage of sixty-four days from Liverpool to Sydney. A voyage in one of the old-fashioned Indiamen, which had not to be driven like an Australian clipper against time, and could take in her light canvas at any time, was more like a comfortable yachting trip than that in a crowded modern passenger steamer with often four in a cabin.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out, all the regiments and batteries which could be spared from England were at once sent out. My own regiment, the First Royals, now Royal Scots, was one of them. On returning from the Crimea after peace had been arranged there were naturally considerable reduc-

tions in both officers and men. No regular system was, however, arranged for forming them into a reserve. Consequently, when reinforcements were suddenly required, men from the depots and transfers were hurriedly got together somehow and sent to regiments, which were then bundled off in a very happy-go-lucky condition.

The service number of companies of a battalion in those days was ten, viz., a grenadier company, a light company, and eight battalion companies. I happened to belong to the light company, which with the grenadier and three others, 500 all told, and with the headquarters were embarked on an iron sailing ship of 1,000 tons register, which was fitted with a hoisting-up auxiliary screw for use in calms. The other half of the regiment went in an ordinary sailing ship. The rendezvous for all the transports was Point de Galle, a P. & O. coaling port at the south end of Ceylon.

Before commencing the voyage, a short statement of the routes taken by sailing ships to the east may be advisable.

Wind being the motive power, it was necessary to go, if possible, by a way where favourable winds were usually to be relied on. Such winds, which blow continuously in one direction during certain periods of the year, have been made use of for generations for trading to certain parts of the globe and have doubtless in consequence been named trade winds. On the Atlantic they are usually from the north-east above the equator and south-east below it. The cause of these regular winds may briefly be stated to be the sun's heat on the equator drawing the cold air from the poles, and the

rotation of the earth towards the east causing the winds to take a direction north-east and south-east respectively from the poles. The position of these winds naturally varies as the sun is north or south of the equator up to $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees during what is our summer or winter, either way according to its progress towards the summer or winter solstice.

Between the regular N.E. and S.E. trades there is on the equatorial line a varying broad belt of calms, known as the Doldrums, often with heavy rains and occasional squalls. It was to cross this region of calms, where it was not unusual for a sailing ship to be kept rolling about helplessly with idle flapping sails for ten days or a fortnight, that the idea of an auxiliary small power lifting screw was added to some passenger ships.

North of the regular trade winds were the "variables," but even these winds generally took an easterly or westerly direction at certain seasons. Away down south in what used to be known as the "roaring forties," the wind was usually from the west right round the world, consequently very favourable for passages to Australia.

When referring to favourable winds, it must not be supposed that they are always completely so. All that a ship can do is to lie her course as well as the existing wind at the time will admit of. When pricked out on the chart, in the "variables" for instance, it is usually a decidedly zigzag line, but nevertheless, one progressing forward in the intended direction. A wind right aft, that is, coming right up from behind the ship, might be supposed to be the best, but that is not so. The sails in a square rigged ship cannot then all draw, as they do when

the breeze is on the quarter. It is wonderful what some ships can do when close hauled, that is, when the sails are braced up at such an angle that they are just kept full without shaking. When the wind is not dead ahead, but at the same time unfavourable for a direct course, the order for the officer in charge of the watch would be simply, "Full and bye," which means that the ship is to be as close hauled on her course as the wind will admit of. Occasionally when in a narrow strait or channel with an unfavourable wind, there is not enough sea room to keep along in one direction, then it is necessary to do what is called beating up against it, but yet forward, by tacking. Although the breeze may be dead ahead, even a square rigged ship can, by beating up in successive tacks, get to the intended place.

There are in the compass circle thirty-two points, and consequently eight in a quarter circle, and as a ship can sail within six points of the wind—some even $5\frac{1}{2}$ —the ship works forward two points towards the intended destination, provided she does not make leeway by not being deep enough in the water to hold her own.

Tacking when beating up against a head wind means that after going close hauled in one direction, the helm is put down, thereby making the ship's head go round in the opposite direction from that from which the wind is coming, then "raise tacks and sheets," and as soon as the sails begin to shake a little, swinging the yards round quickly, commencing with "main-sail haul," so as to make the wind take them in the other direction, and bracing them up, thereby shifting from say the starboard

to the port tack. As an example, the ship might be by compass bearing two points to the north of west when on the starboard tack, and then after she went about, her head would be two points to the north of east, or nearly so ; instead of putting the helm down, so bringing the ship's head round against the wind, then if the sea is too heavy, the ship may be brought on the other tack by what is known as wearing. Instead of putting the helm down it is put up and the ship goes round with the wind, and so up again on the other tack, the sails being shifted accordingly. Each tack would thereby continue moving the ship towards her destination, which would, in the above example, be due north. To quickly stop a sailing ship, the order was "back the maintop sail," which simply meant swing the yards on the main mast round, so that the wind took the sails in front. Now, to stop a steamer, the officer on the bridge simply turns a small handle on a dial, which communicates with the engine-room.

Although the above-mentioned details connected with the now out-of-date masted sailing passenger ships may be somewhat technical, it may, however, be interesting to the present generation, who travel in 20,000 ton, 20 knot steamers, direct to their port, regardless of wind or weather, to mention some of the terms connected with sailing ship navigation, so familiar to soldiers in days gone by when doing their ordinary duty in connection with the usual work of a sailing transport.

As nearly everyone in the regiment had already considerable experience of life in a troopship, we were not long in shaking down on board the "Caledonia," and the morning after we sailed it seemed

as if it were but a continuation of our nautical experiences of the previous year. The different duties and watches had been told off, and as soon as we were well clear of the land and the wind favourable, the auxiliary screw was detached and hoisted up inside the screw well, the winch for so doing being at the top on the poop. We were then a sailing ship, bowling away for our destination, Teneriffe, where we should get the first of the north-east trades, and be able to fill up with coal for our screw in case of continued calms when crossing the equatorial belt.

Nothing much occurred until we got to Teneriffe. All I specially remembered was that with our own regiment, as when leaving the Crimea for England, everything went like clockwork, very different from that happy-go-lucky time I had during my first voyage when taking out drafts to the Crimea with only a few acting N.C.O.'s as my assistants, the best I could find amongst the recruits of the old Land Transport Corps, who had, before we took them over, pelted their own officers off parade, apparently more as a lark than anything really serious. I well remember on that voyage having the cases of tobacco handed over to me by the purser's department of the "Urgent," and having to open them myself with an axe which I borrowed, and which I found occasionally useful, boy as I was, in the distribution. The boxes of soap were also given over to me, but serving that out was not so arduous. Although free of seasickness, even on my first voyage, the smell of the grog tub was very unpleasant, when I had to stand by and see the stuff systematically handed to

each man in succession, and when I had to be particularly careful to see that any which might not be required by sea-sick or temperance men was capsized into the scuppers, to prevent accidents. Afterwards, when in the Crimea, I got more used to the smell of rum, but I could not help even then, youngster as I was, coming to the conclusion that there was too much of it in the scale of rations. Mine I saved up, and found a bottle of it very useful as a veritable "pourboire" for any special work.

At Teneriffe we sent the band on shore for the afternoon, to play in the public square, much to the delight of the inhabitants, whilst we filled up with all the coal we could stow. I had an opportunity that afternoon of seeing the English red ensign which was hung up in the cathedral, a relic of the loss of the "Fox" cutter, which was stranded when Nelson failed in his attack, and lost his arm. A patriotic midshipman once carried it off on board his ship, but it was returned by the Admiralty. A flag lost as that was was no dishonour. Very different was it with the regimental colours which I long afterwards saw in a church in Buenos Ayres, the result of Whitelock's disgraceful surrender in 1807. But I am getting away from my sailing. As soon as we were comfortably under canvas after leaving Ireland, I seemed somehow to feel I was back again in some former stage of existence, and quite happy on blue water. Doubtless my familiarity with everything connected with a ship caused the second mate to think I had a sailor's experience, for as soon as we were clear of the shipping on leaving Teneriffe I was a little startled at his saying to me: "I have to go below for something; take

charge until I come back." I said nothing, but took up my post close to the wheel, very pleased with my new duty and responsibility. I was much amused before the end of the voyage on hearing that amongst my own men my nickname was "the third mate."

Next day I came to the conclusion that as my regimental duties on a transport were not worth mentioning, I had now a chance of regularly learning a seaman's work. The captain was rather taken with my idea, and the mizzen-top became my station, and I felt I was at last a sailor. My views about that, I remember, rather astonished the ship's boy, who used to go on the royal yard with me. In such a small ship the mizzen royal yard-arm was decidedly a small one, so that I on the starboard and he on the port side were about as much power as was required to cast loose or stow the sail. With the foot ropes so close to the yard-arm a full grown man would have been rather out of place, and when the ship was rolling, I would have preferred a larger yard-arm with longer foot ropes.

One of the crew who had been in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol was very pleased to help me in all I wanted to know; he was, I remember, rather keen on gunnery, or rather his recollections of it, and on discussing the value of the new 8 and 10 inch (smooth bore) shell guns. In his opinion the old-fashioned, easily handled 56 cwt. 32 pr., then the principal armament of all men-of-war, was the best. The heavy smashing 68 pr. had, according to my shipmate, certain advantages, but the 32 pr. was his favourite, and no wonder, considering how for generations it, together with the long 18 pr., had

been the weapon with which our great sea fights had been won. Two years afterwards, happening to look at the lower deck 32 prs. on the "Calcutta," a sailing line-of-battle ship on the China station, I saw 1797 on the trunnions. It was not impossible that these same guns might have been with Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805, and in use long before that.

The first mate of our ship, a perfect specimen of a sailing ship officer, gave me instruction in navigation, and being a ready pupil, I soon was all there with a sextant, and working out the ship's position. The scientific works on navigation, etc., were few and simple, but one old book on navigation quite fascinated me, viz., Horsburg's "Sailing Directions": the quaint wording and the incidents, or rather accidents, which occurred to different ships in Eastern waters, evidently recorded and criticised, long before the law of storms was understood, was rather like reading the voyages of the early navigators of two hundred years ago and more. A Hindustani grammar and phrase-book were part of my equipment, but they were not in it when I found some excuse for sailing. Watch keeping was not a favourite duty with my brother subalterns. Somehow the worst, viz., the middle (12 to 4 a.m.) watch, seemed to be always allotted to me, but from the number of subalterns, my middle watch could only have been every other night, and as we were soon in the tropics, and a cup of cocoa and a biscuit was always arranged for, four hours on deck on a warm, starry night was no great hardship. The changing position of the constellations as we worked away down south was particularly interesting, that old friend, the Great

Bear, gradually disappearing, and that disappointment, the Southern Cross, coming into view. Orion's Belt, the Triangle, especially Aldebaron, and for some time the Pleiades, seemed very constant companions to my watch, and the change in their apparent position at the beginning and end of a watch was always something to look for, and made me think how much men lost who only knew the firmament as seen during the day, when it would seem there was nothing overhead but blue sky and drifting clouds, with the earth as the centre and the all in all of their universe, with nothing beyond it. But when the blinding sunlight was gone, what a change! The blue sky became a glittering host of what we know are really other suns, each doubtless encircled by planets similar to those of our own solar system. To many, especially to sailors on watch on calm tropical nights, must have occurred the thought, can the "many mansions in My Father's house" be amongst those stars, and are our own dear ones there waiting for us? Talking over such ideas with a friend, now himself one of the innumerable millions who once were inhabitants of this earth, his theory was that possibly this planet of ours was only a spirit or soul forcing seed trial house, from which other worlds were filled by those who were found suitable for special spheres, and that kindred souls will be together again in some higher and better stage of existence. But I must stop these rather visionary ideas, and come down from aloft, or the good ship "Caledonia" will never reach port.

As long as we were in the trades, there was little change in our very easy-going, but to some,

monotonous, daily life at sea, for of other ships we saw hardly any during the voyage. Military duties on board a transport naturally occupied but little of our time, and the deck work in connection with a ship running down the trades was very little indeed. The rather rough amusements of "Sling the monkey," cock-fighting, and such like, were our principal diversions. "Sling the monkey" meant a youngster with a bowline round his waist and a bit of slack line secured to the spanker boom, and his friends, each with a rope end or knotted handkerchief, going for him. If the monkey caught one, he had to become monkey.

Another game was for one to bend over the poop rail and put his hand flat out behind his back, to receive the hard smacks of others in turn. If the man down guessed who struck him, the striker had to take his place. I don't think I was ever caught; my hand, from my sailor's work, soon became like horn. Generally it was supposed to be our own quartermaster, or one of the mates. Whist for the elder ones after dinner, and pipes on deck with service yarns, and our experiences in the Crimea only two years before, and such like usually finished the evening.

From Teneriffe we steered with the N.E. trades about true S.W., seemingly right away for the coast of Brazil, where we should get the S.E. trades, and then alter our course until we got the westerly winds, which would take us round the Cape to the Indian Ocean. Once fairly in the trades, the wind was so steady in the one direction that it was unnecessary to make any alteration of the position of the sails. All that had to be done was to see

that the helmsman kept true to the course, and that the haulyards and braces were kept taut.

The only subject which rather puzzled me was speculation as to the breeding place of the swarms of flying fish which used to scud away, tipping the waves as they were ploughed up, if one might use such an expression, by the ship's bows, doubtless to the great satisfaction of the bonetas, which often took advantage of the food started by the nautical plough. Occasionally some keen sportsman amongst the crew would lie out forward by the dolphin striker, with the grains, a sort of eel spear with a line attached to the handle, and if expert, secure an addition to his salt pork. The triangular fin of a shark was occasionally seen, but thanks to our little screw, which was lowered and steam got up in any decided calm, we were never quiet long enough to give us a chance of catching one. Getting through the Doldrums was rather unpleasant, owing to the heavy showers, with the consequent hot steamy atmosphere, so very different from the delightful trades. Off Brazil we picked up the S.E. trades and changed our course to get the strong westerly wind which would take us round the Cape to the Indian Ocean. Running down the S.E. trades was just as pleasant yachting work, possibly more so, than the N.E. north of the line.

We did not get within sight of the coast of Brazil; in fact, with the exception of the solitary twin-like rocky islands of Trinidad and Martin Vas in the south Atlantic, we saw no land from the time we left Teneriffe until we sighted the cocoanut trees and low flat coral islands of the Maldive group just south of Ceylon.

Soon after passing Trinidad and Martin Vas, the weather began to get rather chilly at sundown, and gradually became decidedly cold. The pleasant trades were gone, and in their place we had strong winds, often gales from the west, and the further south we got the stronger became the wind and the colder the weather. The pleasant, warm, star-lit nights were at an end, but a new source of interest took their place during the day, viz., sea birds of a species we had never seen before ; curiously speckled gulls known as Cape hens, and large, dark-coloured gulls called Molloy Mauks. The tiny little Mother Carey's chickens were the same as those in northern latitudes. The other gulls were simply interesting as being different from those we knew at home, but we now saw a bird familiar to us only in the weird poetry of the " Ancient Mariner," viz., the immense albatross, gliding over the great waves without a flap of its wings. Surely the new aeroplane enthusiasts might get a wrinkle from these great almost mysteriously moving birds. Coleridge gives a blood-curdling description of the punishment which fell upon the slayer of the albatross and his shipmates, but his description of the weather and the unheard-of calms of those southern roaring forties shows that he could never have been away down south, or his poetic licence—that is, if he ever was in those seas—is a caution.

More natural is the legend of Van der Decken and his attempts in his ghostly ship to round that Cape of storms. During one middle watch—I suppose I had just been reading again Marryat's book—I noticed in the drifting mist what seemed just like a ship running down on our beam almost against

the wind, with studding sails boomed out on both sides. The albatross, for such it was, rapidly disappeared in the mist again, but to an old time sailor the glimpse of what I saw might have made him believe he had seen Van der Decken's ship with a fair wind spread of canvas.

Sailor's work rounding the Cape was decidedly different from the "*dolce far niente*" time running down the trades. As already mentioned, the westerly winds in those low latitudes sweep clean round the world; the seas, consequently, after a strong gale, are simply enormous, probably the greatest that can be seen in any part of the ocean. It was during a strong gale with these huge following seas, when we had to carry on with all the sail we dared, to prevent being pooped, that I had a proper sailor's experience on the main yard arm. Had the crest of one of these seas broken over the stern, it would have made a clean sweep of everything fore and aft, but at last the skipper came to the conclusion that we must take a reef in the main sail. The weather was bitter in the extreme, with hail squalls, and the ship rolling heavily, when the order was given. I well remember the first mate, my principal instructor, daring me to lend a hand in reefing the sail. Naturally, almost before he had finished I was away aloft, and at once lying out at my station on the starboard yard-arm, which if anything was the weather one. With the hard, board-like sail banging at times in my face, I had all I could do to finish my share of the work and get my reef points tied. When I got back again my hands were so cold and cramped I could hardly open my fingers. Looking along the yard when I

was on it, I noticed that there were three or four red jackets with me, sailors before they enlisted, who had followed me aloft to lend a hand when such was urgently required.

The gales and cold weather had an unfortunate effect on our food supply. Cold storage had not then been invented, and passenger ships on long voyages had to carry their fresh provisions alive; the poultry in long coops on the poop, and the sheep and an occasional pig or two in pens on the upper deck forward. Sometimes a cow was also taken; when that was the case, special care had to be taken that she was not milked in the middle watch and the milk can taken forward instead of aft for the cabin passengers. In those days the terms "saloon" and "state rooms" were not in use.

Our sheep and pigs were all right rounding the Cape, but many of the fowls, from cold and also from an occasional drench of spray, died before they could be killed, and had to be thrown overboard. But we discovered a more serious matter than empty hen coops. Away down below the troop deck a special magazine had been constructed to hold the many boxes of small arm ammunition we were taking out to India. Nothing but these boxes ought on any account to have been in that magazine. However, on some rockets being required—I cannot remember for what purpose—it was stated they were in the troop magazine, a decidedly wrong place for rocket composition, and we found the door jammed, and on forcing a way in discovered that during the gale the heavy ammunition cases had broken adrift. Our horror may be imagined when we saw that a tin box full of percussion signal lights had also been

put into the magazine, and been crushed in like an accordion. Had a single light acted as it should have done if good, nothing more would ever have been heard of the good ship "Caledonia."

During and after the gales off the Cape the compass acted in a strange way, the variation at last being as much as 8 points (a quarter circle). This apparently caused some anxiety in the fore-castle, as the men deputed my special instructor to ask me if we had rounded the Cape. Fortunately the variation of the compass could easily be corrected by the sun's position. Long afterwards, thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that possibly the hammering of the waves on an iron ship might have set up some special magnetic influence which had not been thought out in the early days of iron ships.

Once round the Cape and the course changed to N.E., we soon began to get into pleasant warm weather again, which gradually became decidedly hot as we got near Ceylon.

The first intimation that we were approaching land was a curious one, viz., a clump of cocoanut trees apparently growing out of the sea; it was not for some little time that we saw they were on a very low coral island, or rather reef, one of the outliers of the Maldivé group. In due time the mainland of Ceylon loomed up in the far distance, and as the wind died away the screw was put down, and we made direct for our port, Point de Galle. The next intimation of land was some curiously constructed fishing boats, long, but very narrow, with a stout log of wood, pointed at both ends, along one side, boomed out at the ends of two spars. This out-

rigger arrangement kept the boat from capsizing. The motive power was a curiously lop-sided square sail; the oars in use could hardly be so called, long handled paddles would be the proper name. It was said these funny looking craft could go out in almost any weather. As we neared the entrance of the port, a catamaran of the same type came out to us with a local pilot. The clothing of his crew was amusingly simple, consisting in each case of some flimsy cloth substitute for the proverbial fig leaf, but their sinewy, glistening bronze bodies, in perfect working condition, would have been grand models for an artist. We were soon at anchor inside a small, very beautiful, land-locked harbour, then used as a coaling port by the P. & O. steamers, but long since abandoned for the rapidly growing port of Colombo, formerly an open beach where coffee was shipped from the coffee estates, to which roads were available, but now a great artificial harbour generally well filled with steamers going and coming to India, China and Australia. Point de Galle harbour was a small but perfect nature-made harbour, used as a mercantile port by the Dutch when they occupied Ceylon. It was half a century ago, and doubtless it is still, a very fascinating, clean little Eastern town, with small, well-built, airy houses, well suited to the climate, all inside the remains of the Dutch fortification, with the native huts outside. But the fascination to us was the surrounding country when first seen, with its cocoanut palms and great banana plantations with their huge green leaves shading the native huts by the side of the cool, well-made road; such was more than delightful to us who were just off a long voyage. The fresh

pine-apples, bananas, mangoes, and green cocoa-nuts were something to be remembered, and the dinner in the large cool room of the little hotel, where we made our first acquaintance with punkahs to make the air pleasant and keep off mosquitoes, was a haven of delight, but particularly good was the prawn curry and its condiments. Never has curry tasted as did that dish of Ceylon prawns, made as no one but a Ceylon cook could make it. The effeminate looking natives, with their woman-like dress and great tortoiseshell combs in their hair, could hardly have been of the same race as the Kandyan mountaineers, who gave our troops so much trouble. A fish market has always been an object of special interest to me ; so the pleasure of seeing the curious-looking tropical fishes in the Point de Galle market can be imagined, but I could not stand the live turtles, on their backs, being cut up as required, the untouched heart keeping the remains of the body alive in the shell. As a relief I took a stroll along the white coral sand beach, bordered by the cocoa-nut palms, with their roots almost in the crystal-like water. But it is time to leave the shore, and get on board again. We had heard of the horrors of the Mutiny ; it awoke the devil, a remnant of which doubtless still exists in most of us, that the punishment should be rather more than a life for a life. The last I remember as the anchor was coming up was the endeavours of the "precious stone" pedlars to dispose of their wares. A good sapphire can occasionally be got at a moderate price by a judge who knows how to test a stone with a small file, etc., but we had visions of something better than Ceylon stones, viz., possibly

the task of reconquering India. But I cannot even now forget the frantic endeavour of one pedlar to dispose of an aquamarine which he had offered me—very cheap—1,000 rupees. As the man was going over the side, I said in chaff, "I will give you half a rupee for it." The answer was, "Master, give one rupee, master please, master take."

As it was after dark on the day we got near the dangerous sand-banks at the mouth of the Hoogly, the light-ship stationed there was anxiously looked for, and as my eyesight was abnormally good, I was allowed to take my station at the fore cross trees. I had not been there long before I picked out what I believed was the light, and hailed the deck accordingly: "Light two points on starboard bow." We altered course for it, and found it to be what we were looking for. We ran up close enough to send a boat on board for news. I was in it, and naturally my first question was, "Has Delhi fallen yet?" The answer was, "Yes, but Lucknow is still closely besieged, and there is plenty of work in front of you," information which was delightedly received when I got back to the "Caledonia." We took it easy until daylight, when we went on until we sighted one of the smart pilot brigs. The pilot service at the Sand Heads stood high as a professional occupation. Very able men were required for the intricate navigation of the mass of shoals there.

The Ganges in course of ages has brought down so much sand and mud that a delta of small islands has been formed at its mouth, which are continually being added to. It was the shifting shoals surrounding these islands which made the entrance to the Hoogly so difficult. These pilots had each a

youngster as an apprentice leadsman, who would in his turn become a pilot with a perfect local knowledge of the channels. As a rule these pilots were well behaved gentlemen, but not always so. The one who boarded us had to be brought up with a round turn for deliberate impertinence to our Colonel. He also had a failing not uncommon in the tropics, and all but lost our ship in consequence.

The low-lying Sunderbans Islands we passed are said to afford, even in the present day, good tiger shooting, but dangerous, on account of the thick jungle.

On arrival at Diamond Harbour, we were directed to anchor and wait for orders. It was there we got a sad experience of the power of the Indian sun. Our second steward was sent on shore for some purpose, and had only his flat ship cap as head covering. The consequence was he got sunstroke, and when he came on board, instead of being treated as he ought to have been, he was shut up by our surgeon in his little hot stifling cabin. Naturally the poor fellow died during the night, and we buried him on shore next morning.

After that, as no orders had arrived, we steamed up the Hoogly for Calcutta, and soon came in sight of the well-known James and Mary shoal, extending almost across the river, with a channel deep enough for ships at one end close to the shore. There were the remains of one or two wrecks on it, and also two on their beam ends on the bank of the river close to the passage. We were informed as we came in sight of these latter, that it was fatal for a ship to ground as those had. When grounded, the rapid stream of the tide up or down, as the case

might be, turned the ship right over ; in sailors' language, she capsized.

As we steamed up for the passage the pilot possibly underrated our speed, or was not attending to his work, for he did not order the helm to be over in time as we crossed from the Diamond Harbour side ; consequently, instead of turning up the channel at the end of the shoal, the " Caledonia " went right on to the bank, the bows lifting up, and remained fast aground. I was standing close by the captain and pilot on the poop at the time. The captain turned at once to the pilot, and with white face shook his fist in the pilot's face, saying, " Damn you ! What do you mean by losing my ship ? " Just before this, after the pilot had ordered the helm to be put over, I saw instinctively that it was too late, and made a dash at the wheel in hopes I might have been able to get it over a spoke or two more, but the helmsman had done his duty, and it was hard over.

The little screw was stopped at once, and reversed, but it was not powerful enough. We still remained fast to the bank. Then it struck me I might do something which would twist the ship's head out of the muddy bank. There was a strong breeze blowing up stream, and on the spur of the moment I decided to set the spanker. Being very light, I scrambled on to the top of the poop awning, got hold of the hook of the spanker out-haul, dragged it up to the mast, inserted it in the cringle of the clue, and sung out to the men below me to cast off the brails, and clap on sharp to the out-haul. It had the desired effect. The force of the wind on the great after sail, aided doubtless by the little screw going astern, twisted

the bows out of the bank, and we went up the channel on the floods, stern first, clear of the shoal. In a few minutes more the increasing power of the flood tide would have capsized the ship. Some of us might have managed to swim ashore, but not many in the struggling crowd. The boats would have been useless, jammed as the falls would have been. I did not think much at the time of my little attempt at rapid seamanship, but friends afterwards said I ought to have got salvage for really saving the ship.

On our way up we passed some fine bungalows, the European inhabitants of which turned out to welcome us, waving anything available as we passed. The year before there had been a great display of bunting and much cheering as we passed the old Quebec Hotel at the entrance to Portsmouth harbour, on our return from the Crimea. Now our appearance was indeed a welcome sight for every European. We were, I believe, about the first headquarters of a regiment to arrive from England, and possibly the sight of the colours on the poop may have caused a special display of feeling. As we expected to carry the colours into action before long, they had been brought up to see they were in good condition. Being the only ensign with the regiment during the six months I was in the Crimea, I had to carry the regimental colours whenever the whole regiment turned out, and so took a special personal interest in them. I believe I was one of the last who carried a colour in action before the regulation came out for leaving them behind when on service. It was also nearly being my last appearance on any parade, a round shot, evidently fired directly at the colours

when we were attacking a Chinese fort, striking the ground between the left of the colours and the man next to them, where, fortunately, there was a slight gap in the advancing line.

On arriving at Calcutta, we anchored not far off Fort William. Now I understand the sanitary authorities keep the river clear of the human carcases which so horrified us, floating up and down with the tide, some with the vulture adjutant on them, tearing away strips of flesh ; one body, I remember, fouled our cable, and it was an awful job getting it clear. But the muddy shore was, if possible, worse than the river with the hideous smelling remains of humanity, which brought the jackals down to the river at night. Their cry was anything but pleasant. We used to say it seemed to sound as follows : the leader of the pack screeching, " I smell the body of a dead Hindoo," and then all the pack would yell, " Where, where, where ? "

Next morning many of us went ashore and down to Fort William to get the news. Somehow no one seemed to know anything definite. Rumours there were in plenty, but that was all. We found some of our old friends with whom we had parted in the Crimea the year before, and our old chief, Sir Colin, afterwards Lord Clyde, was getting ready his relieving force for Lucknow. Peel's ship, the " Shannon," and the " Pearl " were at Calcutta. Their men formed the naval brigade which did such splendid service afterwards with the army up country. One thing did amuse us, viz., the sepoy sentries at Government House, in strictly regulation red coatees with the old-fashioned white cross-belts and the curious sepoy head-dress, like the muzzle of

a gun. Instead of the regulation muskets, these fine, well turned out sentries had ramrods only. It struck us that if they could not be trusted with their muskets, it was a very queer proceeding to give them ramrods, and then post them as soldier sentries.

Somehow none of us liked the look of Calcutta, so very different from that tropical paradise, Ceylon, and trusted it would never be our fate hereafter to be quartered at the capital of India.

It was a terrible disappointment when we were informed that the regiment was not to form part of the Lucknow relieving force, but was to land at Masulipatam, and march at once to Secunderabad, where the gun park was entrenched in case of another outbreak from Hyderabad, which had failed in an attack on the Residency. There was a battery of artillery at Secunderabad, but no European infantry. Sala Jung, the Nizam's Prime Minister, was a great power on our side, but if anything happened to him, the whole of the Deccan might have gone, so in case of accidents we were sent off at once.

It will hardly be believed that when in three days we arrived at Masulipatam, the brigadier in command there declined to make the necessary preparations for landing the regiment, as he had not had official intimation that we were coming! I happened to form one of the party which entered the river port there, and on trying to return such a heavy gale and sea had got up that the large native boat had to go back. The river had become so strong that the crew could not row against the stream, and so they had to get over the side and try and track the boat up with a long line. They could not

manage it, so a military surgeon who was with us and I, in our shirts, jumped over the side and took the inshore end of the line to assist. Suddenly a swirl of water took the boat ; the natives managed to scramble on board, but the surgeon and I were left ashore on the edge of a horrid mangrove swamp, with firm ground and a village at least a quarter of a mile from us. There was nothing for it but to wade and swim through the mangrove mud and channels to dry land, which we did. More than one objectionable snake showed themselves ; one, I remember, apparently as thick as my fore arm, but they did not trouble us, neither did the alligators, which we afterwards heard were in the swamp, and so, not caring to risk sunstroke, we on reaching dry land, plastered our damp shirts on our heads, and walked as we were, quite naked, through the village to the fort.

Arrived there, we got our clothes from the boat, and a friendly shelter until we could get on board again. The gale increased with a very heavy sea, and we could, from our position inland, look right on to the deck of our ship as she rolled. The gale gave the brigadier a great fright, fearing the ship would be driven ashore on the open beach and all lost. A telegram or messenger had in the meantime been received that the regiment was to land and proceed as rapidly as possible to Secunderabad. So transport, much of it impressed, was quickly provided, with camp equipage, etc., for the march. People may now say, why not have sent the regiment by train, but in 1857 there was only one line of railway in India, viz., that from Calcutta to Allahabad, and lucky we were to have had it.

The regiment being now ashore, my second voyage was ended. Little did I think that by that day next year I should be again afloat, still going east, viz., to China for my third voyage.

One incident on leaving our ship I had almost forgotten, but it pleased me much. As the boat in which I left with part of my company started from the ship, the crew manned the side and cheered their departing shipmate, who had worked with them aloft as well as on deck.

CHAPTER III.

THIRD VOYAGE.

TWELVE months after we arrived in India, active service work was about over, but trouble was recommencing in China, and as the other battalion of my regiment was on its way there, and we had some supernumerary subalterns, the four junior lieutenants were, by order from England, transferred to the battalion in China. As soon as the order arrived, we were informed that on arrival at Madras we would get a passage to China, but that as we had been struck off the strength of the Indian establishment, we were now on English pay of 6s. 6d. a day and nothing more. As we were in the centre of India, 400 miles from Madras, we concluded we should have some means of getting there. The answer was no; we were not on the Indian establishment, and must get there as best we could. Now to walk 400 miles at the end of the wet season would not have been pleasant, and would have taken a considerable time. Fortunately, I noticed in a local paper that there would be a cargo steamer touching at Masulipatam on its way to Madras, and as there had been a system of bullock carts during

the dry season, I thought we might revive it now the rains were about over, each of us taking a cart. If lucky, and the two rivers on the road not too high at the fords, we might, even at bullock cart rate, get to Masulipatam in time for the steamer. There were canvas covers on the carts, so selling off our few things, and putting a mattress in each cart, with some hard food, and the hopes of getting eggs, milk, and perhaps chickens, we set off. We had a few small adventures on the road, but they were unconnected with sailing, except that I might mention that we had to hire an elephant to assist in getting our belongings across one river, and that my cart having come to grief in that river, I had to strip and swim in to assist. Another river I swam over by the side of the boat until the boatmen explained that there were alligators there, and very big ones.

Arrived at Masulipatam, very much thinner than when we started, with a touch of fever each, we managed to get passages by the steamer to Madras on tick. We had only a few rupees left, and in due time landed over the surf on the beach in those wonderful flexible Massulah boats. A wooden built boat would be smashed at once. At Madras we each got an advance of pay, and squared our accounts for the passage down. I remember the sale of my saddle, an English one, which I had brought with me in case of accidents, paid my little hotel account, and we embarked on the P. & O. "Alma"—soon afterwards wrecked in the Red Sea—and got back to our old friend, Point de Galle, where we had to wait for the P. & O. steamer going to Hong Kong. As the arrival might be any day, we could not go

far inland, but nevertheless saw quite enough to confirm our idea that Ceylon was a delightful country. Many years afterwards, when I went over a good deal of Ceylon, I came to the conclusion that a more perfect winter quarter to escape from England from November to April could not be imagined. Any climate required can be found in Ceylon; the hotels are very fair and moderate; the means of getting about by road and rail are ample; good shooting also can be got by those young enough to care about it, and last, but not least, there is no Ceylon edition of the 'Continental Daily Mail,' with accounts of dances, dinners, and ladies' dresses, and the notabilities whose names are necessary as hotel advertisements, to attract so many of the wintering abroad middle class who are so delighted at seeing their names in the same paragraph as a Grand Duke or Serene Highness. If fresh scenery is wanted, the great southern railway of India almost touches the north end of Ceylon.

Our steamer, named the "Pekin," a fine old-fashioned, comfortable P. & O. square-rigged paddler, at last arrived, and I was off for my third voyage—to China. I did eventually get further east than China, but not for some years afterwards, when I had ceased to be a soldier on the active list. Our next port after leaving Ceylon was Penang, a small British possession in the Strait of that name, where the principal occupation was nutmeg growing, apparently a lucrative and pleasant one. The settlement, on the side of a beautiful hill surrounded by tropical vegetation, and the blue sea of the Strait beyond, looked delightful. The special attraction for steamer passengers was a pretty waterfall and

bathing pool a few hundred feet up the hill, with a pleasant little hotel close by. We only remained a few hours at Penang, and then steamed away for that great port of those eastern waters, viz., Singapore.

It was very pleasant steaming along in calm and not too hot weather, something new continually appearing amongst the tropical scenery of the Straits. As we neared Singapore with its many masted harbour, we could see that although the splendid tropical vegetation was much the same as at Point de Galle, the mercantile bustle of the port and its surroundings made it look as if the great green leaves of the bananas and cocoa-nut palms were only there on sufferance. In place of mild, effeminate, taking-the-world-easy Cingalees, the streets of the town were crowded with energetic, full-speed-ahead Chinamen ; the shops, and in fact trade generally, seemed to be run entirely by that energetic, hard-working race, who pushed on with their work regardless of heat or wet. In Singapore, both those weather samples are usually experienced together ; not even in the Doldrums have I felt heavier streams of warm rain—the word shower does not express it. Hot and damp sums up the Singapore climate, and being so close to the line, there is no variation of hot and cold seasons ; consequently, residence there, although not unhealthy, is exhausting and enervating. Singapore has one recommendation, and that is the special excellence and cheapness of the tropical fruits, more particularly pineapples, mango-steens, and mangoes. There is one fruit said to grow in perfection at Singapore, viz., the durian, which, although much appreciated by some old

residents, has about the most offensive smell it is possible to imagine. If broken open in a room, the bouquet at once drives out any one not accustomed to it. As at Point de Galle, turtle is evidently a special article of food, and one much appreciated by steamer passengers, the cook or butcher of our ship being careful to lay in a supply, but he might have chosen a more suitable place for his sea stock than the bath I usually went to. Tumbling in before it was quite light, I found it already occupied by very unpleasantly hard-shelled alarmed turtles, fortunately too much scared to try their bills on my extremities. Soon after leaving Singapore we had some experience of what the weather can be in those regions. We got on to the tail of a typhoon, and luckily it was only the outer portion of the whirl of those dreaded storms. As it was, I did not like our high forecastle and poop, with the low deep waist between, but except carrying away our tiller ropés—which were rapidly replaced—and the rush of the two Lascars clear of the wheel, nothing happened worth mentioning. The curious red appearance of the surrounding atmosphere puzzled me; it seemed as if the steamer was inside a huge copper dome.

On the way north we lost the agreeable weather, and before arriving at Hong Kong it was decidedly chilly. Before getting there we saw that funny looking, but nevertheless useful craft, a Chinese junk. Now that China and Japan are having steamer lines of their own, the great sea-going 1,000 ton junk will in due time be as extinct as a sailing Indiaman. When first seen, with their great unwieldy hull and bogey-like painting on the bows,

with the huge mat and split bamboo stretched sails on the tall masts, one wonders for the moment if one is quite awake, and not seeing some dream-like creature of oceanic imagination. These great junks are slow, doing one voyage up and another down the coast of China and beyond, in the year; but they pay, and the natives have been accustomed to them for many centuries. They carry valuable cargoes and also a fair armament. Like the Spanish galleons, they are naturally a great temptation to the sea rovers of the China coast, who sail under "The Jolly Roger," and take what they can in the most daring manner, even to cutting out a junk and carrying her off out of Hong Kong harbour in sight of our flag-ship.

About a week after leaving Singapore, the island of Hong Kong itself showed up, and soon we were steaming in through the Lyemooon Passage, and dropped our anchor off the town of Victoria. Although only fourteen years before—when we annexed Hong Kong as a trading base for our mercantile relations with China—it was then a barren island, it was in 1858 a large, well-built town, with a Government House, Cathedral church, infantry and artillery barracks, several banks, great mercantile houses, etc., and a rapidly increasing trade, along the shore and for a short distance up the slope of the hill behind, whose peak, in those days almost untrodden, was apparently in the clouds. The Chinese soon crowded into a territory where there was law and order for all, and money to be made. Doubtless they and their insanitary ways in fouling the water supply of the island were the principal cause of the frightful mortality amongst the troops

stationed on the island. We relieved the 59th Regiment, which had been no less than nine years at Hong Kong, and during that time had buried the regiment three times over. Our loss in the first twelve months, from November when I arrived until the next November, being, all the children—over 100—dead ; also half the women and 235 men out of 800 dead or invalided to England, most of them dying on the voyage ; fever and dysentery were the causes. The appalling ignorance of the authorities, medical or other, who ought to have prevented such mortality, is staggering to those who now attend to such matters. In the present day Hong Kong is one of our most healthy stations. The navy soon found out the cause of the suffering by forbidding any shore water to be used by the men. As soon as distilled water was used, their sick list went down at once.

As the 59th Regiment, which the Royals were to relieve, had not vacated their barracks, my regiment was quartered on board an old three-decker in ordinary, the “Princess Charlotte.” To my great delight, the ships of our China fleet or squadron were all in the harbour, and anchored close to us. Just ahead was the flag-ship, the “Calcutta,” a fine, teak-built, 80-gun sailing line-of-battle ship, and just astern of her a very beautiful 16-gun brig, the “Camilla,” whose mainmast seemed as big as the “Calcutta’s” mizzen. Soon afterwards the “Camilla” was lost with all hands off the coast of Japan. Astern was a grand specimen of the sailing fleet of those days, viz., the “Cambrian,” a fast 40-gun frigate. There were also some heavily sparred paddle-wheel frigates and corvettes, such as

the "Retribution" and "Furious," whilst the latest additions to the British Navy were small screw gunboats, each of 40, 60 or 80 horse-power, with a 10-inch smooth bore 85-cwt. shell gun, and two 24-pounder howitzers. They were three-masted schooner rigged, and looked like the cruising yachts of the present day. These little vessels, without their big guns, had sailed out to China round the Cape—there was no Suez Canal in those days—and some amusing yarns were told about the passage out. The crews were too small to make it worth while to send a surgeon with them, but a box of medicines likely to be required was placed in each gunboat. One commanding officer objected to the room the medicine chest took up in his small cabin, so on commencing the voyage, served out impartially to each man his share of the contents of the chest.

There were also in the harbour two of the new screw gun vessels, considerably larger than the gunboats, [and if my memory is correct, carrying two heavy guns each, 68 prs. The French China squadron, a very small one compared to ours, was also in the harbour. The French squadron, soon after our arrival, was reinforced by a quite new screw frigate, a great novelty in those days, especially in China, where our men-of-war, little gunboats excepted, were either sailing ships or paddlers. The steamer's principal armament was 8-inch or 10-inch smooth bore shell guns, but the sailing vessels stuck to the old-fashioned solid shot guns of the previous century. On the forecastle, and I think aft also, there were actually 32-pounder carronades.

The ancient armament of our sailing man-of-war was really but little better, as far as the actual

guns were concerned, than that of the pirate junks and snake-boats.

A very large and often valuable coasting trade and long sea trade is—or was, fifty years ago—carried on in the native junks. This trade has existed for ages, and so have the pirates who, emboldened by a miserably weak system of government, have at times formed great fleets and regular pirate communities on shore. With the fear of these marauders ever before them, all native craft of any size carried guns, and it is said did not scruple to do a little piratical work on their own account if a particularly favourable chance presented itself. The guns were of all patterns and sizes, but the favourites were long 18 and short 32-pounders. On examining some of them one day, I found on lifting the lead apron covering the vent that the guns were not only loaded but primed and ready for immediate use. The so-called snake-boats employed for quick traffic seemed the perfection of craft for coast piratical work; long, with fine lines, and pulling ten to fifteen great oars of a side. Three or four such craft would in calm weather have the largest junk at their mercy. The snake-boats were also very fast under sail, stiffened as the great mat fore and aft sails were with split bamboos, the boats could go very close to the wind and carry on to the last, owing to the rapidity with which the sails could be lowered and run up again.

The pirates were at times a daring lot, on one occasion cutting out a junk at the entrance to the harbour, in sight of our flag-ship. On another a pirate junk actually attacked a gunboat which was at the time under sail. After a stiff fight, the junk

was carried by boarding, as in the grand old fights of bygone days. The pirate doubtless mistook the gunboat for one of the valuably laden and also well-armed opium schooners, which in those days did a good business in the smuggling line.

The pirates not only captured junks at sea, but also raided even large coast towns. Just before our arrival at Hong Kong, it was considered advisable to send two 18-pounders and a small detachment to one of the villages at the back of the town for its protection; the officer in charge being somewhat eccentric, used to keep his men exercised in a curious way by firing shotted salutes over the mastheads of those who ventured to pay him a visit in one of Jardine's schooners. Hong Kong, half a century ago, seemed to be a place where human life was held on a less secure tenure than at present. Of this we had an instance within twenty-four hours of our arrival. Happening to look over the side in the evening, I noticed a man-of-war dinghy with a coffin in it passing under the stern of the "Princess Charlotte," and was informed it was intended for a marine of the "Cambrian," who was to be hanged at the yard arm of the "Hesperus" in the morning for shooting his sergeant. Early next morning, when bathing at Kellets Island, we could not help seeing the execution. The man stood on a platform over a gun forward. As the gun fired, the wretched man was run up so rapidly that his body flew out almost flat, his head then crashed against the yard-arm, the body lurching over the top of the yard and then falling for some three feet until the togle acted, stopping the body with a jerk. Altogether a horrible sight, still vividly remembered. The next yard-

arm execution at Talienwhan Bay was much more quietly carried out, and not nearly so horrible. It also took place at no great distance from our ship.

But it is time to turn from these unpleasant experiences of sea life to the good time afloat. With the fleet almost within hail of the barracks on shore, we soldiers and sailors practically felt that we belonged to the same service, and when a blue-jacket overstayed his leave and could not get on board at night, he always knew there was a soft plank and a blanket ready for him with us.

When we first landed at Hong Kong, and before the great sickness began, our men and the blue jackets had some good games at football. It was rather startling at first to see the barefooted sailors kicking the ball as if they had boots on. Somehow the blue-jacket of the present day does not seem the same as the happy-go-lucky, reckless sailor of bygone times. As an instance, one of our officers, going round the naval sentries at Canton with a blue-jacket petty officer, was informed by a sentry that his orders were to challenge three times and then shoot the ——. On going round afterwards during the night, the sentry did carry out his orders as he understood them, singing out "One, two, three," and then firing; to which the petty officer at once replied, "Oh, that's your — game, is it? Take that," and let drive at the sentry. Happily neither shot took effect, and sentry and visiting rounds had more precise and clearly defined instructions given to them.

We had many amusing scenes with our naval pals, with whom we worked not only in regular service business, but also at the frequent fires which

took place in Hong Kong, at one of which I was nearly expended. With my company I was hard at work rolling casks of spirits down to the water from the lower back storey of a burning house. We had got them nearly all out when the fire began to come through the ceiling over our heads, and we had to run for it. On getting to the level of the street in front, I saw two field guns, and asking why they were there, was informed that they had been brought as a last resource to stop the fire spreading by knocking the house down, but had not fired, as a ship was in the harbour too close on the other side. The fact that my company was working in the spirit store cellar under the house had, in the excitement of the moment, been quite forgotten. To my naval friends, who were always ready to carry their lives in their hands on the slightest excuse, the affair was merely amusing, but I took good care when working out of sight at fires afterwards, to "bar guns."

In our amusements we were also but one service. My regiment, the Royals, somehow had always a very fair share of actors amongst them. Hawley Smart, one of our captains, was perfect on the boards, and might have been as celebrated on the stage as he was afterwards as a novelist. In the Crimea I had, from my juvenile appearance, to take the part of an actress, there being no real ones available. In China we were in the same predicament, but we now had the navy to help us in the shape of the cadets on the flag-ship who had a turn for acting, but with my young assistants I now usually took the part of an elderly lady, the cadets being my daughters. One of them, Rawson (now

Sir Harry) for years afterwards wrote to me as "Dearest Mamma." When he was married, with a family of growing daughters, I happened to meet him one morning in Southsea with his children, who were much amused when I informed them that I was their grandmother. A year or two afterwards, when in command of troops on a transport going to the Mediterranean, in which these children and their mother were passengers, they scored off at me in coming on deck in the morning. It was not "Good morning, Colonel," but "Good morning, granny."

Having a fine large stage in our theatre at Hong Kong, we often had really grand shows, and also some very amusing incidents. In one Shakespearean burlesque, the ghost being very nervous, had taken too much brandy and water; and Ariel—a cadet, afterwards an admiral—who should have come down from the sky in a graceful curved flight, descended straight, turning round like a leg of mutton in front of a kitchen fire. But the climax of that evening was the descent of a fairy, who also should have come lightly from the clouds to place a laurel wreath on Shakespeare's head. Instead of doing so the fairy came down and sat on Shakespeare's head! We had many friends also amongst the officers of the French squadron, who often dined at our mess, several of whom belonged to the best families in France. Possibly the fact of our being a Scotch regiment had something to do with our *camaraderie*. The French officers were well up in Scott's novels, and recognised that the forbears of the Royals had in ancient days been in the French service as the royal guards of the King of France. A regimental

tradition about those ancient days is worth repeating. The regiment of Picardy, having been raised after the Scots Guards, were rather jealous about the Scots taking the right of the line. A Picardy officer said: "We allow that you Scots are a very ancient corps, and that you were Pontius Pilate's guards"—(curiously enough, the sobriquet of the Royals in modern days)—"but we served on board the Ark." To which the Scot answered: "That is really just nothing to speak of. In the first place, the Scots never slept on their post, and as for serving on the Ark, why, it was a subaltern party of the Scots which turned Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden."

We also had some very amusing friends in the small American squadron; amongst others Semmes, of Alabama fame. I am under the impression that he then belonged to that grand old paddler, the "Mississippi," which gloriously ended her days in fire and smoke at Vicksburg. The "Hartford," Farragut's future flag-ship, when he showed how to force a passage through the obstructions and pass the forts at Mobile—"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead"—was also in those days on the China station.

In the cold season there was some good pheasant and snipe shooting to be got on the mainland. For one of these expeditions a party of four of us with two civilian friends hired a native craft of some 20 or 30 tons, with the usual great bamboo mat sail and a high, covered-in deck nearly the whole length of the craft. In this we lived very comfortably. As the trip was on the water, it may be mentioned in connection with marine matters.

We met our vessel at Wampoa on the river about

twenty miles below Canton, taking a passage from Hong Kong to the place in an American river boat, with its great walking beam, which had been sent across from 'Frisco. Naturally the steamer had to be specially prepared for the ocean transit, and required considerable alteration on its arrival before it was fit for passengers. One of the people at Hong Kong remarked to the captain, "You seem to be really building your boat here." "Yes, stranger," replied the captain, "you are about right; we only put the keel on the day before we started!" More than once the enterprising Chinese passengers of the river boats had, on the way to Canton, attacked the Europeans and crew, killed most of them, run the steamer aground, and looted the cargo. To prevent a recurrence of such carefully planned piracy, the Chinese passengers on the boat, I noticed, were separated from the rest by a strong iron grating, and loaded rifles were always placed handy for the Europeans and crew in case of an attempt to break through. We commenced our snipe shooting in the paddy fields by the entrance to the Fatshan Creek, where Commodore Keppel had the year before, with the boats' crews of the fleet, destroyed a large number of heavily armed war junks. That was a stiff piece of work; we lost a considerable number in killed and wounded. Amongst the former was a captain of the 59th Regiment, the military staff officer; he was with his chief, the Commodore, and was cut in two by a round-shot when the Commodore's barge was sunk. Fatshan Creek had a decidedly piratical reputation, and our Chinese skipper always insisted on the English flag being hoisted during the day,

and shifting berth a few miles during the night ; but it was a grand place for snipe, and we had several days' excellent sport, which was disturbed one morning by a heavy cannonade not many miles away, in the direction of Canton. There had been rumours about a possible difficulty with some hostile Chinese in those parts, but we did not think it worth attending to. However, when we heard the heavy firing we decided to do our shooting within sight of our junk, and to have the boat always ready to get off ; but the peasants working in the fields took no notice of us, and at lunch the children of a village came up to us in a very friendly way. The danger was that the notice of a reward for heads, which the Chinese of those days always issued when they began hostilities, might have got down to Fatshan. The amount paid for a white man's head was usually 200 dollars. We decided that if we should be suddenly captured we would offer, through our interpreter, double that amount to let our heads remain where they were. It is not at all improbable that our offer would have been accepted. The Chinese there had no personal animosity against us. The matter in their eyes would have been a purely commercial transaction, and with that perfect faith which existed in those days all over the East that an Englishman's word was as good as his bond, I think it quite possible that cheques for our own heads would have been accepted. We came to the conclusion, however, after our day's shooting was over, that it might be advisable to run up to Canton in the night, which we did, and then ascertained that the whole of the Canton field force had had a very pretty fight at

Sheksing, about six miles from the city, whilst we were amongst the enemy shooting snipe.

As the troops were all on their way back to Canton, and our leave was nearly over, there was nothing but a little sight-seeing for us, and then back again to Hong Kong. One individual was anxious to remain another day to see eighteen men beheaded in the little lane where, under Yeh, the late governor of the province, so many thousands of men, women, and children, so-called rebels, had been executed. The eighteen men, if really the culprits, were rightly to suffer for having assisted those unutterable rascals who were kidnapping Chinese "emigrants" to send to the Guano Islands on the coast of Peru. At Macao there were then said to be regular slave-barracoons, where the unfortunates were secured till the ships were ready. One of these slave ships was lying just below Wampoa. I told our friend that we did not wish to see the execution, but if a party happened to be made up to seize the ship at Wampoa, release the Chinese, and then burn the vessel, I would not object to being handy on the occasion.

Chinese executions as described to us were very simple affairs. All those to be beheaded knelt in a row, one behind the other, in the lane, the executioner, with a heavy knife which was shown to us, lopping off each head with a single blow as he walked slowly along, beginning with those in the rear of the line. On one occasion, as described by our acquaintance, over whom such horrible sights exercised a strange fascination, an unfortunate in the front part of the line looked back, and seeing the headless bodies of his friends tumbling over, gave a shriek; where-

upon the executioner came up to him, patted him on the shoulder, kindly saying, "Don't be afraid, you won't feel it," and then returned to his work.

On getting back to Hong Kong, I was desired by my colonel to work at some plans he was interested in. He must have been well satisfied with what I did, because one morning, some time afterwards, I was most agreeably surprised by his saying: "An expedition, consisting of a battalion of marines and some half-dozen gunboats is going up a hitherto unexplored river on the west of Macao, to show an obstreperous Chinese governor who has been giving trouble that he is not beyond our reach. There are some forts near the entrance to the river, and there may be a very pretty fight. We are short of engineer officers, and the C.R.E. wishes to take you as an assistant to help him in making a rapid survey of the river, etc."

My chance had at last come, and next day I embarked in H.M.S. "Assistance" with the marines. We steamed across to Macao, and then were transferred to the gunboats. I went with my special friend, Lieut. Commander Blane in his gunboat, the "Drake." On approaching the forts at the entrance of the river, our 10-inch shell gun was got ready, but we were not fired at, and entered the river, across which a very strong stockade had been built with a narrow entrance, through which we just managed to pass, and steamed thirty miles up stream to a large walled town. The mandarin in charge came to the conclusion that in face of such a force discretion was the better part of valour, and was most civil, sending presents of live sheep and immense quantities of fruit to our commodore, McCleverty, who passed

them on to the different gunboats, where they were most acceptable. Next day, with a small guard of marines in attendance, I made a rapid survey of certain high ground commanding the town, the C.R.E. doing the other side of the river. On returning to Hong Kong, I was immensely delighted to find that my flying survey of the river as we steamed up agreed literally to a compass point with that made by the C.R.E. on his gunboat. I was very well satisfied with the result, as this naval survey work was the first of the sort I had done.

A few days afterwards the Colonel informed me that Mackenna, one of our captains on the quartermaster-general's staff, was to go as military staff officer with the naval commander-in-chief, Sir James Hope, who, with most of the men-of-war, was to start in a few days for the mouth of the Peiho, and that as Mackenna would be away some time and possibly get another appointment, I had been selected to fill the vacancy on Sir Charles Straubenzee's staff with the South China Field Force at Canton as D.A.Q.M.G. This field force, which had been reorganised after the capture of Canton in 1857, consisted of an R.A. garrison battery, an R.E. company, one company mounted infantry, then named mounted police, two battalions of marine light infantry, one battery of marine artillery, and two regiments of Bengal native infantry, with staff and departments. This was indeed a lift for a subaltern twenty years of age. The pay also, Indian with allowances, was worth having—viz., £60 a month. The following day I was on my way to Canton, which I may simply describe as a sealed-pattern Chinese city, surrounded by the usual crenellated

massive stone wall some 40 feet in height, with great half-moon-shaped bastions of wall enclosing the gates, which are to be found about every half mile. Above each gate in the continuation of the wall is a three or four storied, quaint-looking, rectangular barrack for the guard.

Previous to the capture of Canton, about two years before by escalade, it was necessary to direct a heavy fire from the ships in the river on to the south wall to cover the turning movement against the heights on the north, and many of the unfortunate inhabitants had been killed. Consequently there was on our first occupation of the city a strong native feeling against us, causing an amount of assassination which had to be sternly repressed, but in a wonderfully short time the Chinese who had fled to the country returned to their houses, and everything went on as usual. The native authorities were allowed to carry on their own government under the sanction of the allied French and English commissioners, who lived in a large yamun in the centre of the city. The extent of this Chinese official residence may be estimated when I mention that it gave spacious barrack accommodation to a whole battalion of marines, besides the French guard and many officials. The enclosing wall was loopholed, and the garrison generally placed in a state of defence.

Although not actually afloat, my time at Canton might almost be considered as naval service. The A.Q.M.G., my immediate chief, being a colonel of marines, that branch of the service, viz., two battalions of red marines and a battery of marine artillery, formed the bulk of the division. There

was also a small but very smart French naval contingent under Admiral Regault de Genouilly. His flag-lieutenant was Brown de Coulston, now the well-known French admiral. Being about the same age, and having many service ideas in common, Brown de Coulston and I became great friends.

Eliminating the details of my work on the quarter-master-general's staff, and my ideas about the Chinese amongst whom I was quartered for nearly a year, and of whom I have such a high opinion, all of which is referred to in my "Recollections of Forty Years' Service," it will be sufficient if I state that on the north and north-east side of Canton there is a range of hilly ground some 200 feet in height. Part of this is enclosed by the city wall, and gives a fine site for a large temple. The undulating high ground outside the wall is the great cemetery of Canton, and contains many fine tombs. The headquarters of the allied forces occupied the temple on the heights and buildings adjacent, giving excellent quarters for all the staff and the allied forces already mentioned.

Our position on the heights was strongly entrenched and the ground cleared of all buildings for a considerable distance in front towards the city. From the heights a road was made along the inner side of the east wall down to the well-protected landing-place on the river, and so in communication with the navy. The great gate guard-houses of the city wall were made into fortified connecting posts along the road between the heights and the river, where the "Bittern" brig was anchored at no great distance from the landing place, Commander Commerel, afterwards Sir John, being the senior naval

officer in charge. My work commenced at daybreak, going round our entrenchments, etc., and then along the road to the river. The early ride continued through the city to the Commissioners' yamun, and a talk over Intelligence Department work with Mr. Parks, afterwards Sir Harry, was a very interesting one, in seeing the Chinese citizens gradually appear and start off on their various industries. Occasionally I had work to do outside the city, riding out into the country often a long way by myself. No one took any notice of the Fanqui (foreign devil), an example which, I was glad to say, was followed one morning by an immense snake, evidently a python, which I suddenly came on when surveying on the cemetery hills.

I made some interesting acquaintances amongst the better class of the Chinese. One, a well-known jeweller and curio-maker, named Le Ching, who spoke English, was always well pleased when I came down to his place for a talk, and to give him some ideas as to new patterns. From this acquaintance I got much information as to Chinese life and ideas. I was less than a year in Canton, but before I left had come quite to like the Chinese, who are very different from the vulgar but generally accepted notions concerning them. Difficult as it is for Europeans to believe it, they are in family life most affectionate and kind-hearted, and will give up and do anything for each other. It is a well-known fact that a man will sell even his life for the benefit of his family, taking the place of some wealthy man who has been sentenced to death. This by Chinese custom is allowable ; the price is usually about £50 of our money.

More industrious workmen than the Chinese simply do not exist, or more honourable merchants, as our own bankers and traders well know ; they can be thoroughly trusted to almost any amount.

In the many fights we have had with Chinese forces, their defeat seemed a foregone conclusion ; but when properly trained and disciplined very few races make better soldiers, as Gordon so often proved with his ever-victorious army. In company with our men, even the ordinary Canton coolie is steady under fire. At Taku in 1860 they were employed bringing the scaling-ladders down to the advanced post, and not only willingly did this, but actually carried the ladders to the wall of the fort and held them in position whilst our men mounted.

The governing class in China was, certainly fifty years ago, from our point of view, corruption itself ; and as for ignorance, conceit, and general unfitness for a responsible position, few human beings could come up to the ordinary Chinese mandarin of those days. Exceptions there were, but they were few and far between. Why the Chinese official, from the highest to the lowest grade, should have as a rule been so unreliable, corrupt, and conceited is at first rather a puzzle. The conclusion I ultimately arrived at, however, was that these objectionable qualities were brought about by the absence of any moral training, religious or otherwise, and the educational system with its absurdities of competitive examinations, when men, even in extreme old age, were locked up in the examination cells to make sure that they do not crib when writing out some high-flown rubbish on the sayings of Confucius.

An acquaintance with the philosophical twaddle of that ancient sage was held in high esteem by the upper classes, and was by them considered quite enough as regards moral, and possibly religious, instruction. Now everything is changing, and education marvellously so, but that the Chinese, who have gone on in the old way for almost countless generations, can be suddenly fit for Parliamentary institutions and Government representatives as proposed, is impossible to believe.

Of the great Buddhist religion, which in its inception doubtless contained some valuable ideas, nothing really is left but the ritual. This is very curious and interesting from a psychological point of view. Shutting one's eyes when in a Buddhist temple, the smell of incense, tinkling of bells, and the chanting of the monks softly vibrating amongst the timbers of the high roof, gives the impression that one is standing in some great Continental cathedral. Opening them, the similarity to certain forms of Christian worship or belief is still more startling. There, in large gilt images, is the representation of the Trinity in the triad deity, and the mother of Heaven with the infant in her arms ; there also are the twelve special followers of Buddha ; and on the altar in front of Buddha are the candlesticks and brass vases with artificial flowers, the latter absolutely identical with those which of late years have been adopted in so many Protestant churches, to the great delight of young ladies, who cannot know they are filling with the best flowers from the hothouse what are really pagan vases. The shaven monks with their long yellow robes and rosaries, seem almost a travesty of one great branch of the

Christian religion, and did we not know that Buddhism and its rites existed long before Christianity, we should be tempted to believe that Buddhist ritual had been copied from it.

There are vases on the Buddhist altar which do not yet appear even in our most advanced ritualistic buildings—viz., those containing the sticks of fate. A Chinaman desirous of knowing beforehand the result of some undertaking, commercial or otherwise, pays a small sum to the *bonze* (monk) in charge, shakes the vase till one of the sticks with a number on it falls out, when the priest refers to a book, and reads whatever oracular statement may be opposite the number. The spirit of gambling exists in every Chinaman, and in any important undertaking he is naturally anxious to get a straight tip from Joss—that is his name for the deity in general. Of religion of any description in a really concrete form of belief the Chinese have none, although the nominal followers of Buddha number many millions. The ordinary Chinaman has drifted back to what was, according to high authority, the religion of the human race at a very early period, viz., ancestor-worship and the propitiation of evil spirits. The dragon appears to be the usual form in which the most powerful of these demons impresses the Chinese imagination. On the fifth day of the fifth month—June, I think it was—I happened to be on the Canton river when the festival of the dragon took place. An immensely long boat, propelled by many oars, rushed past, regardless of any boats or sampans which might be in the way. Over them or through them it went; on the front were men waving flags, and in the centre was a huge drum on

which three or four men hammered with frantic energy. Whether it was to propitiate or frighten the dragon away till next year, I was unable to ascertain. All the Chinamen knew about it was that it was the Joss pigeon—the word pigeon being the Chinese rendering of the word business. One day a small specimen of a tornado did some damage near the landing-place, becoming a water-spout as it crossed the river. A Chinese acquaintance, on being asked what he thought about it, said, “Me thinkee devil walkee”—doubtless in his imagination some relation of the much-feared dragon.

At sunset the sailors on board the junks made a horrible din with gongs. The only explanation I could ever get was that they were chin-chinning Joss, perhaps appeasing thereby some nautical demon. It seemed to me that ancestor-worship rather bordered on propitiation of ghosts who might become malicious, but the ghosts must have been of a kindly disposition, as the burning of paper representations of food of different sorts before their tablets was considered sufficient: doubtless the ghosts remembered what a struggle existence was to so many in China, and were well pleased that no real food was wasted.

Every scrap of anything which will help to support life is turned to account by a Chinaman: even dried rats can be seen exposed for sale in the poor neighbourhoods. One day, when pulling down some old brick buildings to improve the defences, an enormous rat bolted. A boy went for it at once; the rat bit him, but he killed it and carried it off in triumph. On my asking why he took it away, he said, with a look of astonishment at my having asked the

question, "Makee chow-chow." Not a single foot of ground in which anything eatable will grow is allowed to remain idle: the care with which each little plant is watered and manured would be an excellent object-lesson for our agriculturists. Not only is the most made of dry land, but water also is turned to account, small fields after the crop is off being dammed up, and fish turned in to fatten. On one occasion when after snipe, I happened to see a big fish show itself in a flooded field, and shot it, also two or three more before it struck me why they were there. I paid the owner their value, and also left him the fish (some kind of carp), so he at least was well satisfied. Manure (town and village sewage) is a valuable article in China, and most carefully preserved; but so fond are the Chinese of practical jokes—a middy who can quietly tie the ends of the tails of two swell Chinamen together when they are engaged talking, instantly has the whole sympathies of a crowd on his side, who simply roar with laughter when the heads are jerked backwards—that when one of our men-of-war was lying just below Wampoa some Chinamen, for the sake of a startling practical joke, did not scruple to expend the very valuable cargoes of two large manure-boats. The men were all on deck at divisions, and it being unfortunately Sunday, they had their best clothes on. Two boats a little apart came down on the tide towards the —— (even now it does not do to mention names), a rope connecting them fouled the moorings, and the boats swung on to the ship, one on each side. There was a double explosion from well-arranged powder-charges concealed in the boats, and then a perfect shower of the most horrible filth descended

on the ship. Not only had the clothing of the officers and men all to be destroyed, but it was a long time before the ship could be thoroughly cleansed from smell, and still longer before it was safe even to innocently use a pocket handkerchief in the presence of any one belonging to the —.

As ingenious workmen, more particularly in carving and carpentry, where fine detail is required, the Chinese can have few equals. Even an itinerant carver with a barrow-stall in the street, if given a dry peach-stone, will, while you wait, carve it beautifully. Another special curiosity was to break a wine-glass into several pieces, and then give it to a glass and china mender to rivet; the work was simply perfect. The Chinese can apply this careful attention to details in everything. On becoming a staff officer I required a staff cap with gold lace of a particular pattern. A Chinese tailor looked at the pattern I gave him, then said, "Ten day, ten dollar, can do." In ten days a perfect staff cap arrived, and wore extremely well, descending to another officer, a brigadier-general, after I left. The colonel commanding the artillery was not so fortunate. He ordered a supply of coal, a rare commodity in Southern China; when tried some time afterwards, the whole turned out to be carefully painted stones!

The struggle for existence being so hard, it is not to be wondered at that infanticide is in time of famine rather too frequent. In consequence of this, some benevolent Chinese had in former days endowed a foundling asylum at Canton, and doubtless similar institutes exist in other Chinese towns; but, as far as I could gather, most of the funds intended to save infant life had gone into the pockets of those whose

special duty it was to look after the place, much in the same way as some of the educational and other charities in the United Kingdom have gone off the rails, as mentioned in the records of the Charity Commissioners. The general idea in this country is that the Chinese have no more affection for each other than ants or bees, and that when an individual can no longer work, they allow him or her to die. No greater mistake could possibly be made, and it is curious how it could have originated. Some forms of their punishments are brutal, but when one comes to think of it, they are not really so horrible as our own judicial executions only some 150 years ago. The most severe execution in China, slicing to death, dreadful as it sounds, is rapidly done with twelve regulation cuts. Compare this with the execution of the unfortunate Jacobites in 1746 at Carlisle and on Kennington Common, when, after being suspended for a minute on the gallows, they were lowered down, their stomachs cut open, and their entrails torn out and burnt before their faces whilst the sufferers were still alive. Even as late as 1727 a woman was burnt alive in London, surrounded by a brutal crowd enjoying the spectacle. Fortunately, the shrieks of the woman happened in this case to be heard by royal ears, and death by roasting alive ceased to be a form of execution in England ; but the hanging, not only of men, but of women and children, for offences which would now be considered sufficiently punished by a few weeks' imprisonment or a birching, continued well into the nineteenth century. We can therefore hardly be surprised at what still exists in China. Such speculations, however, hardly come within service recollections, but from my

personal observations, living as I did amongst the Chinese for nearly a year, I consider it my simple duty to state my own experiences, and to say that I believe that Europeans who behaved themselves properly and did not offensively push their own religions or interfere in political matters, could live in China, and would be welcomed by the ordinary traders and peasants. The officials whose peculations and robberies are interfered with, naturally do not like Europeans, and when they can, make the country too hot for them. At Canton, where the allied commissioners kept the Chinese city mandarins in order with an iron hand inside a velvet glove, trade and business went on perfectly in a marvellously short time after we occupied Canton. The departure of the garrison doubtless well pleased the mandarins, but many thousands of citizens unquestionably would have preferred our remaining.

But to return to my own particular line. News arrived one day which caused the garrison to stand to its arms, and consider whether we had a sufficient supply of ammunition and food for a siege. A terrible disaster had occurred to our arms in the north. In 1858, when the Chinese opposed our going up the Peiho to Tientsin to make the final arrangements about the treaty which had been agreed on, our gunboats forced a passage past the Taku forts, and getting above them so enfiladed the works that the expedition got up the river with but little loss. The following year the treaty was to be ratified at a grand meeting of politicians at Pekin. As a matter of precaution, a battalion of marines and a company of Royal Engineers went to the north with the fleet escorting the Ministers; but on

arrival at the mouth of the Peiho it was found that the Chinese had immensely strengthened the Taku forts since the previous year, and placed in the river huge iron stakes on tripod legs, and a strong boom composed of heavy spars arranged parallel to the banks a few feet apart, and connected by three rows of sunken chains. There was also a great raft of timber above the boom. When requested to remove these so as to allow the diplomatic representatives of England and France to proceed by the usual public road to Tientsin, the Chinese refused to do so, and told the Ministers they must go to Pekin *via* Pehtang, being as much as to say, "You inferior races are not worthy to come in at the front door, but must approach us by a back entrance." This being a matter of great political importance which could not be ignored, it was decided by the allied Ministers and naval commander-in-chief that a passage must be forced past the forts, and the Ministers escorted with proper respect to Tientsin. The forts on both sides of the river were low massive earthworks with high cavalier bastions at intervals; the guns—very heavy brass pieces—being in casemates with rope mantlets in front of the embrasures. Broad ditches and mud flats made the forts safe from frontal attack by escalade.

All the large ships of the allied squadrons had, owing to the shallow water, to lie some miles out at sea; but the gunboats, averaging 60 horse-power, and the gun-vessels could easily pass the bar. The gunboats each carried one big 85-cwt. shell gun and a 32-pounder lent from the flagship. There were some nine or ten gunboats and two large gun-vessels. A company of Royal Engineers was distributed

amongst the gunboats as riflemen, and the marines, about 500 in number, were placed inside the bar in some junks which had been requisitioned, in case a landing-party was required. The French squadron was very much smaller. The American commodore, the ever-to-be-remembered gallant old Tatnall, had only one small steamer. The British commander-in-chief, Admiral Hope, hoisted his flag on the "Plover" gunboat, which was to lead the way.

The night before the attack an attempt was made to blow up the boom, but judging from what took place next day, it must have failed: be that as it may, at about 2 p.m., with the first of the ebb, the gunboat flotilla in echelon moved up to the attack. One of the gunboats hooked on to the great iron stakes, and reversing her screw, drew out two and then buoyed the passage. No sign of life was to be seen at the forts. The "Plover," leading, then drove hard at the boom, hoping to break through as in the previous year. The boom moved very slightly, but the "Plover" almost bounded back from the shock, and at the same instant all the rope mantlets in front of the embrasures were rolled up, and such a storm of heavy shot struck the "Plover" that almost half her crew were at once killed or wounded. The commander, Rason, then dropped his anchor, and a regular, so to say, broadside-to-broadside fight began, and never in our naval annals was there a more gallant engagement; but the flush-decked gunboats, heavily armed, it is true, were no match for the powerful guns secure in their massive casemates. Rason was soon killed, his head taken off by a round-shot; then Captain Mackenna of the *Royals*, the admiral's staff officer,

fell with a gingal-bullet through him, only living long enough to send an affectionate message to his old regiment. George Douglas, the flag-lieutenant, an old friend of mine, took command. More men were signalled for, and came up from the junks. Then the admiral was struck down, but still the fight went on, no less than three crews being killed or wounded before the little "Plover" sank. So crowded was the deck with dead that they had to be thrown overboard to give room to work the guns. One grand reinforcement came up—the gallant old Tatnall, who rowed alongside the "Plover," saying, "Blood is thicker than water," could he be of any use? Just then the stern of his barge was knocked out by a round-shot, and his men were in the place they wanted to be, viz., alongside ours working the guns.

Attempts were made to stop the huge splintered holes in the sides of the little gunboats with shot-plugs, the carpenters being lowered in bow-lines over the sides, where they worked away as if in a dry dock at Portsmouth; but such attempts to keep the gunboats afloat to continue the action were hopeless. Four gunboats and a gun-vessel were sunk, and the action between gunboats and the forts came to an end; but we were not to be beaten thereby. It was decided to land marines and blue-jackets and storm the great southern fort. Had it been possible to bring even 500 men with scaling-ladders and arms in order up to the walls of the fort, it would have been taken; but between the edge of the water where the boats landed the men, some distance below the boom, was a great expanse of soft mud, some 500 yards broad, covered at high

tide, with many specially constructed water-holes scattered over it. Beyond this, near the fort, were two broad ditches, and then bamboo spikes up to the wall. The landing-party, heavily fired on all the time, struggled across the mud, some falling into the water-holes, never to be seen again. Several, however, managed to get somehow, swimming and wading, across the ditches; but by that time there were not a hundred men left, and not twenty serviceable rifles. To attempt to storm would have been worse than folly, so the ridge of earth on the far side of the ditch was held until the wounded could as far as possible be passed down to the boats, and then all retreated. A curious incident took place as the covering-party—the rearguard, so to say—left the ditch. Some reckless individual struck up what in those days was a popular street ditty, “Sing song, Polly, won’t you try me, oh?” and all who had any breath left joined in the chorus. Our total loss that day was, as nearly as possible, 500 killed and wounded.

Three days after the fight a strange-looking wreck was seen drifting out of the river: it was one of the gunboats, the “Kestrel,” which was at once taken possession of and made serviceable again. Another gruesome relic of the fight floated out about the same time, the incident being lately related to me by Admiral Brine, then a lieutenant. The marine officer of the “Highflyer” was one of the first killed at the landing, and must, when shot, have fallen unperceived into a water-hole, as he was never noticed again. Lieutenant Brine was talking with his friends on the subject on the quarter-deck of the “Highflyer,” and was just going off in his

own boat, when he saw something in the water close to the boat-boom. On rowing up to the object, it proved to be the body of the marine officer, which had so strangely floated off to his own ship anchored some six miles outside the Peiho.

Judging by previous experiences, the attempt to force the passage with the gunboats was quite justifiable, and had the boom been broken the night before, as was anticipated, the attack would have succeeded; but the attempt to carry by escalade a fort which had sunk four of our vessels, and to do so by a rush over 500 yards of thick mud, with the tide beginning to cover it, and under a heavy fire, was a daring but hopeless undertaking.

All needful preparations were rapidly and quietly made by us in our intrenchments on the heights in case the Government at Peking should send orders to recommence hostilities in the south. The mandarins did consider the question, but came to the conclusion they had better remain quiet. As they naïvely expressed it, "It is dangerous to attack a rat in a hole." Besides, hostilities would have destroyed trade and business of every description in Canton, where things were going on as smoothly as if we had been for years in permanent occupation of the city. Our mounted military police on their hardy little ponies patrolled every quarter of the city and its widely-extending suburbs, and the allied commissioners kept the local Chinese authorities well up to their work. Unquestionably the traders and inhabitants of Canton generally enjoyed a security of life, property, and justice previously unknown to them, and thoroughly appreciated it.

Our defeat at the Peiho meant another Chinese

war, in which it would be necessary to dictate our terms of peace at Peking. As there was not time to get the necessary force together before the severe northern winter set in, all that could be done was to reinforce the garrison at Canton at once from India, and make preparations for a campaign in the spring. Two regiments, the Buffs and 67th, were sent from Calcutta. I had to go to Hong Kong in connection with the arrangements for bringing them up to Canton, where I had found magnificent quarters for them in the great Buddhist temples. My first instructions, as soon as we heard reinforcements were coming, was to find room for 10,000 men. This could not be done by taking over the large temples only, so I had to inspect and rapidly measure the accommodation of some of the large official yamuns, where the mandarins were living with their families. The allied commissioners and Chinese authorities decided on the yamuns to be taken if required, and in order to disturb the inhabitants as little as possible, I did my work very quickly, and was rather astonished to find how easy it was to estimate the troop accommodation of large buildings. One working day, with a few assistants for measuring rooms, was sufficient to find quarters for the 10,000 men.

The arrival of the additional troops at Canton, together with a little international work with our allies and arrangements with the naval authorities, gave the quartermaster-general's department a fair amount of work; and when my chief went on a week's leave or duty to Hong Kong, I thoroughly enjoyed having the whole of the department in my hands, a chance which does not come often to a

subaltern of twenty years of age. The variety of the work was particularly interesting. I certainly had one very unexpected job, viz., to act as an amateur pilot to a troop-ship. By some oversight no pilot was put on board a sailing troop-ship which had to go up the river as far as Wampoa, and on which I for some reason had taken a passage. Fortunately I had studied the navigation of the Canton river and estuary, and was able to be of considerable use to the skipper of the troop-ship.

With the approach of the cold wet weather, those who had had fever began to suffer again, one of the first being the clerk in the quartermaster-general's office. In his case the attack came on very suddenly and with great severity, necessitating his immediate removal to hospital. Amongst others I also went down, but a change of air to Hong Kong as soon as I was fit to travel had a wonderful effect: doubtless the sea-breeze there at that time of year had something to do with putting me on my legs again, but, with the nervous system rather upset, when the troops for the coming expedition began to arrive, I got so uneasy and anxious about my regiment probably going on service, whilst I might be left on the staff at Canton, that I requested permission to give up my appointment and return to my regiment. This I did, and had the consolation of being told afterwards by the general that had I held on for only ten days more, I would have had the same appointment under the new commander-in-chief. However, I was back again at my regimental home, which was some compensation. We had rather a lively time of it, the old Royals being given to much hospitality. Amongst others the

French headquarter staff were often our guests. At one big dinner some of us noticed the extraordinary volubility and ease with which one of our young fellows, an Irishman, whose knowledge of French was extremely limited, carried on a conversation with one of the French staff. His explanation was to the point, "With the second bottle of champagne all languages are the same"; but another sub., who happened to be acting A.D.C. to the governor, rather astonished the French commander-in-chief by saying to him, "Mon général, voulez-vous porter Madame R. à diner?" the lady in question being not only the handsomest but also the tallest in Hong Kong, and of corresponding weight.

Having, when at Canton, had to copy the plans and sketches sent down from the north by Major Fisher, R.E., who had made a wonderful coast survey, which also gave the position of the different forts, I was able to see at once, what was also apparent to anyone studying the matter, that there were two lines of advance to Peking—one by a direct road from a town some distance north of the Peiho, the other by the ordinary road and the Peiho *via* Tientsin, after having captured the forts guarding the river-mouth. To do this it would be necessary to land a force to take the forts in rear, and the only place available for a disembarkation was at the mouth of the Pehtang, some ten miles north of the Peiho. From there an attack might be made on the northern forts, the most westerly one of which was the key of the whole position, as it enfiladed the entire line of forts on the south side. The Peiho being a very narrow river with low banks, the construction of a bridge, after the capture of the forts, to pass the

army across to the road on the south side and the main road to Tientsin, would be an easy matter. So clear was all this to anyone seeing the plans that I sent an account of what we were going to do to my relatives at home. It was therefore with considerable astonishment that I heard, after we had taken the forts in the way named, that the French general had had a great difference with Sir Hope Grant. General Montauban's scheme was to leave the north fort alone, cross the river, and then commence operations. Fortunately for the allied forces, Sir Hope insisted on having his own way. But even more startling than this was the original French scheme for the invasion of China, viz., that the English force should land at Pehtang, ten miles north of the Peiho, and the French by themselves at a place twenty miles south of it. Such was their ignorance or contempt for the Chinese that they were of opinion that some 7,000 French troops, without cavalry and but little transport, could land by themselves, defeat the whole Chinese army, and march twenty miles across a difficult country before joining the English. Fortunately for themselves, the French found their proposed landing-place impracticable, and at the eleventh hour agreed to land at Pehtang with the English.

Although the attempts of our gunboats to force a passage past the Taku Forts in 1859 had ended in disaster, the military power of the Chinese empire at that time was so poor that an allied expedition of some 20,000 was considered sufficient to capture the obstructing forts and dictate terms of peace at Peking. The number at first proposed was to be 10,000 British, under Sir Hope Grant, and 7,000

French, under General Montauban. Eventually, these numbers were increased to 13,000 and 7,600 actually brought to China ; but the numbers landed at Pehtang on the 1st August, when the campaign commenced, were 11,000 British and 6,500 French.

The composition of the allied armies was as follows :—British—one regiment cavalry, two regiments Indian cavalry, five batteries Royal Artillery, two companies Royal Engineers, one company Madras Sappers, eight battalions infantry, four battalions Indian (Sikh) infantry. The cavalry and artillery were splendidly horsed, and fit to go anywhere. The transport was our only weak point. The now defunct Military Train from England was intended to have been its backbone ; unfortunately some of that corps having in a case of great emergency during the Indian Mutiny been employed as cavalry, the Train considered transport work quite beneath them, and were perfectly useless in looking after and directing the native drivers of the crowd of ponies, mules, etc., collected from India, Manilla, and Japan. The backbone of our transport really consisted of the Canton coolie corps, several hundred strong, under Major Temple, assisted by the hard-working British subaltern and N.C.O.'s from the infantry regiments. The loads these coolies carried were astonishing, and their readiness at all times for work was particularly satisfactory ; but not so pleasant was their quickness and ability to plunder their own countrymen whenever a chance presented itself. During the advance on Peking one had to be hanged for some special outrage : his reckless indifference as regards life was a strange sight. When taken to the gallows, he simply looked up at the

apparatus with a grin, said, "Ah, yah," and apparently assisted the executioner to put the rope round his neck.

The French force consisted of four batteries of artillery, two companies of engineers, and seven battalions of infantry ; no cavalry or transport.

Before the allied armies could be ready to start for the Gulf of Pechili it was necessary to have some places of assembly in the south for the different forces coming from England, France, and India. Chusan was at first selected, and two of our infantry battalions and a battery of artillery from Canton, together with a small French contingent, were therefore sent to take possession of the island ; but for some reason the idea of making Chusan a place of concentration was given up, and the remainder of the British force was assembled on the peninsula of Kowloon, on the north side of Hong Kong harbour. The French assembled at Shanghai, but little room, however, was required for our allies. Cavalry they had none, and not even horses for their field batteries of light guns ; their only transport was a small corps of coolies. Seeing their utterly unprepared state, Sir Hope Grant offered some of our surplus stock of ponies, but the French general objected to the price. It will hardly be credited that on the 1st July, when the whole of the British army had arrived at Talienwhan Bay and was ready to start on the campaign, the French, at Chefoo, had only 114 unbroken Japanese ponies collected for their field artillery, for which some 600 were necessary. The consequence was that the expedition had to be delayed a whole month, simply waiting for the French to get their transport ready.

But to return to Hong Kong. The arrival there of the British portion of the expedition in May made quite a lively time. Previous to their coming the difficulty was to find suitable camping-ground, as there was none on the island of Hong Kong. Curiously enough, while the matter was under consideration, I chanced to be in a boat with Colonel Haythorne, chief of the staff, and Major D. We just then passed the end of the Kowloon promontory on the opposite side of the harbour, when I happened to say, "Why not take possession of the Kowloon peninsula? the ground there is made for a large camp." Whether my suggestion was the cause of it I know not, but Kowloon was taken over and the camp made there.

From a professional point of view the great attraction at the camp was the two batteries of Armstrong field-guns. This being the first occasion in which English breechloading rifled field-guns were to be used on active service, a few rounds were fired from the camp at a target out at sea for the benefit of the naval and military authorities. The range and accuracy was wonderful, but the ancient warriors shook their heads over the complications of the breech mechanism. In shrapnel, and even in fuses, we seem to have always been ahead of our Continental neighbours; but the lead-coated Armstrong segment shell and its rather too delicate fuse did not come up to expectation, as we subsequently found at Taku, where some of our men, lying down in front of the guns, were killed by the lead-coating stripping off the shells.

CHAPTER IV.

FOURTH VOYAGE.

ALTHOUGH the campaign in the north of China was for the rest of the army strictly a shore affair, it was rather different for my regiment, which from the time it embarked in Hong Kong, the end of May, until it disembarked at Portsmouth in the middle of April the following year, had for its headquarters the "Macduff," a hired sailing Aberdeen clipper. On landing in the north of China, we only took our light campaigning kits with us ; everything else remained on board our ship. I remember I retained my little cabin, or rather my half share of it, until we left the ship in England. We had somehow during the time we were in China, got so much in contact with the navy in all our work that we might almost have been considered an additional battalion of marines. I therefore, like Sinbad, designate the sea and shore time after our embarkation at Hong Kong as one of my voyages—viz., the fourth, and give in full the whole of my personal experiences of the campaign, as it appears in my "Recollections of Forty Years' Service."

A more suitable place for a camp than the

Kowloon peninsula could hardly have been found anywhere. The camping-ground was excellent, there were no inhabitants on it, and it was on the north shore of the great harbour of Hong Kong. With all the resources of that place at its service, it greatly facilitated the work of concentration before starting for the final British base of operations in the north—viz., Talienwhan Bay. The French selected Chefoo, on the south side of the Gulf of Pechili, just opposite Talienwhan.

Now steam transport is always available for an expedition, but in 1860 sailing ships had to be employed and plenty of time allowed. The date fixed for everything being ready at Talienwhan to move across to Pehtang was the 1st July, and to permit of this the British portion of the force had all to be ready to leave Hong Kong by the 1st June, which it did. The transport which was to take the Royals to the north was an Aberdeen clipper of 1,000 tons, a small ship to take a whole regiment; but deaths and invaliding had, notwithstanding the addition of a fine draft from England, brought down the strength of the battalion to 500 rank and file. Even then it was a tight fit, but as we were going on active service our little discomforts were not worth troubling about. When the first division of transports—all sailing ships—was ready, the wind was against us, so we had to beat out, tack and tack, and, as in the days of the old war, we had two men - of - war as convoy. They were powerful paddle-wheel frigates, and went with us not as a protection against any possible enemy we might meet, but to assist any ship which might come to grief. The transports kept pretty well together

until we got through the Formosa Channel, and then, a gale coming on, we lost sight of the rest of the fleet and made our way straight for the rendezvous—viz., Talienwhan Bay.

To a regiment which, eighteen months before, had come to China in a sailing ship from Gibraltar, life at sea was no novelty: as for myself, it seemed to me that the middle watch and I were again inseparable.

In going north we managed to get within a couple of days' sail of Japan, and much wished we could have touched at some port in that wonderful country, which had only been opened to the world two years before. The officers of the Calcutta flag-ship, the first man-of-war allowed to come into a Japanese harbour, gave us some very interesting accounts of their experiences with the then unsophisticated Japanese, in whose eyes everything European, especially naval buttons, was of wonderful value.

Our voyage was uneventful: the only special incident I remember was the appearance, when in the Yellow Sea, of an enormous octopus, or something of that nature. The mass of pulp seemed about as big as the floor of a large room. It floated past close to the ship, going down just as it cleared the stern.

We were the first transport to arrive in the magnificent harbour of Talienwhan, but were soon joined by many others. The country round the bay, open undulating ground, was a first-rate place for the concentration of a large force, the only drawback being a rather limited supply of water.

My company happened to be sent on shore a day or two before the others for landing camp stores,

etc. The second night I was in a bad way with an attack very like cholera—originated, I thought, very possibly by Talienwhan oysters. When at its worst, a violent squall with a heavy sea set in, which brought my tent down. I had just strength left to place some stones on the canvas to prevent its being blown or washed away, and crawled up the beach to a small hut, where I had rather a bad time until daylight brought our surgeon ashore. We lost two men from similar attacks, and then the complaint, whatever it was, ceased.

The British force at Talienwhan, in consequence of the water difficulty, had to be spread out on both sides of the bay; but as the Chinese forces were a long way off at Taku, we could safely make our own arrangements. The few natives, a particularly fine race, very different in appearance from the well-known Chinese type farther south, were rather alarmed at our arrival, but did not desert their small villages and farms, and were ready enough to sell us what they had in the way of provisions. I have an amusing recollection of going with another sub. to cater for our mess, and buying at a farm a nice little black pig, which would not be driven, so we had to lash it to a pole, and then carried it, squealing, shoulder high in triumph back to our camp.

A foraging party of another regiment, headed by (it is said) its colonel, happened to hear fowls cackling in a small junk, and there being no one on board, the birds were considered lawful prize and carried off. Next day there was a great row, the fowls being the private property—doubtless annexed a few days before—of a well-known naval officer with a very suggestive name. To settle matters

quietly, the soldier sent a blank cheque to the sailor, which was filled in to his satisfaction : report said it was not so with the soldier.

With our ships close in, with all the stores we required and a certain amount of fresh meat purchased from the natives, our stay at Talienwhan was very pleasant. The weather was hot—105 degrees at times in a bell-tent—but the heat was dry, and we did not feel it much.

As usual I had to do some surveying, and, when so employed, made some interesting mineralogical discoveries. To get an object to take angles on at one point, I piled up a lot of quartz rock in which there was a large amount of visible gold. I afterwards heard that some small nuggets had been found in the ravines. When going along the beach towards the south, I noticed great vertical reefs of quartz, several feet thick, in the cliffs, which were of chlorite slate. In the farms I also saw coal, which indicated an outcrop at no great distance.

The departure of the expedition from Talienwhan Bay, in glorious weather at the end of July, was a magnificent sight, with close on ninety sailing merchant transports in two lines, and steamers placed on the flanks at intervals as repeating ships, to signal orders and see that the skippers of the merchant vessels kept proper interval. Our line was led by the "Cambrian," a fast sailing 40-gun frigate. Occasionally a warning gun would be fired, and a transport's number hoisted to keep station. As the cost of the powder was charged against the delinquent skipper, none offended a second time. When well out at sea we met the much smaller French transport fleet, and together we swept along to that part

of the coast beyond where the Peiho comes out, and anchored. We could see nothing of the low coast-line, but the high cavalier bastions in the centre of each fort stood out clear against the sky-line. The precision with which each sailing transport shortened sail, rounded-to by the station man-of-war, and dropped its anchor in its assigned position, showed that the skippers knew how to handle their ships. As a nautical spectacle it was grand, and made one almost feel as if we were about to take part in a fleet action against forts such as one sometimes reads of in naval history.

Having, as already stated, when in the quartermaster-general's department at Canton, had to copy the plans and charts of the coast north and south of the Peiho, which Colonel Fisher, R.E., made after the disastrous attack on the forts in the previous year, I knew pretty well where we should effect a landing—viz., at the mouth of the Pehtang, about ten miles north of the Peiho. In discussing plans for a march on Pekin, I ventured to mention that there was a hard road direct to Pekin from a town well to the north of the Pehtang, which would have enabled us to turn the Peiho forts without firing a shot there; but the chief of the staff pointed out to me that our land transport was not sufficient for such a march, and that we must get possession of the forts, if only for the sake of the river transport which the Peiho would give us to Tientsin; and that the moral effect of capturing the forts from which we had been repulsed had also to be taken into consideration.

The landing at the mouth of the Pehtang and occupation of that muddy little town was effected

without any opposition worth mentioning. The gun-boats went in, and the Chinese retired from the two small forts guarding the entrance to the river. An infantry brigade landed in the mud and scrambled through it to the hard causeway connecting Pehtang with the *Peiho*. The gallant brigadier who led the way is said to have done so *sans culottes*. Like Henry of Navarre, the *panache blanche* was well to the front; but the plume on this occasion was composed, not of ostrich feathers, but of homely shirt-tails.

The only defence which the enemy's commandant of the place made was of a passive nature, and decidedly Chinese in conception—viz., ground torpedoes of large spherical shells, four in each box, one of which was buried in the mud *inside* the forts at the foot of the ramps leading to the high cavalier bastions. The shells, by an ingenious arrangement, were to have been exploded by the first inquisitive man who might walk up the ramps of the deserted forts. Fortunately, friendly natives at once informed us where the traps were before any accident occurred.

Storing a number of men and animals in such a small town was not an easy matter, but we managed it somehow, the inhabitants who remained turning out of their rooms and squatting on the flat roofs, a somewhat scared but passive lot. The want of fresh drinkable water was a difficulty, and as the weather was very hot, the short supply allowed per head was rather irksome. The individual who suffered most from the heat soon after our arrival was our colonel, who suddenly rushed gasping from the little house, on a raised mud bed-like platform

on which he had placed his blanket. The cause was in course of time ascertained—viz., that the officers occupying the next room, lighting a fire to cook their rations, did not know that the chimney or smoke-escape was used as a hot-air conductor, and led under the raised mud bed-platform to keep the natives warm when sleeping on it during the winter. Immediately after this we were startled by an excited individual, one of our senior captains, dashing into the street, sword in hand, and with nothing on but his shirt and an eye-glass, in pursuit of a little black pig. He had not yet been on active service, but had before landing been told that one should always have something in one's haversack. Needless to say, piggy escaped, but it was a long time before the ancient one heard the last of his failure to have roast pork for dinner.

The morning after our arrival the regiment went out in support of a reconnaissance. The wounded brought in passed us on the causeway as we marched out, one very cheery individual on a stretcher being Macgregor, afterwards so well known as Sir Charles. The next time I was near him—twenty-six years afterwards—he was again being carried, but it was to his grave: I was one of his pall-bearers.

The causeway was so thick in mud that most of us had to pull our trousers up as far as they would go. Bare white legs, in some cases assisted by long sticks, caused much amusement, which was increased when our staid but kind-hearted surgeon floundered into a mud-hole. However, he scored when a rude and stupidly inquisitive sub. chaffed him about a mahogany box he was taking such care of. "Don't be so cheeky, my boy; I may require that box for

you before the day is finished—it contains my amputating-knives.”

The enemy thought it better to retire, so we returned to Pehtang, where we remained a few days, getting ready for the final advance. What struck me more than anything was the workmanlike way in which the blue-jackets landed the horses of the Indian cavalry brought in by the gunboats, with whips and slings on their little foreyards. A horse fully accoutred was hoisted up, swung over the jetty, and dropped ashore on its legs before it knew what was being done to it.

The inhabitants left in the town soon saw that they had nothing to fear from us. There was but one known case of the disgraceful treatment of a family: the delinquents were not British.

The good treatment had its effect. We heard that our kindness to them was passed on to Tientsin, and as soon as we arrived at that city crowds of natives at once came to our camp to sell poultry, fruit, and vegetables. There was some annexation of articles left in the deserted houses of the principal inhabitants of Pehtang, and the Chinese coolie corps were great adepts at looting what they could; but when ever caught they made the acquaintance of the provost-marshal's cat. Living in the same house as the provost-marshal himself, I was present when three of the coolie corps were brought in and flogged: they had been caught red-handed by Norman, or Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent. I particularly remember the leather coat he wore. Poor fellow! that coat was the only means by which his body was recognised after his treacherous capture and death under horrible treatment in the Chinese prison in Peking.

Although living with the provost-marshal I did not think it wrong to make use of some flour which my servant had found. He was not a professed cook, but he assured me he could make Irish stew. Hungrily I waited for the looked-for dinner, but when it came my disappointment was painful. The flour had been made into a sticky mass, such as bill-stickers use, and in it, cut up into small dice-like pieces, was my two days' ration of salt pork. Hungry as I was, I could not manage it, and for that day and the next had to do as best I could with my ration of biscuits, a tight waist-belt, and many pipes.

On the 12th August, grouse-shooting day, the allied army moved out from Pehtang—our division along the causeway and on the marshy ground on each side of it, the other division and the cavalry being away on the right, more inland, where the ground was rather better. In front of us, at a considerable distance from Pehtang, were two earth-works, one on each side of the causeway. As we got near, my company, which was leading on the right, was extended in skirmishing order; and it was interesting, as we marched forward in silence, to observe the enemy's rammers and sponges tossing about against the sky-line, and as soon as we got within range the shot splashed up the mud in grand style. The shot came pretty thick at first, but our artillery soon silenced the enemy. The skirmishers being well forward, our gunners fired over us, but somehow the guns behind made one feel more uncomfortable than those in front. We used rocket-tubes also: fortunately those erratic missiles were well on the flank. On the right there was a grand

spectacle. A large force of Tartar cavalry, certainly some 2,000 or 3,000, rode with wild cheers straight at the first division. The infantry brigadier in front, instead of receiving them in line, actually formed regimental squares. This sight of our men running into masses greatly impressed the Tartars, who came on most pluckily almost up to the guns, which with the rocket battery were firing hard into them. Fortunately the Sikh cavalry were behind the guns, and then got their chance. Riding into the dense mass, they punished them heavily, and quickly cleared the whole of them off the field.

Some distance beyond the earthworks was a line of intrenchments with a ditch in front. We soon drove the defenders off, crossed the ditch somehow, pushed on through the village beyond, named Sinho, and took possession of the abandoned Tartar camps, where we bivouacked for the night. What our casualties were I do not remember, but they could not have been heavy. Plucky as the Tartars were, it was a case of all Lombard Street to a China orange. This was the first occasion on which rifled field artillery (Armstrong guns) was used by us in action. We had a battery with each division. Oddly enough, the first wounded man I came upon, a Tartar whom I assisted as well as I could for the moment, had been badly wounded by the segments from an Armstrong shell. One of these I noticed sticking in him, and I thought at the time that a shrapnel from a smooth-bore would have done a great deal more damage. When we got to our halting-place a couple of Sikh troopers came along, rounding up a small flock of sheep. They gave us a few, but just then the headquarter staff came in

view and the sheep were let go, all except one, which had taken a fancy to my company. A short piece of string attached to my wrist and a prod from a supernumerary made the animal close up well to the rear rank : it was not noticed as we moved along in quarter-column. That night my company were of opinion that no rations at Hong Kong had ever been so excellent as North China mutton.

We heard that the French general, with Gallic-like impetuosity, wanted to push on at once and capture the next place to be taken, viz., Tongku, which covered the lower forts ; but Sir Hope Grant understood the business better, and decided to continue the work so well begun according to the arrangements made before leaving Pehtang. Next morning the other bank of the river flanking our advance had to be cleared ; so blue-jackets and some of the French were passed over, and, assisted by a battery on our side, drove in the Chinese forces there and burnt a couple of war-junks. Either that afternoon or next day my company had to do some fatigue work farther down the river, when another battery opened on us. We had to lie low until our Armstrong guns came up, but somehow they did not produce the required effect. A smooth-bore battery was sent for, and the combined fire silenced the enemy's guns.

The advance of the allied forces next day to attack the Tongku intrenchment was a very pretty sight, our division on the right and the French on the left. To prevent trouble from the low-lying battery on the other side of the river, two of our companies were told off to stop its fire whilst we advanced, all the field artillery being required to

batter the Tongku intrenchment previous to our storming it. The fire of the two companies, with the men lying down taking steady pot-shots, was most effective. The gunners were very plucky, but such an accurate fire was maintained on the embrasures that after losing many, who were seen to drop at the mizzles of the guns when loading, the garrison cleared out.

Forty field-guns and several rocket-tubes opened on Tongku, and in due time my regiment advanced in line to take its share in capturing the intrenchment, the Royal Engineers during the night having quietly prepared a rough trench for the skirmishers to take post in, 500 yards from the wall. By some curious arrangement of the roster, it fell to my fortunate lot to carry the Queen's colours. As we were advancing in line, I did not think the colours showed to proper advantage in their cases, and requested permission to display them properly. Floating out in the breeze in front of us as we advanced, they looked uncommonly well, and so thought a gun's crew in front of us, who within a minute afterwards sent a round-shot so close that the earth thrown up just brushed the colour party. Fortunately there happened to be a small gap in the line near to us, and the shot went through without doing any damage.

As we got close up to the work I noticed a strip of firm ground between the ditch and the river-bank, and across this we went, and up on to the ramparts, displaying, of course, the colours to the best advantage on the top. The regiment poured in and formed an irregular line, or rather obtuse angle, the colonel—whose horse had been shot—and the colours

at the apex. Nothing was left of the enemy at the corner but the dead and dying gunners. The Chinese, who were farther along the wall, still steadily firing at the French, soon saw the game was up, and rushed in a great crowd across the fort and over the rear parapet. They went at such a pace that we could not get in with the bayonet, but we rapidly manned the rear parapet of the fort and opened a tremendous fire on the fugitives. As usual, when men are excited and begin fiddling with their sights in the old correct Hythe fashion, the fire was all too high, and the killed could be numbered on one's fingers.

As soon as the enemy on the other side saw we had captured the fort, they opened with the heavy guns of the lower fort, but a line of men is an extremely difficult target for a battery to hit when using solid shot. The practice was wonderfully good, considering the range, the shot at times splashing the mud over us, but there were no casualties. By custom of war the contents of a position carried by storm are the property of the captors, but as we left the fort on return to our old camp, we noticed that as usual the non-combatants took possession of it. On this occasion they were led by a parson and a purveyor of the medical department, whom we saw rapidly overhauling the huts as we marched away. At this time I was rather disposed to agree with the French that we ought, with the large force of men and guns all well in hand, to have pushed on at once after the fugitives and attacked the north fort whilst the enemy were still in a state of demoralisation ; but Sir Hope now knew that he had the foe, so to say, in a cleft stick, and decided to

wait until he got up the light siege-train, which included some mortars.

But this delay gave the enemy time to recover themselves and add to the strength of the north fort, which they evidently knew was the key of the position. The result was that when it was stormed the allied casualties amounted to between 400 and 500. What the British losses were at Tongku I do not remember, but they must have been very small, as we advanced in line, lightly covered by skirmishers. The French had skirmishers also, but they were followed by columns, which at times lost many, the round-shot, as an old friend in the French service told me, ripping them up from front to rear. A very amusing incident took place just before we reached the intrenchments. An excited recruit would not cease firing, although his captain roared at him, whereupon the captain, a very tall lame officer, who carried a bullet in his thigh from the Redan at Sebastopol, took two or three paces to the rear, and then rapidly stumped up to the recruit and gave him a tremendous kick on the stern. The recruit, rifle and all, went on his nose, his captain with the shock tumbling over on his back.

On returning to camp I was fortunate enough to find my little package of personal baggage, which a brother officer attached to the coolie corps had found with that of other officers lying on the Pehtang causeway. Not only the regiment, but the army, would have been in a bad way had it not been for that most valuable transport force, the Canton coolie corps. The battalion of Military Train which came to China were much disgusted when they were told off to do the duty for which they had been created :

the consequence was that the pack animals and native drivers, which the Military Train ought to have looked after, were utterly neglected; and a more disgraceful sight than the road from Pehtang, strewn with baggage, could not well be imagined.

Whilst heavy guns and mortars were being got up for an attack on the north fort, my regiment was passed across the river—some 250 yards broad at Sinho—to protect the formation of the bridge and supply such fatigue-parties as the Royal Engineers required for its construction. The bridge trestle and boat-raft combined—in the formation of which, of course, the ever-ready sailor worked hard—was an excellent one. Colonel Fisher, R.E., was, I believe, the presiding genius. We had the south side, the French the north. Just about the time the bridge was finished, the north fort, after a heavy bombardment, was taken by storm, so, unfortunately, we had no share in that matter. The casualties were heavy, a large proportion being caused by an attempt to carry a light pontoon bridge up to the edge of the ditch: as a matter of course, the first round-shot wrecked the whole concern. The Royal Engineers and others stuck to their charge, and did their utmost to get the absurd lumbering structure along; but it had eventually, after being the cause of a great loss of life, to be abandoned, and the ditch was crossed without its assistance.

The north fort, the key of the position, being taken, the others on both sides of the river surrendered. The navy soon cleared away the great boom-raft across the river, and the gunboats passed up. We, 500 in number, were placed on board one

of them, the "Bustard": there was only standing-room, and away we went up the river to have a go at the river forts guarding Tientsin. Unfortunately, just as it got dusk, we grounded, and notwithstanding the employment of every nautical device, we had to remain hard and fast until the tide rose. Standing up all night was not pleasant, but there was not even room for the senior officers to ease their legs. It was not long after daybreak when we got within sight of the forts, massively constructed, like those at Taku, and with heavy guns in them. The disgust of the regiment may be imagined when we found we should not have a chance of distinguishing ourselves. The Chinese for the time being had had enough of it, and on our approach abandoned the forts. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job and render ourselves comfortable on the plain outside Tientsin, where we were in due time joined by the rest of the army, which had marched up from Taku. One of the wounded Chinese soldiers who had fought so well at the forts, and had been looked after by our surgeons, on being asked through an interpreter why they had at last surrendered, answered, as translated by the interpreter, "Your shooting too muchee curious."

When we left the "Bustard" one of our officers, Palliser, was found to have had a sunstroke, and was left, with an assistant surgeon and a few men who had broken down, in a building near one of the forts. I managed to get ice for his head from a Chinaman who was selling it, but it was too late: the poor fellow was quite insensible; but I think he recognised me in his last moments, as the

following morning, when I hurried down from our camp, just before the end, he raised his hand to hold mine. He was the first of our officers slain by the climate ; two soon afterwards followed him.

We were some time at Tientsin whilst the political chiefs were trying to arrange matters. The natives were very friendly, and never from the first—such good reports of us had come up from Pehtang—showed the slightest alarm.

Crowds came to the camp to sell poultry and vegetables, but, alas ! the little money we had was soon gone, and the pay department had none at hand to give us. At last, owing to our pressing necessities, they succeeded in getting up enough coin to give each officer an advance of two dollars. These we made go as far as possible by cutting them up with an axe into small pieces, which the Chinamen were glad to accept by weight for fowls and vegetables.

Eventually the pay department was more liberal, and for some of us it was about time. Our thin summer clothing was getting pretty well worn out when we fortunately found that good cloth, not only blue but also scarlet, of Russian manufacture, I heard, was to be bought in Tientsin, and our master tailor and his men were soon at work. Unfortunately, before I had a respectable pair of trousers, I was told off for the commander-in-chief and Ministers' guard in the town. I did not much mind my war-worn kit until Sir Hope's A.D.C. came out and asked me to dine with the commander-in-chief. My French colleague was standing by when the invitation was given : I saw him smile and look at my trousers. As I accepted the kind

invitation, I think I rather puzzled him when I said, "I shall dine with Sir Hope, but not in these clothes." I had a sudden inspiration. A good dinner then was worth risking a row for. As soon as it was dark I handed over my guard to the sergeant, as I had to dress for dinner! I then at a trot went down the bank of the river to a despatch gun-vessel, one of the lieutenants of which was an old friend. I got him to lend me his uniform, and as a naval officer I had an excellent dinner and some first-rate champagne. The A.D.C., an old friend, took in the situation at once as soon as I appeared, sat next me, and so prevented awkward conversation, and possible even a court-martial. After dinner I ran down the river again, and returned in my rags to my guard.

As the first thing to be done after occupying a new position is to make oneself acquainted with the country in the vicinity, I went, as soon as I had overhauled the line of intrenchment on our side of the river, known as Sangolinsin's Wall, down the bank of the river, and crossed in a Chinaman's ferry-boat. Not having any copper cash, a smiling, well-dressed native paid my fare. The large fort I had come to inspect was close to the water, and one of the first things which attracted my attention was a low curious-looking building in the centre. Just before I came up to it I happened to throw away the end of a Manilla cigar which I had finished. This was lucky for me, because as I entered the building I stumbled in the obscurity over what seemed heavy sand. When my eyes got used to the dim light I found myself over my ankles in loose powder, with leather-covered baskets of it piled

on both sides. I did not light the next Manilla until I was well clear of that magazine. The down-river face of the fort was strongly made, with gun-carriages before each embrasure, but the guns were absent. I noticed some freshly moved earth beside the carriages, and from curiosity, not having any idea of what was underneath, commenced poking it up with a short stick, when I struck metal, and soon saw it was the chase of a huge brass gun. Having no time to remove the guns, as our gunboats pressed up, the Chinese simply capsized their guns out of the carriages and buried them. This they must have done the night we were aground in the "Bustard." I reported the find, and also similar smaller buried guns by Sangolinsin's Wall. The Royal Artillery came out and carted off the small guns; what became of the big ones in the fort I do not know.

As the nights were now beginning to get chilly, the colonel suggested that, as I had no special work on hand, I might as well go to our transport, which was anchored a few miles out at sea, off the Taku bar, and bring up the regimental blankets which had been left on board—a roving commission which just suited me. With a few things in a hand-bag, and my light great-coat for night work, I walked into Tientsin and hunted about until I found a small steamer going down the river to the fleet. A good-natured skipper gave me a passage, and with a bundle of Chinese bread for food in my haversack, I made myself comfortable on the stern-sheets of the little cabin, having first placed my haversack in a tin where rats could not get at it; and lucky it was for me I did so, for the ship must have been

swarming with them. So many ran about and jumped on me that, until I got used to them, sleep was out of the question. On the evening of the next day I got to the ship, and found the blankets had been sent on shore to the forts. The senior officer then in the roads, about whom there were so many amusing yarns, could not get me a passage back to the shore ; but my boat at last managed to cut off a steamer going in, and in due time I found myself at the great Taku fort, and, what was more to the purpose, the blankets were there, also a friend, who put me up for the night. Next day I got a kind-hearted commander of a gunboat to take me and my blankets up the river, much to the satisfaction of the regiment. Had I gone to work officially, it would have taken at least a week to get even the necessary passes and shipping orders. The only difficulty I had was with the senior naval officer above mentioned, who did not see how he could find me a passage to the shore ; but he was at times a little absent-minded, the service yarn being that when he for the first time commanded a steamship, fully rigged in those days, he shortened sail and made the usual preparations for anchoring, but the ship still went ahead full speed. Suddenly the captain was heard to say, " Oh dear, oh dear, I forgot she was a steamer ! "

When at Taku I was able to make an inspection of the works which we had attempted to capture the year before with such disastrous results to us. The ramparts facing the sea were very solid, being also strengthened with massive beams of timber. The guns were in regular casemates, with heavy rope mantlets in front of the embrasures. The whole

appearance of the solid work and the rope mantlets at once recalled what I had specially noticed in the Redan at Sebastopol. Russians were rumoured to have assisted the Chinese at Taku, but the work, I am sure, was native only. The heavy brass guns, six or seven tons, on the high cavaliers were mounted on ponderous non-recoil wooden carriages, pivoting on a huge wooden bolt in the centre. To prevent the brass running with the great heat of the large powder-charges, the bores of the guns were regularly lined with iron tubing, thus anticipating Major Palliser's invention by many years. The brass time-fuses were a coarse imitation of ours, and I very much doubt if they were of any use. The cylinders of grape made by the Chinese for the 10-inch shell guns captured from our gunboats were just three times as long as ours, and very possibly would have burst the guns had these grape cylinders been used.

The ground outside the fort beyond the ditch was thickly covered with stout bamboo splinters about three feet long, one foot of that being tightly wedged into the mud. I found on testing the ground that so close were these splinter stakes that I could not get along without wrenching them out to make room for my foot.

In the open ground on the land side of the forts I found on the ground a huge naval shell, which had been fired a short time before from the rifle muzzle-loading guns the French had on their gunboats. I stuck it up on end to see what the fuse was like, and then walked back to my gunboat, and had been only there a few minutes when there was a tremendous explosion on shore, and a huge mass of something came flying through the air and fell with

a heavy splash close to a boat full of men. It appears that just after I left the shell an Indian coolie had shaken the ashes of his pipe into the fuse-hole, and then squatted down to watch the thing fizzing. The shell must have broken into only two or three large pieces, for, except being sent head over heels, the coolie was not hurt.

The allied forces remained some time at Tientsin whilst the politicians were at work, and arrangements made for ratifying the treaties at Peking, so the Ministers, with most of the forces, moved up the river in that direction. We, as we were to return to England as soon as the war was over, remained at Tientsin. With Scottish caution it occurred to me that, just in case we had to move again before going homewards, it would be as well to have some transport of my own, instead of waiting until the Military Train had learnt their work ; so I set off to Tientsin with a sketch-book, and the one Chinese word in my vocabulary—viz., *ma*, a horse. I could not get a horse, but managed to find a fine mule with three good legs, and one about two inches shorter than the others ; but on that he had a high strong shoe, which I saw was in good order, and as the beast moved quite as well as if he had all his legs of the same length, I purchased him, harness and cart all complete, and a right serviceable purchase it proved to be. I also required a small tombstone for my poor comrade, Palliser's, grave : that I got and brought back in the cart. A stone-cutting sapper was soon found, but he had no cutting tools ; however, I managed to buy some pieces of iron rod and a bag of coals, with which he softened the iron rods and got cutting points on them. I then printed

the required inscription on thin paper and pasted it on the stone, and in a very short time all the letters were cut and the stone put at the head of the grave.

In the month of September we were living comfortably in our camp at Tientsin when we were aroused by the news that a treacherous attack had been made on the political officials near Tungchow, and the small allied force had had as much as they could do to beat off a large Chinese army under Sangolinsin. Who took our place I do not remember, but we were ordered up at once. As usual, many men's boots gave way, but, barefooted or otherwise, everyone pressed on, some men, and at times officers also, carrying a rifle over each shoulder to help a weakly comrade. The 100 miles were covered in a time which made the march a record and got the regiment much *kudos*. The last day we had to leave the road, or rather track by the side of the river, and strike across the park-like country for the army, which was said to be somewhere between Tungchow and Peking. Guides we had none, and it began to look awkward when, near dusk, we came to a large canal with a broken bridge. This, however, we repaired somehow, and got the little transport we had safely over. Being by this time acting adjutant—the real one was left ill at Tientsin—I had as charger a Tartar pony (which, by the way, was most useful during the march to some footsore elderly officers). By means of my pony I got hold of some stray natives, and by their help we found the army, and marched in by moonlight. How we did enjoy a sleep that night!

The next day we were at rest, and everything was got ready for a general advance of the allied armies

to Pekin. Sangolinsin was in front with a large Chinese force, intending to try the fortune of battle, and possibly save our capturing the capital of China. The following day, with three days' salt meat in our haversacks, the allied armies advanced across the open country in regular line of battle. Some shots were exchanged with Sangolinsin, who, to our great disgust, fell back to the south-west of the city.

Marching in quarter column in very hot weather, with the ponderous old-fashioned knapsack on the men's shoulders, across a country covered with the sharp-pointed remains of the millet-cane, which tore the men's trousers and cut their ankles, was exhausting work ; so in the middle of the day, when Sangolinsin's army disappeared, our men took off their knapsacks, which were deposited for the time being in an old limekiln. It is difficult now to remember if we bivouacked that night or not, but I am under the impression we did so, and advanced on Pekin the next day ; but I know that as we were passing through some park-like country our skirmishers drove in a small enemy's picket. The remainder of the regiment pressed on in support, and on climbing a huge dike, there was Pekin in front of us. We made ourselves comfortable in a large Chinese farm and its outbuildings.

At daybreak a field battery close to us began firing, and, like a hive of bees suddenly disturbed, we were out and ready for work in a few seconds ; but it was not an enemy the artillery were firing at. They were making a noise simply to let our cavalry know where the rest of the army was ; for in the previous afternoon our cavalry, followed by the French force,

had somehow crossed away to our right flank, and we had lost touch with them.

I may here mention that next day I happened to walk a little way in front of our bivouac towards Peking when I met a European riding towards me. As he came close I saw by the drawn and almost parchment colour of his face that he must have had some terrible suffering, and it was not until he spoke that I recognised Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Parkes, whom I had known so well at Canton. He and Loch (afterwards Lord Loch) had only a few minutes before been released by the Chinese. After being treacherously seized at Tungchow the previous month, put in prison, and continually threatened with death, they were released on our appearing before Peking. The Chinese officials mistook the sound of the guns the previous morning for the commencement of an attack, and decided on the execution of Parkes and Loch. By extraordinary good fortune they had just been released, and were on their way to our camp when the order for their execution arrived at the prison—it was said only fifteen minutes after they had left it.

We now learnt about the horrible brutality with which our treacherously seized prisoners had been treated, and how so many of them had died under their tortures. The savage feeling produced by the personal narratives of the survivors can only be imagined by those who have been in a similar position to that of the soldiers of both armies then in front of Peking and its brutal mandarins. It was not against the unfortunate soldiers or civilian inhabitants they were so bitter. The survivors of that terrible time told us that the only kindness

they received was from the poor Chinese who happened to be in the same prison, who, if I remember correctly, even shared their little food with our unfortunate prisoners. Some of our poor fellows' wrists were so tightly lashed that the cords cut into the flesh, which was crawling with maggots, before death released them from their sufferings. Could we have had our way every mandarin in Peking would have been strung up.

Soon after the guns were fired news came that the cavalry and the French army were at the Summer Palace, some few miles north-west of Peking, and that the French were revelling in loot. It seemed a bit hard we should be out of it, so I went to our divisional headquarters and asked if some of us might be allowed to visit the palace. Our divisional general, whom I knew, said one-third of the officers might go—"But remember," he said, "there must be no looting"; but as his A.D.C. just then happened to be examining a piece of magnificent embroidery which someone had sent as a specimen, I considered I might put just a few grains of salt with the general's orders. In a few minutes we all drew lots who were to go. I was one of the lucky ones, and at once was away on my Tartar pony, riding hard towards a column of smoke in the far distance, having heard part of the palace was on fire. I got eventually to the outer gates, and taking my pony as far as possible, hitched it up and entered the first hall, where I noticed some men, quite off their heads with the excitement of looting a palace, and for no apparent reason, tearing down grand embroideries. I saw one man send the butt of his rifle through a huge mirror, possibly because the reflection of his

own unwashed and ugly mug did not please him. Leaving this wild scene, I pushed in to other parts until I came to a great hall with grand-looking vases, apparently gold, and some splendid bits of jade-carving. With the feelings of a boy suddenly told to take what he likes in a pastry-cook's shop, I was puzzled where to begin. I was all alone, and had in my hurry forgotten my revolver, when it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to be ready in case any of the people belonging to the palace appeared, so I decided on letting them have it hot with a handy gold vase, and then clearing. However, nobody appeared, and I, knowing the great value of jade, made a collection that probably has rarely been seen. After I gave it up to the prize committee, my splendid collection was presented by the army to Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Napier of Magdala. I soon had my prize on the pony, and with both arms round the pieces, put one inside the other, I started to return to camp, but lost my way, and eventually found myself on the high road to Peking, with an occasional Chinaman looking curiously at my bundle. By great luck I managed to get in the right direction at last, and seeing the adjutant-general and his assistant in the distance, trotted up to them, and so got home. In a narrow way I met some Sikh cavalry: they opened their ranks to let me pass, their eyes glittering at the sight of my load. As I passed them I sung out, "Jeldi jow sub jata howinga" ("Be quick or it will all be gone"). With a shout they put spurs to their horses, and I trust got all they expected.

That evening a hateful order came out. "The commander-in-chief expects that all officers who

may have got anything out of the Summer Palace will give up what they may have taken to the prize committee, to be sold at auction for the benefit of the army." Considering the value of my collection—far more than enough to purchase my company—the order was crushing; but every atom of it went. The prize committee, seeing how much I had given up, gave me afterwards a few indifferent small pieces back. Notwithstanding the order, a friend from the north of the Tweed came to me the following morning with a good-sized parcel of pearls to exchange for a small piece of my jade which he had seen. On my informing him that I had given it all in to the prize committee, there came from the very bottom of his heart, "Eh, ye big fule!" One piece of my collection—a great jade stone bowl with loose rings all cut out of the solid—is now known as the Napier jade stone bowl. The Dowager Lady Napier not many years ago informed me that people used to come to Calcutta to see it. That was when Lord Napier was commander-in-chief in India. When going round the 1861 exhibition in London, my brother officers called my attention to my jade stone being then shown, lent by Sir Robert: it was said to be a most valuable collection.

Our regiment took up its quarters in the great open ground of the walled-in Temple of the Earth, just outside Peking, whilst the heavy guns were being got up to breach the city walls before we stormed the defences. As soon as the particulars of the death of the prisoners become known, the commander-in-chief and political authorities decided that some exemplary punishment which would affect the highest authorities in the Chinese empire

should be inflicted. It was therefore decided to burn the Summer Palace. Certain humanitarians at home afterwards protested against our barbarous methods; but could they have been with us at the time we committed to their graves in the Russian cemetery the remains of our poor comrades who had been so brutally done to death, I am of opinion that they would have felt as we did—viz., a regret that the emperor and all his crew were not in the palace when we destroyed it.

Our division—the 1st—was kept ready in case of a sortie by the Chinese when the other division was burning the palace. What we of the 1st division felt as a great grievance was that the curios the 2nd division got were not required to be given up, as mine and others had been when we visited the palace. Some very valuable hauls were made—one officer who had transport, getting a lot of solid gold worth £30,000, which others had passed over as brass. The French also did well. One of these latter some days afterwards offered to sell me a bracelet with (apparently) emeralds the size of my thumb-nail for ten dollars. Unfortunately, before I could get a file to test them he had disappeared. A French naval officer, an old friend, had been requested by another friend of mine on our staff to get him some black pearls. This real brick of a Frenchman got a beautiful necklace and handed it over to my friend for what he had paid—viz., 120 dollars; the value of the necklace could not have been less than £1,200. I heard afterwards that such confidence had the French soldiers in us that they took cheques on ordinary writing-paper from our officers who had not hard dollars with them. An

enterprising French canteen-keeper did a good business in such supplies as he managed to get up. I paid £6 a dozen for bottled beer for our little mess of three ; and glad we were to get such a real tonic even at that price.

Just before the heavy guns came, an auction was held of the loot given up. I was buying some jade, of which I knew the value, when the general commanding the division called me over, saying he was going to save me wasting my money—he little knew what he was depriving me of—and told me that the regiment was to be got together at once to dig trenches and prepare the wall enclosing our camp for bringing a rifle-fire on the city wall. The guns were parked close to us, and then placed in battery behind the wall, through which embrasures covered by mantlets were cut. The regiment worked all night, and in the morning, being adjutant, I went into the trench to see how it was getting on. We were only 200 yards from the wall when a desire came on me to examine it more closely, so I walked out of the trench across the open right up to the wall. As soon as I got there a perfect shower of heavy stones came all round me : how it was I escaped I do not know. Our men in the trench shouted to me to come back, but I thought it undignified to return at a greater pace than I went. Before returning I shook my fist at the enemy, which, as a Chinaman can enjoy a joke more than most people, doubtless amused my friends on the wall 60 feet above my head. The Chinese were informed that if the city was not surrendered by twelve o'clock fire would be opened by our battery and the city taken by storm. At a quarter to twelve

there was no sign of surrender : the guns were loaded and the mantlets cleared away, the regiment, manning the prepared position along the top of our wall. The chiefs with watches in their hands were waiting for the eventful moment, which had almost arrived, when the Chinese surrendered, and threw open the huge gate. Our men and the French rushed in, secured the great bastion-like masonry works which enclosed the double gates, and Pekin was ours. This was about the middle of October. After some preliminary arrangements the political chiefs were given a residence inside the city ; and my regiment being the senior, was detailed as ambassadors' guard. In case of accidents such as a treacherous attack, the colonel ordered the regiment to order and load ; and then, as Dugald Dalgetty would have expressed it, we marched through the great gates, and entered as conquerors the capital of the Chinese empire with drums beating, colours flying, and matches lighted. The Prince of I's palace inside the city was assigned to us, the officers' quarters being the harem, and very comfortable they were. Our service rations, however, were not as good as they might have been, but how to improve them ? Our little mess, after spending so much on beer, had no money left. Happy thought ! I had several rolls of thick silk, which I had purchased for very little from someone who had been at the burning of the palace. My servant carried the rolls to a big Chinese silkshop, who weighed out so much silver in small lumps for each roll. With this silver I then went to the butchers' stores, and during the time we were in Pekin our little mess lived well. Someone when returning on

the gunboat down the river annexed the remaining rolls of silk. I did not discover the loss until we were on board ship, but by that time it did not very much matter, although the silk was worth about £5 a roll.

The inhabitants of Pekin, a much taller and finer race in every way than those in the south, were very civil. They never showed the slightest ill-feeling, and were always delighted when we went into their great shops or stores. Everything seemed to go on in the city just as if we were not there at all. Some time in the beginning of November the diplomatical people had settled their business, and we got orders to march down to Tientsin and embark, and full time it was that we moved off. The cold was becoming extreme, and the broad, dirty, ill-kept streets of the city, with an icy wind sweeping along them, were anything but pleasant. On the march down we put the knapsacks in the boats, and each man carried two blankets. We had enough meat, but the men by this time had become very tired of biscuit. By great good luck we came on a large store of excellent flour at one village on the way down, but there was nothing in which our bakers could mix the dough, until I found a brand new Chinese coffin in a carpenter's shop. The bakers were up all night, and next morning the regiment had enough bread to last them to Tientsin. The tired bakers I put in the boats with the knapsacks. On arrival at Tientsin the gunboats were waiting for us, but no arrangements had been made to take over our private and other transport animals. I sent a message to my naval friends on the guard-vessel that my mule, cart, and harness, and another

we had, were at their service ; but we were hurried off, and whether they got them or not I never knew. It was bitterly cold going down the river that night : we afterwards heard a boat's crew had been frozen to death at the mouth of the river, which was soon filled with floating ice. We got away just in time, and right glad were we to find ourselves again on our transport. Besides the loss of my rolls of silk, I also missed a couple of live ducks, the last of our little mess stores, which as a reserve of food I had put in a bag and taken on board the gunboat, but I got them again. An eccentric old major had used them as a pillow to keep his head warm. Being well-brought-up Chinese birds, they soon, he said, became quite quiet, the major and the ducks mutually keeping each other warm.

We had a rough passage to Hong Kong, being very light : we once rolled so much that with our slack rigging I fully expected the masts would go over the side ; but the proverbial cherub evidently thought Tommy deserved consideration as well as poor Jack, and so we got safely to our destination, and arrangements were made for sending the regiment home—the headquarters and five companies in our ship, and three in a barque of some 700 tons. Hong Kong at this time, from the reckless way pay and prize-money was got rid of, must have had some resemblance to Portsmouth in ancient days. A large amount of sycee silver taken at the palace was declared prize of war. This, to the great satisfaction of the men, instead of going through the hands of agents, was, thanks to Sir Hope Grant, divided, so to say, on the capstan-head at Pekin, each man and officer also getting his regulation

amount by weight. One of our captains on the staff got a huge block and showed it to me. I pointed out that for silver it was uncommonly dull in colour. On taking it to the bank it proved to be lead ! Unfortunately, it was too late to get it changed.

Before leaving, I went up to Canton to make some purchases and see my Chinese friends again, particularly the jeweller, with whom I used to have many afternoon talks : we were mutually sorry to say good-bye. During my residence in Canton I had made the acquaintance of some of the leading native merchants, and learnt to appreciate their good and thoroughly reliable qualities. The mandarins as a rule, and, speaking generally, the Chinese Government officials everywhere, were about as objectionable and untrustworthy as they well could be ; but for the Chinese merchant and the Chinese peasant I had then, and always shall have, a great regard. In the cities there is, as with us, a large criminal population ready for any iniquity, but considering how atrociously corrupt the ruling classes are, it is a wonder such a proportion of the inhabitants are so quiet and law-abiding. The departure of the allied garrison from Canton was a sad day for a city which until then had never enjoyed the blessing of really good government. Chinese officials, pirates, and robbers excepted, all the rest of the population of Canton would have been only too pleased had our garrison been a permanent one. Although it might have been risky to enlist Chinamen for soldiers' work in Canton, it often occurred to me that they would make excellent soldiers in other parts of the empire, such as India,

more especially in one Presidency, where the supply of suitable fighting material had apparently come to an end. The Canton coolie corps were very plucky, even holding the scaling-ladders for our men storming the large Taku fort. The Tartars, who were also a fine fighting lot, would have made good cavalrymen.

We sailed for England some time in November *via* Singapore, Anger, and the Cape. Just before arriving at Singapore smallpox broke out amongst the sailors, so, although there was plenty of it on shore, we were left on board ship in quarantine outside the port for seven days. The sick were landed and the forecastle fumigated, but beyond that nothing was done. The military and medical authorities on shore deliberately allowed the ship to go on its long voyage with every chance of our transport being a plague-ship before we got to the Cape. Before we left I had a couple of days on shore, and saw what a prosperous place Singapore was. The climate, moist and muggy, must have been very enervating, but the rate of mortality was low. The pine-apples and mangosteens were something to remember. When in quarantine a friend sent off a canoe-load of fruit, which was most acceptable until we came to the durian, about the size of a cocoa-nut, which is considered a great delicacy by residents at Singapore. As soon as we took the husk off we had all to bolt out of the saloon : rotten eggs were not in it compared with the durian.

The fort on the hill at Singapore in those days was about the most perfect specimen of a shell-trap that could have been devised, but all the works have been altered since that time. The

passage down amongst the islands to Anger in beautiful weather was a wonderful sight—*islands covered to the summit with luxuriant tropical vegetation, with broad shore-lines of glittering white coral.* Smoke was coming from the summit of one great hill: this may have been the island of Krakatoa, which some twenty years afterwards almost disappeared in one of the most terrible volcanic explosions of modern days. There was nothing to be seen at the low-lying small fort of Anger Head. The inhabitants of that unfortunate place, and many thousands along the adjacent coast, were drowned by an immense wave, said to be 70 feet high, which swept over that part of the ocean when the Krakatoa explosion took place.

The voyage to the Cape was uneventful. All I happen to remember about it was, that when laying off the course the day before we should have sighted land—I still went on with my nautical hobby—I asked the first mate to check my work, because by my reckoning we should be high and dry on shore about midnight. My work turned out to be correct; so the ship's course was altered several points, and in the morning there was the coast of Africa broad on our beam. Off Point Agulhas, for some reason, the captain, who must have been quite ignorant of the force of the Agulhas current, shortened sail until warned off by the lighthouse signalling, "It is dangerous to be becalmed off this point." Having a first-rate telescope, I had managed to read the flags just in time, as the daylight began to fail. Before this our captain would have it that Struys Bay was Simon's Bay, for which we were bound; and it was not until from the cross-trees with my

glass I could definitely declare it was not, and that the only sign of shipping was a large wreck, that he stood on his proper course. The wreck was the "Miles Barton," a sailing ship with the Buffs on board, the captain of which had made the same mistake as ours and gone on shore. In due course we arrived at Simon's Bay, and a party of us drove to Cape Town, where we had a good time. Fortunately, at Simon's Town our captain was able to get the correct time for his chronometers: he naïvely informed me that by some forgetfulness he had let them run down.

The next place we touched at was St. Helena, but when about midway between the Cape and that place we got a scare. When getting some coals up for the galley-fire they were found to be wet; so the carpenter was directed to sound the well—a hitherto quite neglected duty—when six feet of water was found to be in the ship. The pumps were set to work at once, but made little or no impression on the leak, which, on the contrary, seemed to gain; so an internal examination of the ship was made, when a lead pipe, supplying the forecastle pump, was found to have been cut in two by nails which had been used for some of the troop fittings carelessly put in: these had worked in a gale until the pipe was cut through. Of course, when the leak was found it was easily stopped.

In addition to this incident, someone hunting about in the sail-room with a naked light, managed to set things on fire: fortunately, this was rapidly put out before it spread. Towards the middle of April we got near the chops of the Channel, when we were baffled by a strong east wind, and being

very light we could not beat against it, and the food question—we had been nearly five months at sea—became a serious one ; but at last, to our great delight, the wind shifted, and we stood on our course. This so pleased our skipper that by the evening he tried to go to bed in a bookcase ; so my friend the first mate and I stowed him away in his cabin, and the first mate carried on until we saw two lights where we ought to have seen only one. As the Bristol Channel, by the last sailing directions we had, was the nearest place where there should be two lights such as those we saw, matters for the moment looked rather as if our navigation was a bit out ; so I suggested backing the top-sail and trying a cast of the deep-sea lead. This was done, when the depth and hakes' teeth on the grease at once gave us a very fair indication of where we were (the lights were fresh ones not in the sailing directions we had) ; so we continued our course, and with daylight sighted old England, and then carried on with all the sail we could crowd on the ship, and in due time arrived at Spithead. All who could went on shore that night, and never since then have beefsteaks and porter tasted so delicious as they did on the termination of that five months' voyage in a very indifferently found hired sailing ship.

During the last two weeks of our voyage we were reduced to the two pigs we had on board and salt meat and biscuit, which the very ordinary ship's cook could not improve. His idea of culinary ability showed itself at the first breakfast after we embarked, a great compact flat mass of fried eggs appearing on a large dish, evidently shovelled out

direct from the ship's frying-pan. Once we got a live turtle, at St. Helena, I think. Now at last we expected we should have something good in the way of soup—pea soup he was very good at. To our horror we found he had thrown all the green fat, not knowing its value, into the pig's bucket. The skipper's mode of carving was in line with the cook's qualities. Our skipper sitting at the head of the table considered it his duty to carve. Jamming his fork into a leg of mutton, he then cut off great slices, fore and aft, along the bone. But a sailing ship, hired from those which happened to be in Hong Kong harbour, could not be expected to have the same comforts as a passenger vessel. Going north we were for active service, and after that we were homeward bound, a happy-go-lucky lot. A paying off pennant we could not hoist, but like the old buccaneers we might, on nearing Spithead, have had silken top-sails, so much of it somehow from Pekin was on board. Although we had plenty of silk, the *lingerie* of some of us had become somewhat limited before the end of the voyage. Mine, I remember, was at last down to two flannel shirts—I don't think I had many more to start with—one to wash the other, and when it came on to blow with one of my two shirts on the clothes line, I was a bit anxious. I may mention that we carried all the fresh water we required in the hold, and it was so precious that for washing my shirts I had to save up the water in my hand-basin. The value of fresh water in an ordinary sailing ship remains on one's mind for years; even now I find myself, so to say, mechanically careful when pouring water into a basin. Oddly enough I one day, only a few

years ago, found a P. & O. captain doing the same in his cabin. We both looked at each other, and laughed simultaneously. Brought up in his younger days in a sailing ship, he had similar feelings about fresh water. Warm salt water baths and such like luxuries of modern troop-ships were to us unknown. Salt meat casks cut in two and well cleaned with the hose turned on at deck washing was what we managed to do with fairly well, but the heads right forward were however decidedly objectionable. Sanitary officers in those days were apparently unknown, either on shore or afloat. Although we had had a fairly rough time of it, yet off and on the ship had been our home for nearly a year, and one could not help some regret on seeing the last of her. We afterwards sent a silver claret jug to the skipper, we feared rather an unlucky gift, as he did not long survive its arrival.

The night after our arrival alongside the troop jetty in Portsmouth dockyard, we went by train to Manchester, arriving there in the early morning as the mill girls were going to the cotton factories. The appearance of our men evidently did not fascinate them ; with great beards and faces tanned a deep mahogany, they were rather different from the clean shaven pale faces they were accustomed to. Their remark, " Did you ever see such an ugly lot of men ? " was not flattering. It took us some time to get rid of the sea and active service tan. Coming back from a garden party in a new suit of clothes and a tall shore hat, an article I had not seen for four years, I heard a dirty little girl, who was dragging along another and if possible dirtier child, say, " Lor, Sairey, come and look at this 'ere

blackamore." Manchester half a century ago was very different from the Manchester of to-day, when so many of the rich people live in country houses at motor distance from their offices. In 1860 the wealthy heads of the great mercantile affairs lived in park-like places, now, alas! overgrown by the advancing city. Hospitality was no name for the kindness received by the regiment; balls, dinner parties, and such like to the mast-head, and like sailors on shore after a long cruise, we did enjoy ourselves, more especially as we had a fair amount of accumulated pay and also prize money in hand. The regiment was a year in Manchester, and sad was the day when we got orders to up anchor for Aldershot.

MILITARY TRAINING HALF A CENTURY AGO AS
COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE NAVY.

There was no connection with sailing at Aldershot, but as the work we had to do at that centre of supposed military training was half a century ago so entirely different from what it is now, almost as much so as the work of sailing ships differs from steamers, a few remarks may be almost historically interesting.

We arrived at Farnborough in the early morning and marched to Aldershot, which to us all seemed about the most dismal and God-forsaken place we had seen for many a day. On our return from the Crimea, when we were at Aldershot for two or three days to be reviewed by the Queen, the huts were new, and there was plenty of fresh heather or heath about the place. Now the black and patched-up

huts were unpleasant to look at and worse to inhabit, and the heath of the long valley having been burnt, the ground where we paraded was covered with a soot-like dust which made us all look like chimney-sweeps after every field-day. To those officers whose bank account was still a good one, or whose relations lived in town, Aldershot was bearable : one could always get away from after Friday's parade until Sunday night. Fortunately my relatives had a house in town and everything I could wish for, but for the men Aldershot was simply detestable. The town—then a mere collection of indifferent inns, beer-houses, and the usual barrack-square parasites—was to them a most unpleasant change from Manchester, and with the military police to restrict their going beyond a certain distance along the country roads, and without recreation or reading-rooms, it was no wonder they wished themselves abroad, so when a chance of volunteering foreign again occurred they eagerly took it. India was the favourite, and no wonder. There the soldier was treated with due consideration even in the smallest matters, and had something more than the miserable 3d. per day, which was all that the soldier then got after stoppages had been taken out of his nominal shilling. Marching home covered with long-valley soot after one birthday parade, I heard one of my men say, "In India we get on this day 3 annas to celebrate it ; here we get three rounds of blank." As for learning anything which would be useful to him on active service, the little sketch in *Punch* was about right :—

Civilian Friend (to Tommy, on returning from a long field-day) : "Well, what did you do to-day ?"

Tommy : " Oh, just the usual thing. Right turn, left turn, and take the beggars' names down."

For brigadiers and mounted officers Aldershot was a useful place even in those days, being, with the exception of the Curragh, the only quarter where there was room for brigade drill, either cavalry or infantry ; and when the division paraded with massed bands, and the whole force marched past, John Bull and his lady friends, who came down from town on special days, arrived at the conclusion that the British tax-payer was getting something for his money. But as regards real training for the *raison d'être* of an army—viz., the day of battle—there was but little. There was plenty of room and opportunity for any colonel to give that special instruction to his officers and men, in such things as outpost duty, attack and defence of positions, camp expedients, field cooking, and so on, and there may have been some who did so, but they were very, very few. All that a colonel was expected to do was to have his regiment in such order that it might pass a creditable general's half-yearly barrack-square inspection. In those days colonels often retained command of their regiment for ten or a dozen years—gallant old veterans many of them, but, as a rule, too much inclined to take the world easy and not do more than was required of them. When I got my commission the colonel of our first battalion had served in the Peninsular war. Doubtless it was on account of these old warriors that the articles of war then in use actually referred to the " army in Spain and Portugal." Possibly it was also on account of the strong language used by commanding officers in those days that there was a

special article directing punishment—I think a fine of £5—for any officer or soldier “who should speak against any known article of the Christian faith.”

The Solferino campaign in 1859, in which rifled field-guns were used, and the increasing power of the infantry small-arms, made some of us younger officers think that the days of close formations under fire were about over; but at Aldershot we found the same brigade and division drills we had had on the plain of Balaklava in the Highland division some seven years before. My particular theory in 1863 was that the skirmishing line should be gradually reinforced until it became the fighting line, and that the men should be trained to advance firing in line as they always eventually did when pushing home an attack. Knapsacks and regulation tents I thought might also be abolished in favour of some system which would allow on special occasions more rapid movement. In my own case I had managed before the China campaign to get out from England a light waterproofed woollen great-coat of regulation shape and colour, which I carried *en banderole*, and found it quite sufficient until the winter began; and during the forced march to Peking I used a little French *tent d'abri*: it was sufficient for three of us. This tent idea, at about the time we were at Aldershot, I improved, making it of waterproof stuff, and so arranged and divided that four men could each carry their share and have room enough. Ten years afterwards I used it in the woods in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, when I had to take a share with my two Indians in carrying our things from one camping-ground to another. The tent, used in all weathers, answered

perfectly. The circular tin pot I carried in China was very similar to the *marmite* of the French soldier about five inches high and six across. It had a tin plate for cover, and inside this tin was another entirely closed one, except a bung-hole stopped with a cork: this was my water-bottle. The whole arrangement was in a buttoned canvas cover, with a broad strap round it. When hung over the left shoulder, it rested flat and quite comfortably in the hollow of my right hip. When on outpost work, I often blessed my little pot: some hot water from the embers of the picket fire, and a couple of spoonfuls of Moore's cocoa and milk-paste—a tin of which I always had in my haversack—gave, with a regulation biscuit, enough sustenance for a heavy morning's work. I presented an account of my tent to the United Service Institution for the magazine, but the only people who took notice of it were men who were going West. I often thought how very much more handy my round tin pot was for field-cooking than the oval mess-tin, originally devised in very ancient times to fasten neatly on the knapsack. Owing to our utterly neglecting field-cooking in what are known as mess-tins, our men are often on the verge of starvation when French soldiers are in excellent condition.

At times I went out to see if I could pick up any special information by watching the cavalry brigade at work. They were rather beyond an infantry subaltern, but, as far as I could judge, were in splendid condition for solid charges knee to knee, and would have ridden in grand order to another Balaklava; but although I knew well every road within ten miles of Aldershot, I never in those days

met any cavalry doing reconnaissance or working as flank-guards. For those duties our cavalry were not in it compared with Indian troopers like those of Fane's or Probyn's Horse.

The Military Train, especially to those who had seen what a failure it was in China, was a source of amusement, going through its waggon drill as if it were a field battery. No wonder, when a lady asked one of the officers what his corps was, she got the answer, "Same as horse artillery without the guns." The corps was a soft billet for officers who wished to remain at home and have a horse kept at the public expense. Instead of cantering about with empty waggons, the Train ought to have had a lot of half-trained ponies and stubborn mules with which to learn how to make use of pack-animals. One day the commanding officer of the Train was wildly indignant when the band-master of a cavalry regiment gave him the very appropriate tune to trot past, "Wait for the Waggon."

I forgot; we did have a certain amount of regimental instruction for officers—viz., setting-up drill. At the termination of the winter leave season all the officers except the two majors had to fall in as privates, and were put through a regular course of squad drill by a corporal with his space-stick as if they were raw recruits.

Aldershot in those days, from its proximity to London, was an expensive quarter. Dinner entertainments were decidedly too many, more especially when they came so close together that we had to take it in turns to see the evening through with our guests. On one occasion I remember the last of them did not move until the mess waiter came into

the anteroom to inform us that the colonel had just sent in to order his breakfast.

In the autumn the brigade was put in orders for manœuvres, which I much looked forward to ; but to my vexation it came to my turn for a course at the Hythe School of Musketry—a place we not only had a great dislike to, but also contempt for. That smart corporals should be able to drill recruits, showing them exactly where to place the little finger or thumb on the rifle, and that they should know how to make out musketry returns and target registers, hardly required that a vast school should be kept up by regiments being obliged to keep it filled with subalterns to learn such work, and to get by heart an amusingly pedantic little red book. Having a good memory, this did not trouble me, and I had plenty of time to work at a hobby—geologising under the Folkestone cliffs. A school of musketry up to date, such as doubtless there is at the present day, would have been most useful, but with the organisation of the Hythe of those times very little could be expected. For instance, the idea of any rifle but a muzzle-loader being used by soldiers was treated as an absurdity, one of the stock objections being that breech-loaders could not be loaded with loose powder ! and this when the Prussians were armed with the needle-gun, which showed its terrible power but three years afterwards. As for any information about the arms of other military powers, that was apparently considered unnecessary, but as regards our own, I well remember a question in the final examination paper for a first-class certificate, “ What was the length of the hackbut and demi-hack in the reign of Henry the Eighth ? ”

Being a particularly good rifle-shot before I went to Hythe, I had no difficulty in making the biggest score up to 600 yards, and getting the £5 wing cup. Unfortunately the evening before the 900 yards shooting came off there was a big ball at a country house near Canterbury, to which with a friend I was anxious to go. We drove eighteen miles there, danced all night, and drove eighteen miles back to Hythe, just in time to change and go on the shingle. I lost the long-range cup, but the dance was worth more. At the skirmishing targets I had rather an escape. I put all my shots on the single target assigned to myself and to my rear-rank man, a volunteer. I thought he looked a little queer, and could not make out where his shots were going to, as none hit our joint target. On returning to barracks he was found to be in a very bad way with delirium tremens.

One curious effect of a course of musketry at Hythe was that for some time it quite spoilt my game-shooting, on which I prided myself: it took me several days at the partridges before I could stop myself taking aim.

I did not return to Aldershot after I had finished at Hythe. The officers' mess-room happened to be burnt, and the regiment was, in consequence of the loss, sent to Portsmouth in place of another detailed for that station. That was a great disappointment for the regiment in question, which would gladly have seen their mess-room and all their huts besides burnt, provided such took them away from Aldershot.

I was more than satisfied at the regiment being sent to Portsmouth. I was again in sight of the

sea and with my old friends in the navy ; being on the deck of a ship, even at moorings in the harbour, was in itself a pleasure to me.

One ship I was particularly partial to, viz., the "Excellent," an old line-of-battle ship used by the naval school of gunnery. There I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Captain Cooper Key, afterwards a very special friend, when he was the first sea lord at the Admiralty. By watching the gun drill and target practice on the lower deck, I got some very practical information, which long afterwards came in very useful to me.

The "Excellent," "Victory," and "St. Vincent" were not the only old line-of-battle ships of former days which were at Portsmouth. Many others, which had done grand work in their younger days, lay in ordinary far up the harbour. It was a pleasant occupation to row round them and think out what they had done long ago.

When my regiment was at Portsmouth, I was a good deal in the dockyard, and one day happened to have the good fortune to be there when the razeed old "Royal Sovereign," converted into a mastless turret ship, was hauled out of dock. Would that Captain Cowper Coles had been allowed to have his own way in making his invention of turret or cupola battleships, as they were then called, depend on steam only as their motive power. Unfortunately great tripod masts and sails were insisted on as well as steam, and the unfortunate "Captain," whose stability seems to have been miscalculated, was the result, the consequence being that she capsized at night in an ordinary gale of wind in the Bay, all being lost except a boat's crew,

who being on watch on deck managed to get away. Some years afterwards, and soon after the "Captain" was commissioned, I had the satisfaction of going over her with my old friend Commerel, whose turret ship, the "Monarch," was at the time lying astern of the "Captain." The calculations about her stability were more fortunate. The "Monarch" continued in the service for many years. I even had the good fortune to be just ahead of her in the "Invincible" when we silenced the guns in Fort Mex.

But to return to Portsmouth. In the early 'Sixties it was a very different place from what it is now. Southsea was then little more than a large village outside the fortifications, which enclosed Portsmouth on the land side with a regular line of works—bastions, ravelins, covered ways, glacis, etc.—and the usual broad ditches with drawbridges and sally-ports, with guns in the ramparts facing what are now square miles of houses. The old slums, in which many a gallant blue-jacket must have been done away with in old times, still existed, and in many respects Portsmouth was still the place it had been in the rollicking war days of half a century before. Having friends in the country, the other side of Portsdown Hill, and also in the Isle of Wight, I thoroughly enjoyed our new quarters, until early in the year I was offered a company by purchase in another regiment. It was a great wrench leaving my own regiment, which was really my home; but as I still had thirteen subalterns over me in the Royals, it would have been worse than folly to decline it. So in March, 1864, I became a captain, and my never-to-be-forgotten, happy-go-lucky days as a subaltern were at an end.

My next station was Belfast. I did not much like the change. I was away from the open sea and my naval friends. I did get a chance of another method of navigation, viz., in an air ship. Coxwell came to give a balloon ascent, and I thought I might pick up some ideas with reference to reconnaissance work, so for a consideration was allowed to go with him. Although the ascent was a very quiet and simple affair, the earth seeming to drop away from us as we calmly stood in the car, I found that a free balloon was useless for the purpose I had in view. The highest hills became, so to say, flat almost immediately, and it was most puzzling to find out where we were, although we never exceeded 7,000 feet altitude, and the breeze was gentle. The trip was otherwise so interesting that some of us arranged that Coxwell was to return, and, if the wind was suitable, cross to England. Unfortunately the balloon was destroyed by a mob at Leicester.

The wealthy people of Belfast were not much given to dinner-parties and such like, but those in the country made up for it—more hospitable they could not be. At one ever-to-be-remembered place, not only had we to do justice to good liquor at dinner, but every man had to finish his bottle of port before being allowed to go into the drawing-room, where a dance usually finished the evening. That was pleasant enough until opposite the large mirror at the end of the room; then I noticed that most men shut their eyes and trusted to their partners till past the danger. Going down to that house, the train went at such a pace that I thought it a trifle dangerous, but our host reassured us.

“ You know I am a director of this railway, and as I did not want you to wait for your dinner, I just told the engine-driver that I had made a bet we would arrive at the station up to time to-night ! ”

The men being nearly all recruits, there was no work worth mentioning, except for the drill corporals. There was an excellent club at Belfast, of which we were kindly made temporary members ; but to another officer and myself there was a much more attractive place—viz., Lough Neagh and the River Bann, where there was then grand fishing. We managed to get the usual three days’ leave, and on the evening of our arrival at Toom Bridge a magnificent 18 lb. trout taken in a net was brought in. Happy thought ! send it to the colonel with our compliments. We heard that the fish arrived at the orderly-room at the same time as the prisoners : it was said that they got the benefit of that fish, and we also. Week-ends usually found us at our fishing quarters : we never got an 18-pounder, but often caught lake-trout up to 6 and 7 lb., and grilse. Naturally we had some curious experiences, but it is never safe to relate fishers’ yarns, even when supported by official documents, as the following will show. A friend at the Admiralty, in looking over ships’ logs, noticed that after pistol practice at a target suspended from the foreyard of a certain ship when in the tropics, a dolphin was caught with nine pistol bullets in its stomach (being on the look-out for flying-fish, it had evidently caught the bullets soon after striking the water just before they sank). My friend wrote to the captain on the subject, who was very indignant that anything entered in the log of a Queen’s ship should be

doubted, so my friend sent the account to Buckland, to put in the *Field*. Buckland's answer was, "We always publish any interesting letters on the subject of fishes, but we must draw the line somewhere."

Although it has nothing to do with sailing, I might, as an illustration of "Home Rule," mention that we had rather an exciting time in the autumn of 1864. There is usually a fight between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne that when I was in Belfast became serious. Both sides began to use firearms. More constabulary were brought in, but they were not sufficient to prevent some streets being wrecked. I remember being suddenly sent, with about 100 men from the barracks, to garrison a schoolhouse, and be ready to go out and open fire if absolutely necessary to save property and life. Fortunately the mob in the vicinity of my post simply amused themselves by firing blank cartridge, and made no objection to reinforcements in the shape of bread, cheese, and beer being brought into my garrison. They had no feeling of enmity against the soldiers, although the Orangemen did not like the green colour of the cuffs and collars of one of the depots. "It's not your faces, it's your facings we object to," as one facetious Orangeman expressed it. However, I was not sorry when the 84th Regiment from Dublin relieved me about midnight. The riots lasted six weeks, and before they were ended we had a battery of field artillery and 3,000 soldiers, cavalry and infantry, in the town. Only on one occasion had a section of soldiers to fire, and it is said no one was hurt; but the unfortunate inhabi-

tants had in the fights between themselves no less than 195 killed and wounded.

Going round the hospital to inquire if anything could be done for the unfortunate wounded, one of our officers saw a man who had lost his hand. "How did you lose it?" my friend inquired. The answer was, "My gun burst." "But how did that happen?" "Well, you see, sir, I put nine bullets into her and fired her off down Dover Street, and she and my hand went off together."

I tried to pick up some wrinkles in street fighting, changing into plain clothes when I could to do so. I did accidentally get into one hot corner, but professionally I learned nothing, except that it is advisable to avoid mobs shooting at each other.

In 1866, having decided to try for the Staff College, I came to the conclusion that a regiment at home would suit me better than one abroad, so exchanged into the 69th, lately arrived from India, and then at Aldershot under orders for the Channel Islands. The headquarters, which included my company, went to Jersey almost immediately after I joined the regiment. The Channel Islands station is not one where much, or rather anything, can be done as regards soldiering; but, Alderney excepted, the men were delighted with their quarters, and so also were the young officers, with dances, picnics, and moonlight sand-eeling parties. When at Jersey we had an instance of the time the germs of a virulent disease retain vitality. In 1866 part of an old cemetery, where those who died of cholera in 1848 had been buried, was slightly disturbed in widening a road; cholera at once broke out on the other side of the road, and rapidly spread into the town. In

1867 the regiment was sent to Dublin, where the jail guards over Fenian prisoners were pretty stiff. Even as captain I was on guard every third day; and once I was told there was no relief, and that I must continue for another twenty-four hours. To any one else these guards would not have been pleasant, but as I was working up for the Staff College, the inside of a jail, where one was not disturbed by visitors, was rather an advantage.

Before leaving Belfast I had the honour of making the acquaintance of a lady who had been present at the historical ball at Brussels on the eve of Quatre Bras. Lord De Ros, who knew some of my friends, very kindly asked me to stay with him and Lady De Ros at Strangford Loch for snipe shooting. Lady De Ros was the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and had, as a girl, been at the ball at Brussels.

In the autumn my regiment embarked for Canada, but as I had passed for the Staff College, I did not go with it.

As there was nothing connected with sailors' work in the two years, 1868 and 1869, I was at the College, it will be unnecessary to say more about the time passed there, except to mention that although much reform was needed in the system of instruction, yet the two years there—exchanging ideas with men who had served in various capacities in different parts of the world—was in itself a professional education of no small value. The habit of steady work also for an average of some eight hours a-day had somehow a permanent effect on the mind, making one feel ever afterwards that one was neglecting one's duty if not working at something professional. I had a curious instance of this even

before leaving the college. Gunnery, especially naval gunnery, at all times had a great fascination for me, and when there was a good deal of newspaper discussion about the effect of shell-splinters in a ship's battery, I came to the conclusion that heavy rope mantlets, similar to those at the Peiho, might be suspended from the beams and placed between the guns on the new ironclads, thereby placing each gun in a species of splinter-proof casemate. I found on measurement that the guns were quite far enough apart to admit of this; so I had a model made to scale, by an old shellback, photographed it, and sent a paper on the subject to one of the Lords of the Admiralty, whose acquaintance I had made when he commanded the "Excellent." I was much flattered when he wrote informing me that he approved of my idea, and would have it inserted in the Gunnery Regulations.

After leaving the college in 1869, and before being attached to cavalry and artillery, I interested myself with another hobby, if I may so term it, viz., coast defence, and as the navy would be concerned in it I now refer to it. In the course of the college work we had to make reconnaissance sketches and reports with reference to supposititious landings on the south coast. Open beaches extensive enough for disembarkation of all arms were there, but the absence of suitable harbours for bases, and the defensive positions between the coast and London, gave one an idea of the difficulties an invader would have; but on looking at the map of Southern England, it struck me that an enemy would find a much easier road to London from the east coast than he would from the south. Just north of the Thames are two

estuaries, viz., that of the Crouch and the Blackwater. The former is small, but that of the Blackwater is very extensive. The Admiralty chart gives full details of its great depth, $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 9 fathoms, and the sheltered anchorage inside the Gunfleet Sands at its mouth. An examination of the estuary showed that although it has a muddy foreshore at low water, it nevertheless presents an opening for a disembarkation to which the Pehtang was a trifle in comparison. The country between the Blackwater and Crouch estuaries and London is very flat, and the distance to the metropolis but thirty miles. The only defensive position being one on the southern flank of the line of advance to London—viz., that on the range of hills enclosing Tilbury Fort and the Thames defences—an intrenched position on these heights in connection with the forces south of the Thames by a floating bridge or possibly in time a railway tunnel would probably be about as effective a position for the protection of the capital against a landing on any part of the east coast between Yarmouth and the Thames as a line of intrenchment directly across an invader's path, because an invading army could not advance on London with a rapidly increasing hostile force close on its left flank. At any rate, thinking the subject worth discussing, I gave a lecture on it at the United Service Institution early in 1870, but before doing so thought it advisable to ascertain if the head of the Fortification Department, Sir William Jervois, had any objection. On reading the lecture he at once volunteered to be my chairman, and gave me his full support. In summing up at the end of the lecture, he mentioned that when at Elba,

Napoleon had spoken to Sir Neil Campbell about his intended invasion of England, and told Sir Neil that, if the wind admitted of it, his intention had been to turn all Pitt's defences by a landing in or near the Thames rather than on the coast of Kent. (Marmont's corps in the Netherlands was doubtless intended to co-operate by a landing north of the Thames, even if Napoleon had with the army at Boulogne gone straight across the Channel.)

East Tilbury is now stated to have been the place where the land force was assembled at the time of the Armada, when Parma's army was waiting ready in the Netherlands. Reference is also made in the records of those days to a bridge of boats or something of that nature across the Thames at Tilbury. Further discussion brought out the fact that the Danes made use of the Blackwater estuary when invading England. After the lecture a committee was sent to report on the subject, and I was told by one of the members that they quite agreed with me. Still more interesting was the circumstance that a year or two afterwards I heard, on quite reliable authority, that the lecture had been given to the Staff School at Berlin to be investigated as part of their regular work.

Having a good horse assigned to me when attached to a cavalry regiment at Aldershot, and permission to do pretty well what I thought best in order to pick up information, I had a pleasant time, except on one occasion, when on a duke's day all the horses had to be in the ranks, except one left for me, a fine handsome animal; but on leaving the regiment to join the headquarter staff, as directed, my horse, an iron-mouthed, bucking, squealing rig,

gave me just about all I could do to keep him in hand. I heard afterwards that no riding certificate would be necessary in my case. Fortunately I was in excellent condition at the time, but had I been otherwise, and my muscles slack, my career as a staff officer fit for field service might have been jeopardised.

For artillery work I was attached to a battery of horse artillery at Woolwich: the officer commanding it did everything in his power to assist me in getting all the instruction the very limited training-ground that Woolwich Common and Shooters' Hill permitted of. Aldershot would have been a better place, but for some reason several of us were sent to batteries at Woolwich instead. This was to a certain extent fortunate for me, because I was thereby able to make myself acquainted with all the latest artillery inventions. The fuse question was then a burning one in all senses of the word, and in looking over the different varieties, it struck me that I might, by a very simple contrivance, make the ordinary time fuse also act as a concussion one, and so get rid of the then existing trouble connected with the employment of a detonating composition and a separate percussion fuse. This I did by simply boring up the powder-channel of the time fuse, and so connecting it at the upper end with the fuse composition, but separated from it by a copper cup with a hole at its bottom. In this cup was a copper plug, kept in its place by a copper wire through it. This did not in any way prevent the time arrangement being bored and acting in the usual way; but on the shell striking the ground, the shock sent the copper plug forward, breaking

the wire, and so at once opening a communication between the burning fuse composition and the powder channel, and instantly exploding the shell. To keep the plug in security, a safety-pin went through it: the head of the pin being in the end of the tape which encircled the head of the time fuse, when the fuse was placed in the shell and uncapped in the usual way by the tape being torn off, it took the pin with it, and so left the concussion arrangement free to act.

My principal difficulty was to ascertain what thickness the wire should have, that the plug might break it on the shell touching the ground. It required many experimental rounds before I found that the graze was in dynamical effect only equal to a vertical drop of the fuse on its head of three feet.

I had to employ a special mechanic, and also ran up a good-sized bill for powder and shell used in experimental work at Shoeburyness, but had the satisfaction, at a competitive trial of fuses with several other inventors, of beating them all. I was in hopes of further special trials of my fuse and its being adopted into the service: for some reason, however, the Ordnance committee thought it better not to interfere with the regulation time fuse, but in consequence of what I had brought forward in artillery matters my large bill for powder and shell was cancelled.

During my different visits to Shoeburyness I thought I saw my way to some improvements in connection with gunnery, and also armour-plate backing, which would doubtless have involved me in considerable expenditure with a very doubtful

return ; so it was perhaps just as well that I received orders to embark for Halifax, Nova Scotia, where I was to be garrison instructor—a new appointment at large stations—for the purpose of teaching young officers field fortification, military sketching, administration, and tactics.

CHAPTER V.

FIFTH VOYAGE.

THE voyage to America was uneventful, but I again had an instance of the carelessness with which ships are navigated. In a dense fog off the banks, when going slow, we suddenly saw right in front of us, high in the air, the royals of a sailing ship. We just managed to clear her as she shaved past us. Our captain asked why they had not sounded the fog-horn. "Can't—it's broken," was the answer as the fog again shut her in.

In clear weather Halifax harbour is easy of entrance, but on a dirty night, or when there is a fog-bank close in shore, the broken rocky coast of Nova Scotia requires to be approached with extreme caution. From want of care many a fine ship has been shattered to pieces close to its port, a notable instance being the White Star liner, "Atlantic," when some 500 people were drowned. A friend asked me to drive down with him to the wreck. Fortunately I was unable to do so: he saw 150 bodies laid out on the rocks.

The first sight of the great harbour of Halifax was to me delightful, for there was the "Royal

Alfred," the flagship of the West Indian and North American squadron. She was an iron-plated, full-rigged, wooden line-of-battle ship. There was a naval dockyard there also, and consequently generally a ship or two there for repairs. Foreign men-of-war also were occasionally in the port. I specially remember two German training ships, the "Veneta" and "Gazelle." Being on the staff, and having a good house, we were able to return the hospitality of naval friends of other ships as well as our own. Amongst these was Admiral Batch, commanding the little German squadron. We were able to give their officers a big picnic on Macnab's Island. Two names I remember even now as special friends, viz., Von Roon and Baron von Deitenbroch.

As regards my own special professional work, the only obstacle I had to contend with was the very imperfect education which many of the officers had received when boys at school. I by no means wish it to be understood that all the officers who attended the classes were badly educated, far from it, some having taken their B.A. degree at college; but this I do mean to say, that fully one-fourth of them had received a very defective education indeed. How the schoolmasters that professed to have taught them could have been satisfied with their work I cannot understand. With two or three exceptions, there was no want of natural ability shown by those officers who had been so badly educated, but unfortunately it took a considerable portion of the four months during which the course lasted to get some of them into the habit of using their brains at all. At times their intellects seemed suddenly to awaken,

as if startled from sleep ; occasionally the process was more gradual, but as soon as this change had taken place, and they began to think for themselves, the great difficulty of instruction was overcome, and some of those who appeared very dense at the beginning of the course turned out remarkably well afterwards. Some few—fortunately I never had more than two in any class—were naturally so defective in intellectual power, or had received so little attention when at school (I am strongly inclined to believe that the latter was the true state of the case), that the labour of imparting instruction to them became almost a physical one. I have often, after only three hours with the class, been quite as much exhausted as if I had been pulling a heavy oar all the time. Had it not been for the willingness—in fact, I may say the intense desire—on the part of the officers referred to to obtain professional information, it would hardly have been possible to have continued the uphill work of instructing them.

With reference to the support given to the system by commanding officers, all I can say is that, from the general commanding downwards, everyone took the greatest interest in its success. As soon as the nature of the course was understood, the colonels of the different regiments offered to change their parade and orderly-room hours, or do anything that I could suggest, for the purpose of enabling as many officers as possible to attend, they themselves being present when any outdoor work was going on.

Captains and subalterns had sometimes hard work to be in time for lecture after being present at orderly-room with their prisoners, etc. A con-

veyance of some kind was usually kept waiting just outside the orderly-room, and as soon as their work was done they came down at full speed to the class-room. Sometimes much valuable time was lost from interruptions such as I have mentioned, which made me almost decide that unless officers would consent to be struck off all duty, so that their attendance with the class might not be interfered with, I would not undertake to put them through a course of instruction ; but on considering that the commanding officers had done everything that was in their power to enable as many officers as possible to attend, I decided it was my duty and the better policy to leave matters as they were, and do the best I could under existing circumstances. The willingness on the part of the officers to attend in spite of all obstacles was indeed in itself a sufficient reason for overlooking such irregularities. Many a time have I admired their determination not to be a minute late for lecture, although the weather in winter was at times hardly faceable, with the thermometer 10 degrees below zero, and a breeze blowing that sent the *poudre* snow into the innermost recesses of one's wraps. Schoolmasters at home would not expect their pupils to make their way to school on snow-shoes, but at Halifax it was no uncommon thing for officers to get frost-bitten on their way from barracks to class-room.

At the request of a commanding officer, who justly considered that instructed non-commissioned officers would be invaluable assistants to an officer who had to put an outpost or position into a state of defence, I obtained authority for establishing a class for sergeants, none but the most intelligent

being sent. The result was very satisfactory. I was quite astonished at the aptitude many of them had for using a pencil. To enable them to attend regularly they were excused guards and parades, but nothing else. Amongst others a sergeant-major of one of the smartest regiments in the service went through a complete course. He passed an excellent examination: his road, river, and outpost reports were certainly among the best I had read; they were clear, concise, and written in a very legible hand, a matter of considerable importance. He afterwards got a commission.

Although the preparation of a lecture may require the expenditure of much time and trouble, its delivery requires no great mental effort; but teaching, when one has almost to transfer one's power of thought, if not actually one's brains, into the heads of those who have never been trained to think for themselves, is most exhausting. After a long spell of it I found perfect rest absolutely necessary; and my most easy way of getting it was, when the work admitted of it, to disappear for a few days with the two Indians I usually employed, and live the life of a savage in the woods, carrying the few things we required, and living on salt pork and biscuits and the trout and tree-partridges we got.

The captain of the "Royal Alfred" suggested that I might give some lectures on field fortification and such like to the young naval officers, but I already had more on hand than I could well manage. I used to get some instruction myself from the gunnery lieutenant, more especially when blowing up wrecks in the harbour.

Being so much occupied with my regular work, I did little with professional hobbies, except to make a rough model of a depression range-finder for the battery on York redoubt heights, and draft a scheme for a protected spar torpedo-launch, to be started and directed from the shore by means of a light insulated wire, which would be run off a roller in the launch as she moved on ; but I was told by an electrician whom I consulted that the idea was unworkable. I was more successful with a little book, "Elementary Lectures on Military Law," which went through two editions at once, and for two years was a text-book at the Staff College. I was able to give my wife a pair of diamond ear-rings with the profits of the first edition, and so was much pleased with the result of my first attempt in publishing. I had, however, some special professional occupation in working out a scheme for the torpedo and obstruction defence of Halifax harbour, instructions to that effect having been sent, much to my surprise, from the War Office to the general commanding the forces in Canada and Nova Scotia, the Royal Engineers being directed to give me any assistance I might require. My naval friends as usual were my great allies in this matter, and from the deep-sea and net fishers I got some useful information as to the value of nets and floating ropes for entangling screws.

As it was amusement "afloat," I may refer to fishing, which was born in me and indulged in as soon as I could hold a little rod by a Highland burn, or hang on to a line over the side of a boat.

Sea-fishing in the harbour in the afternoon and evening in fine weather was a great relaxation. I

often loaded my boat with a hand-line, and got great hauls on set lines: on one occasion I caught more than I bargained for. Getting in the line, a mass of seaweed, with something else enclosed in it, came up, the hook being fast in blue cloth. As there was a German emigrant ship in quarantine with cholera on board, I was not long in cutting the mass adrift, and letting it sink into deep water again. Lobster-spearing in the shallows in the warm summer nights by the aid of a birch-bark torch was a new but very amusing sport. The so-called spear was composed of a pair of stiff wooden clips, which went over the body of the lobster without breaking the shell.

I kept my long leave—viz., six weeks—for the salmon-fishing in the summer; then life was worth living. It will now hardly be credited that four of us had the whole of the Restigouche for £40 per year. To get there from Halifax before the inter-colonial railway was built required a week's journey, and then three days' poling up the river in a birch-bark canoe to the fishing-ground. What the country may be like now I know not, but thirty years ago the forest primeval for hundreds of miles on each side enclosed the river. There were a few settlers' houses about forty miles apart on the banks: of traffic, except when the logs were coming down, there was none. Each of us had a canoe and two Indians, and on arriving at our destination we separated, each taking so many pools. We were often twenty and thirty miles apart, and only saw each other on changing stations. Living alone with two Indians, who only knew a few words of English, and with nothing but salt pork, flour, tea and sugar,

and trout for food—as for salmon, in three days or so one's gorge rose at even the smell of it when cooking—and with no shelter but a lean-to of canvas and birch bark, and exposed to black flies and mosquitoes, the life was a rough one; but the sport was splendid, the average weight of my fish being 23 lb. I only once got near that again—viz., 22 lb.—many years afterwards in Norway; but I killed some of those Norwegian salmon on a spoon, not then being strong enough to swing a rod all day. As usual the Jock Scott, as in all other parts of the world, was the favourite fly on the Restigouche. The use of such an article as a spoon or artificial minnow on that river would have been considered most unsportsman-like; indeed, I never heard of either being used in the clear waters of the Restigouche, where single gut was necessary. One strange thing about our fishing was the ease with which one could balance oneself on one's feet and swing an 18-foot rod in a birch bark. At first it seemed hardly possible to look at a canoe without upsetting it. As an experiment I tried one day—and successfully—playing a big fish and at the same time lighting my pipe with a common lucifer-match.

My Indians had never seen a fish killed on a rod before, but when I gave one the gaff, and explained as well as I could what I wanted done, no Highland gillie could have used it better, and never afterwards did either of them miss his stroke. On one occasion a huge brute of a fish four feet in length nearly tired me out: it became dark soon after I hooked it, and it took me five hours to bring it to the gaff. The Indians who lived on the lower part

of the river, and whom we allowed to spear as far up as the lowest pool, declared they had seen a salmon as long as a man, and that they were afraid in their canoes to touch it ; perhaps it was just as well it never took a fancy to a Jock Scott.

Returning to the settler's house from which I had started up the river on my first expedition, I was so black from the glare of the river and unkempt from the wild life I had been leading, that on going up to the front of the house the settler did not recognise me and said, " Indians must go in by the back door." I sent a small barrel of Restigouche salmon home to England. The size of the fish astonished my friends, but they said they were too salt to be of much use.

Canada now undertakes its own defence, and Halifax is no longer a delightful regular naval and military station, as it was formerly. A cruiser squadron occasionally visits the port, and for their benefit I may refer more fully to the sport obtainable.

Nets and saw-mills had pretty well destroyed the salmon anywhere near Halifax, but with information laid on when there was a run, we could get a fish or two occasionally in Indian or Gold Rivers : one day I succeeded in sending one back in the evening by the same coach which had brought me out in the morning. Away from settlements trout were plentiful, averaging about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. ; but as they would take almost anything, there was not much sport in catching them.

As for shooting, the so-called partridge, really tree-grouse, were plentiful enough : they were excellent eating, and were shot for the pot, as, sitting quietly in the fir-trees, they gave no sport. Moose-

calling during the rutting season in September was curiously fascinating; of course it was only possible in wild districts, where the animals had not been much disturbed. On a perfectly still, clear night the Indian, with a moose-call, a large conical roll of birch bark, would imitate the far-reaching cry of the cow moose. If well done, a bull moose would in time come within shot; if shy, the note was altered to that of a bull, which then often brought up the enraged rival. On two occasions a bear came up, for what purpose we could not imagine, for at that season they are quite fat on the blueberries they eat, and I never heard of a bear attacking a moose. The first time the bear did not come out sufficiently from the bush to give me a chance of a shot, and on the second occasion, getting no answer from moose, we had given up calling and gone to sleep where we were, I with my head on a log. I was awakened by hearing in the wood of the log the vibration of some heavy animal rapidly making off. In a second I was ready with my rifle, but the moon having gone down, I could see nothing. My two Indians remained fast asleep, but in the morning they saw the track of a bear, which must—there being no wind to carry scent—have blundered right on to us.

Calling was in some districts an easy way of getting a shot at a moose. Very different was it with moose-hunting—not the hunting as in Canada, where the unfortunate beast, breaking through the thin frozen upper crust, flounders along in the deep snow until run down by men on snow-shoes—but moose-stalking, to which Highland deer-shooting is child's play. Moose and cariboo-hunting in Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick takes place at the beginning of the cold weather, when there is just a slight powdering of snow. In case of bad luck in not getting moose-meat, everything in the way of food and also camp-kit has to be carried ; but the latter is not much—a frying-pan, a couple of tin pots, and an axe, with canvas for a lean-to, and a blanket-bag and mug each, about covers it. A second flannel shirt and a spare pair of socks may be taken ; but I have been out for a fortnight without changing anything except taking off the two pair of damp socks when drying one's half-frozen moose-shank moccasins. Boots cannot be used on these occasions, when the crack of a broken stick might spoil a whole day's work. It is wonderful how easily one drops to the life of a savage, but still more interesting is it to notice how the hunting instinct, which must be hereditary in the British race, comes out in men in a very short time. An apparently insignificant mark on a piece of damp soil, a half-chewed leaf or a broken twig, tells him not only that a moose or cariboo has been there so many hours before, and was feeding quietly or had been alarmed, but he can in time almost understand what the animal is thinking about and where it intends resting or yarding for the night. Tree-grouse cannot be shot to add to one's rations, which have to be economised—the report might scare the moose for miles. But the Indians are good at trapping, and once I remember their getting a porcupine : it was not bad, but somehow my companion had a nightmare afterwards and made a horrible noise, although with most people the thick comfortable bed of spruce-branch tips, to which the

best spring bed cannot be compared for comfort, usually has a most soporific effect. A good supply of tobacco and matches is essential, as also plenty of tea and sugar, as well as salt pork and flour. Spirits I never took, except a soda-water bottle of brandy in case of an accident. As for plates and dishes, the Indians with their crooked knives found perfect substitutes from birch bark, with which they also made excellent cups.

There was good cock-shooting to be got on the east side of Nova Scotia, but I never tried it, thinking it better to reserve such leave as I could spare myself from work for bigger game.

During my last summer I found I could have eight weeks' annual long leave instead of six, so came to the conclusion that by taking a few days off my salmon fishing I should have time for a trip to New York, the Hudson, Niagara, Quebec, etc. There was nothing connected with sailing work in it, but I may just mention with reference to the great falls that I quite agreed with the young lady who, when requested to write something in the visitors' book, was so overcome by the magnitude of the Falls and thunder of the water rushing over a precipice that all she could put on paper was, "Niagara, Niagara, you are indeed a staggerer!"

In 1873 I began outdoor work as soon as the winter commenced to break—viz., about the middle of March—and must somehow have got a chill without noticing it. I went on with work as long I could manage it, but was at last obliged to call in a doctor, who found my lungs so seriously affected that a medical board was assembled, and as my only chance was a more temperate climate at once, I

was invalided to England by the next mail steamer. Fortunately I was able to get a particularly energetic officer, whom I had instructed, to take up my work. I could not be otherwise than anxious as to how he would get on, but as I was now perfectly useless myself, nothing more could be done. The voyage home was a rough one: we had even in the mail steamer to lie to for three days. The mail steamers in those days were fully rigged as sailing ships. The captain did not, I thought, understand the law of storms; when I touched on the subject I came to the conclusion he had hove to on the wrong tack and so kept in the cyclone instead of running out of it. One of my boys, two years old, was thrown out of his berth, and a leg so seriously injured that one surgeon at home was keen on amputation: fortunately another very eminent specialist entirely disagreed with him. Eleven years on crutches and a good constitution eventually put the damaged limb right, and the boy grew up into a powerful young athlete. Good nursing and a summer in my native climate also put me right, but it was useless my thinking of returning to Nova Scotia, so I had to resign my appointment there. In the autumn I was passed fit for service again, and the authorities most thoughtfully offered me another particularly good educational appointment at home; but I could not teach as I considered teaching should be done without its taking too much out of me, so I declined the kind offer. I well remember the exclamation of an old Staff College friend who saw me soon after my return from Halifax—"Why, your hair was perfectly black when you left the college; now you are as grey as a badger!"

CHAPTER VI.

SIXTH VOYAGE.

As my regiment was stationed at Gibraltar I could not have had a better climate for damaged lungs, and quite looked forward to a pleasant winter there again, with the open sea in front and an occasional visit from some of the Mediterranean fleet. At Pembroke Dock I picked up a draft of 200 recruits, and embarked with all my belongings in that well-known troop-ship, the "Tamar." I had one officer of my regiment, but as he returned to his cabin at once, I had to look after the men, or rather lads, myself. As none of them had been to sea before, it was necessary for me to become a sort of nautical instructor and boatswain's mate, showing them how to sling their hammocks, etc., an occupation which was quite in my line, and as soon as we were in blue water I was quite happy and thoroughly able to enjoy the voyage, being no longer an invalid.

Being a little doubtful if I could still run up the rigging like a royal yard man, as I used to nearly twenty years before, I one evening waited until it was about dark, and then "away aloft," and to my delight found I was still all there, as in my younger days.

We arrived at Gibraltar in October, 1873. One

of the first officers to come on board was the assistant adjutant-general, who handed me a telegram from the War Office that I was to do the duty of garrison instructor whilst the real one was at Ashantee. This I positively and absolutely declined, and stated my reasons; but he told me that they were most anxious for special reasons that I would consent to do the work, and he trusted I would reconsider my decision and do so: he further added that there was only one man in the class, and he was usually on the sick-list. As it was a question of officers qualifying to pass for promotion, and there was really no one else to help them, I eventually gave way. In a short time my solitary pupil became a roomful, and I had plenty of work; but I only took one class on hand during the day: this gave me the early morning free, and by permission of the colonel of my regiment I had the battalion to work with for the before-breakfast parade, and as I had also to do brigade major to the temporary second brigade on the north front once a week, I soon began to feel myself a soldier again and not a schoolmaster.

The north front gave me enough ground for instructing my class in field fortification, the only objector being the town major, who was much alarmed for the safety of the fortress whenever I made bridges across the narrow part of the inundation. But to teach military sketching on the rock was a decided difficulty: hitherto that branch of the work at Gibraltar had been confined to taking angles with a theodolite. There was nothing for it but to take my class out in the open country beyond the Spanish lines, cautioning them to be as careful

as possible with their work, so as not to excite the attention of the Guardia Civile. The Spanish authorities were most civil and obliging to the garrison, making no objection to our hunting all over the country, and it would not therefore have done to let them get it into their heads we were making military surveys. Only on one occasion did a guarda come up to one careless young officer taking an angle with his prismatic, but a good cigar and a few polite words in Spanish put the matter right. As there were two rivers, both excellent for teaching survey work, we could not have had better ground: the field officer, however, detailed as a president of a board of examination for the class, declined to go into Spain without a written authority from the Spanish general. This, of course, could not even be asked for, but it occurred to me that there could be no objection to asking the authorities in Morocco for the requisite permission. The governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, wrote to Sir John Hay, our consul-general at Tangier, who at once got authority from the Moorish governor at Tangier, who gave me permission to take my class wherever I thought it necessary; but if possible we were to avoid going near villages, as the inhabitants might think our measurements had something to do with taxing the land.

On arrival at Tangier we paid our respects to Sir John Hay, who decided that before we commenced work we ought to have some amusement in the shape of a boar-hunt or rather shoot. I happened to be given the place of honour on some rocks near Cape Spartel: the view away across to Trafalgar Bay was very fine, and what with admiration of the

view and thoughts of the work I intended for my class, I quite forgot about the boars until, turning my eyes inland, I saw in the bush close to me a very nervous-looking little pig. I tried to remember if we had lately passed any village where pigs were kept, as I could not imagine how the little beast had got so far away from a sty, when it flashed upon me that we were amongst Mohammedans who did not keep pigs, and this must consequently be one of the monsters whose gigantic dimensions existed only in Arab imaginations. I made a clutch at my gun lying on the rock; in an instant piggie was into the bush like a rabbit. My snapshot was useless, and apparently also the rolling fire from Europeans and Arabs, as the poor bewildered animal raced past and got away. It was some time before my "tame pig" was forgotten. Two pigs were shot, one being by an officer of my class, and we found properly cooked wild boar by no means bad eating; it had a curious gamey flavour. I finished up the surveying course with a mounted road sketch—very well done by most of the class—to Tetuan. When there I heard there was a trout-stream in the hills at the back of the town: an Arab guided me to it, but being in heavy flood I got nothing, even when trying with a worm; but three beautiful trout, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each, were subsequently sent to me. They were put in spirit and sent home to Buckland, who was much pleased at the trout-line being brought so far south: he had no idea there were any trout in Morocco.

I may here mention one special recommendation of Tangier—it is an excellent place for keeping servants in order. Our cook was much too fond of

liquor—so much so that, as a last resource, I said he must go to prison. They sent down to me to know what punishment was to be administered. My answer must have been misinterpreted. A short time afterwards a woman came shrieking into the garden, and our interpreter explained it was the cook's wife, and that her husband was about to have his head cut off. I immediately pointed out there must be some mistake. The man was brought back with his head still on his shoulders, and he kept sober during the rest of the time we were at Tangier.

RELIEF OF BILBAO.

In 1874 unfortunate Spain was still undergoing the miseries of civil war, the Carlists besieging Bilbao, which was holding out for the Government, whose forces attempted its relief on the 26th March, but were defeated with a loss of some 2,000 at Somorrostro, a position held by the Carlists across the main north coast road about twelve miles west from Bilbao.

The capture of Bilbao would have been of such immense political importance to the Carlists that the Spanish Government decided to do its utmost to raise the siege, and for this purpose organised a fresh Corps d'Armée under General Concha to assist the Spanish commander-in-chief, the Duc de la Torre, then in front of Somorrostro. When a foreign army is on active service it is usual to have an officer of our service with it as military attaché to report on the operations. I heard there was no English officer with the Spanish Army, and as I was then entitled to some leave, thought I could not spend it

to better advantage than by being present with the Spanish army which was about to undertake the relief of Bilbao. Not only would I be able to send a report to our Intelligence Department, but I should personally be in a position to pick up useful information in mountain warfare in the Pyrenees. At this time, early in April, Mr. Layard, our Minister in Madrid, was on a visit to the Governor: both concurred with my ideas on the subject. A companion who could speak Spanish was necessary, and fortunately my great friend, Captain Gilbard, now gone to his rest, was as keen on the adventure as I was; so having got the necessary leave and letters of introduction from Mr. Layard to the Spanish commander-in-chief and other officers, Gilbard and I packed our small kits in two hand-bags, and next morning started for Malaga in the gunboat which was returning with our Minister.

We stayed the night at Malaga and next morning took train to Madrid, slept there, and next day arrived at Santander, having crossed from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay in forty-eight hours. Fortunately we were not too late after our arrival at Santander to call on the commandant, who gave us a letter to the captain of the port, which got us a passage in a small tug starting the following morning for Castro-Urdiales, a small town, the sea base of the army, eight miles farther on, at Somorrostro. With these two officers commenced our acquaintance with Spanish officials, the pleasant remembrance of which can never be forgotten, so marked was it, on the part of everyone with whom we were brought in contact, by the greatest courtesy, kindness, and assistance. The tug was small and

slow, but we arrived at Castro in the evening. The voyage was interesting, in that we got many particulars of the campaign and the last fight from some officers returning to their regiments.

The morning after our arrival at Castro we drove out to the army headquarters to report ourselves to the commander-in-chief, Marshal Serrano. He received us most kindly, as also did the chief of the staff, General Lopez Domingues, who was next on the roster as regards letters of introduction. He gave us passes to go where we pleased, and at the same time placed horses at our disposal whenever we wished for them.

There was nothing connected with sailing in the campaign (a full statement of which, however, is given in my "Recollections of Forty Years' Service") except the splendid way in which I saw a battalion of marines attack with the bayoneta Carlist redoubt, and that the Carlists gave me naval rank. It will be unnecessary to say more about the campaign than to give an extract from my "Recollections" with reference to the battle of Otanez. Our total force, viz., Serrano's and Concha's together, was about 50,000, the Carlists' total probably less than half.

Stated briefly, General Concha's corps of two divisions was to attack as follows: one brigade of his first division was to capture the Talledo hill. This being done, the brigade which did so was to continue along the high ground on the left of the road, on which with the field battery was the other brigade. Concha's second division, with the Plasencia mountain battery, was to capture the great redoubt and trenches on the other side of

the valley. General Concha's headquarters were at Otanez, Serrano's at the church of Somorrostro, the two generals communicating across the mountain-ridge which was between the two places. Martinez Campos, who commanded the brigade which was to attack Talledo, moved from the village of Otanez at ten o'clock and massed his force behind the crest of Serrantes, the second division getting at the same time into position to move on the great redoubt. At twelve o'clock the attacks began almost simultaneously. A heavy musketry-fire was opened on Talledo from the top of Serrantes, and under its cover one battalion of marines which had been extended behind the Serrantes ridge dashed over it and down into the intervening valley. The enemy being only 700 yards off, and knowing the range exactly, punished them severely, many men falling the moment they were over the ridge. The battalion found cover in a sort of hollow road which ran along the bottom, and in a few minutes they again appeared, and advancing up the slope towards the trench, attacked directly in front. The enemy reinforced the defenders of the trench, who continued a heavy fire ; but the troops were not to be denied, and pressed resolutely on, when the enemy broke and retreated hastily to a wall behind and above the trench. The marines, headed by their colonel, Lara, who sprang on the parapet of the trench and waved on his men with his sword, scarcely dwelt a moment, but rushed on to the attack on the wall, which they also carried in a few minutes. The Carlists being strongly reinforced from an adjacent wood, and led on by one of their best chiefs, Don Castor Andechaga, after an obstinate fight over-

powered the marines, who had to abandon the wall and the trench : some of them seemed to be pitched right over the parapet, possibly bayoneted. The Carlists again occupied the position, but the Valencia regiment coming up strongly in support, the Carlists were again driven back and Talledo finally captured, the struggle being hand-to-hand with bayonet and butt. Colonel Lara and Castor were at one time only separated by a few yards : we could plainly make out the old chief Castor, who was mounted and always in the very forefront of the fight.

General Martinez Campos having now made his left flank secure, marched his brigade along the lower ground parallel with the road, and being reinforced by fresh troops from the other brigade in the centre and a field battery, advanced his whole force to the attack of the other trenches, which were at right angles to the road.

As soon as Talledo was taken we joined the party still left on Serrantes, and were able with our flasks to be of some use to the worst of the wounded. From Serrantes we had again a close view of the action, and particularly noted the excellent service of the artillery, shell after shell bursting perfectly in and about the trenches, thereby immensely assisting the infantry. At one place we could not help admiring the intrepid conduct of a Carlist officer who was on the parapet of the trench giving directions to his men, who with great-coats thrown off and in their shirt-sleeves were firing steady volleys. He seemed to bear a charmed life, standing quietly with the rifle-bullets pitting the earth all about him. A cloud of dust knocked up by a

bursting shell hid him at last from our view ; when it cleared away he had disappeared. We could only hope that so gallant a soldier had not then received his death-blow, but that, seeing further resistance of no use, he had retired with his men.

Just before this occurred the death of Castor Andechaga, the fearless leader of the Biscayans, an incalculable loss to the Carlist cause. We happened to notice a mounted officer ride up to a trench between the hill and the road, as if to order his men to retire : he suddenly reeled in his saddle and fell, his horse galloping away. There was a running of men to the spot, and at that moment a shell burst amongst them, killing, as we afterwards heard, Cura Sestao, Castor's right-hand man. Another shell in the same place caused a rapid retreat of the Carlists from the trench ; the troops quickly followed, and being now in touch with the division, from the Somorrostro side, turned and captured in succession the trenches guarding the left side of the Pass of Muncas. As the fight rolled away from us towards the pass, it became less interesting than that on the opposite side of the valley to capture the great redoubt on the height above. On the slope below the redoubt were two lines of trenches, but so well defended were they that it was not until two o'clock that the first of them was taken ; the second was more rapidly carried. We could hear distinctly the bugles of the division playing a march or charge as they advanced, but from this point the continuation of the attack through the heather up the steep slope to the redoubt was a severe trial for even such excellent soldiers as the Guardia Civile and Carabineros. One of the latter, who had been

with us in the advance-guard affair, and whom we afterwards met wounded in hospital, told us that had they not come across water they were so exhausted they could not have gone on: as it was, the capture of the redoubt and its trenches cost them about 600 killed and wounded. It was during the long contest for the possession of the redoubt that we were able to observe and admire a firm stand made by a body of Carabineros or Guardas Civiles which most probably turned the fortunes of the day on that side. The troops could not make headway against the terrible fire from the redoubt, and had to lie down; but a small body of men, seemingly not more than about a hundred, worked round the right flank of the redoubt to a commanding hill. At that moment a body of several hundred Carlists, who were hurrying up as reinforcements—for their leaders well knew the value of the position—appeared over the brow of a lower crest not 200 yards off. Had the Guardas and Carabineros retired, the Carlists would have caught the line in front of the redoubt in flank, and probably rolled it up; but the gallant fellows held their ground, and the Carlists, no doubt being deceived as to their numbers, after a few volleys retired, and the redoubt was captured, though it was not until dusk that the victorious division was in full possession of the right of the pass, and in touch with Martinez Campos' division on the other side. The capture of the pass practically decided the campaign in favour of the national troops.

At one time when the fight for the redoubt was going on I thought we might go up the hill and help the wounded; but we came to the conclusion that

we could not really be of much use, and if hit—we had seen some of the stretcher-men fall in the attack on Talledo—we, as civilians, would in all probability be left unnoticed in the heather, which, by the way, caught fire towards the end of the action, many of the wounded being burnt to death. That night I made myself comfortable under cover on a stretcher which was not required, and next morning, as the guns were still at work at Somorostro, I managed to find a short cut to that village. Two days had made a wonderful change. The road between the stream and the national battery, so lately thronged with soldiers and sutlers, was quite bare, not a single person in it. I walked along alone, keeping an eye on the Carlist trenches, more particularly on that where my friends the enemy during a truce had asked me to come up a few days before, as it was only some 800 yards on the left front, but I was not interfered with, and got into the large battery, which was smashing up the two churches and their surrounding defences. Krupp field-guns and either two or four heavy brass muzzle-loaders were hard at work, and as the churches were but 700 yards off, every shell was placed exactly where wanted. I was asked to look over the sights; they were in all cases well directed, but had they been otherwise, I could not as a neutral have suggested any alteration. I did not at all like the strange custom of allowing the gunners to smoke cigarettes, and as soon as I had made all the mental notes required for my Intelligence Department report, left the battery. In the afternoon the magazine exploded, killing and wounding a great number. It was said it was caused by one of the small shells of

the enemy, but my own idea was that the cigarettes were to blame. The service of the battery was thoroughly well protected from rifle-fire from the surrounding hills. That night the Carlists managed to get a message conveyed to us at Castro—"That we were helping the enemy. The naval one (I wore a pilot-jacket) had been in the big battery laying the guns, which made their shooting so good, and that if captured we would be shot." In the succeeding campaign a German officer, Schmidt, apparently employed as we had been, was taken and shot at once.

After the relief of Bilbao, which ended the campaign, we decided we ought to return to Gibraltar, and it was just as well we returned to our belongings when we did. A rumour had got about in the garrison that we had joined the Spanish army, and my career had been ended by a Carlist bayonet at Otanez. The rumour became so circumstantial that the governor telegraphed to Mr. Layard, who passed the inquiry on to Marshal Serrano, who very kindly wired back that he had seen me the day after the action, both Gilbard and myself well.

The professional information furnished by the Bilbao campaign, more especially as regards mountain warfare, required a good deal of consideration before writing out my report for the Intelligence Department at the War Office, but even that work could not eliminate the recollection of the horrible bull-ring at Madrid. The cruel way in which the natives of the south of Spain, including those of Gibraltar, so often treated animals, seemed now to stand out more vividly than ever, until at last I came to the conclusion that it had become my duty

to do what I could to stop, or at least lessen, the suffering of beasts of burden in an English garrison. My dear friend Gilbard happened to be editor of the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, and together we started an agitation in favour of humanity. In time we got many supporters, and eventually the clergy of every denomination, and I felt very triumphant when they all met in the official residence of the Roman Catholic bishop, Scandella, who took the chair. Having the Roman Catholic Church on our side in a place like Gibraltar was of immense help to us, and we consequently got a very fair number of members when, after the meeting, we started our local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under the patronage of the governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, who gave me permission to put up in conspicuous places copies of Martin's Act and the penalties for cruelty to animals, in English and Spanish. This caused a good deal of excitement: it was said provisions would not be brought into market, etc., as so many of the mules coming in from Spain had such horrible saddle-raws and girth-galls; and it was freely prophesied I would end my days with a stiletto between my ribs, but I never really had any trouble worth mentioning. By begging the magistrate to cancel or mitigate the fines of unintentional offenders, I began to be regarded rather as a friend of all except those who had deliberately committed acts of cruelty. The society has continued its work steadily since 1874. Few prosecutions are now required, and instead of punishments, the society is more concerned with rewards given to poor men whose living depends on their animals, for those kept in the best condition.

One day early in 1875 the adjutant-general gave me a telegram from the War Office, offering me an instructorship in surveying at the Military College, Sandhurst, which I at once said I must decline. I had had quite enough of teacher's work, and wished to break with it once and for all and desired to remain with my regiment. Colonel N., however, saw matters in a different light from what I did. "Accept," was his advice; "if you don't like the billet you will be close to headquarters in London, where you will be able to get something better. Regimental work will not satisfy you for long." On consideration I decided to follow his advice, and in less than a fortnight afterwards found myself with my family in England again, and so ended my sixth voyage.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

Although not actual sailing, the confidential Intelligence Department work with reference to Belgium, Egypt, and Crete was so intimately connected with my subsequent naval work that I give extracts from it.

In 1875 I commenced my work at the Military College, Sandhurst, as an instructor in surveying. To an elderly officer who liked an easy life the appointment would have been perfect, but as I wanted to get on in my profession, something which would give me twelve hours' work a day instead of about twelve hours' work a week was what I required. I had to wait until the summer holidays, and then by a piece of extraordinary luck got a mission with which I was delighted. In 1875, according to

reliable information, it was possible that another invasion of France by the Germans would take place, and that in order to carry out our treaty with Belgium, and to prevent her territory being violated by either side, it might be necessary to send an English army to assist her. To work out the arrangements required for such an undertaking, special information was required. This I was directed to get as quickly as possible.

The mission being confidential, I can say but little about it; but I may mention that in 1875 the original scheme for the defence of Belgium, which had been based on the Antwerp forts, seemed to me, owing to the immense numbers which an enemy could bring into the field, rather out of date. To prevent an Anglo-Belgian force being shut up in the Antwerp zone—possible inundations being considered—it was evident, after making a rapid reconnaissance of the country, in which the excellent Government survey plans of Belgium were of immense assistance, that the general line of defence would have to be advanced several miles. Rapidly constructed earthworks might have been sufficient, but that was doubtful. Permanent forts have since been constructed on the line referred to, and padlocks, in the shape of extensive fortifications round Liège and Namur, have closed the valley of the Meuse and Sambre to a possible invader. A reference to the condition of affairs in 1875 is therefore permissible, and I disclose nothing confidential in mentioning that the works—all part of the great scheme for the defence of the country by that most renowned military engineer of modern times, General Brialmont (whose professional acquaintance I had

the honour of making at Brussels), which he had long before 1875 been pressing on his Government—were eventually completed, although not to the full extent he thought necessary. The Belgians have now done what they can as far as their expenditure on permanent fortifications is possible, and an Anglo-Belgian force should, if so required, be able to give a good account of itself, provided the Belgian army were what its chiefs desire it should be.

A rapid report of the general situation and requirements north of the Meuse having been sent in, the remainder of the work, which extended as far south as Luxemburg, was not so pressing and could be done more easily. An old and valued friend in the Royal Engineers, and a keen young soldier in my own regiment, who ten years afterwards, to our intense grief, was killed in the Soudan, made up a small reconnaissance party, and as we should be in the land of trout-streams, I took my little rod with me. Into the details of our professional work it is unnecessary to go. I wish I could have mentioned that we had good sport with the fish, but it was not until almost too late that I found the trout—doubtless owing to the high temperature of the river Ourthe and the large streams—had all worked up to the cold water of the brooks in the hills. At no time can the fishing in the Ardennes be worth much, but the scenery there is well worth a trip from England: doubtless ere this the ubiquitous British tourist has found out one delightful little place—and possibly spoilt it—where we remained for three days, viz., La Roche. The inn was primitive, but comfortable; the cost, every single thing included, three francs a day. One of the

days there happened to be Sunday, and on that ever-to-be-remembered morning I noticed a very old woman, who must have been about ninety years of age, being supported out of the little church. She was given a seat near, and after a restorative, which I have an idea I supplied, I got into conversation with her on the subject of her early recollections. No chapter of Erckmann Chatrian's "Histoire d'un Conscrit" or "Madame Thérèse" could have been more interesting. The very idioms and peasants' language of the heroes and heroines of those exciting days were used by one who had gone through what those wonderful writers so vividly picture. My great grief was that I could not write shorthand and take down what the old woman told me, as she pointed out the roads over the hills by which she had seen the troops of the first French Republic enter the valley. Her accounts of the subsequent invasion of 1814 were decidedly graphic. In speaking of the German and Austrian troops she designated them as Erckmann-Chatrian do, "Kaiserlichs." Their discipline, she said, was wonderful: did any one of them take away any thing, if only of the value "d'une simple épingle, il fut passé par les baguettes. Mais les Cosaques étaient tres mauvais gens; ils servaient les jeunes filles malgré elles." From the compassionate way in which she spoke of "les jeunes filles" she evidently wished me to understand she had not come under that designation at the time.

Before leaving Brussels on our way home, we paid a visit to Waterloo. Compared with modern battle-fields, it seemed almost incredible that such numbers could have been massed on so small a

space. Standing on the mound, one almost seemed to be within shouting distance of Hougomont on the right and La Haye Sainte on the left. One defect the Waterloo position certainly had if intended for occupation beyond a few hours, viz., the very limited water-supply, the wells being few in number and deep. The heavy thunderstorm of the 17th was unquestionably a blessing in disguise. One subject connected with Waterloo is interesting to professionals visiting the ground, viz., the strange fact that General Colville's division at Hal, only nine miles away, did not hear the firing, and knew nothing about the battle having taken place until the following day. How it was that the two forces were not in proper communication with each other has never been satisfactorily explained, more especially as the Duke on the 17th had given orders on the subject, naming an officer for the duty. Had his orders been carried out, it is more than probable Colville's division would have been brought nearer to the Waterloo position on the morning of the 18th, when it was seen that the whole French army was in front. It has been stated that Prince Frederick of Orange was posted at Enghien and Colville at Hal, should a retreat have to be made towards the sea base; but the reason for so placing them is clearly given in two of the Duke's despatches written on the 17th, viz., in case of a move by Napoleon towards the Duke's right.

Leaving out the three days at La Roche, the Belgian report took me just six weeks, working on an average sixteen hours a day. It was therefore satisfactory to know, on returning to London, that the head of the Intelligence Department was well

satisfied with it, and that it was exactly what they required ; but if possible still more pleasing was a remark made years afterwards by another head of the department, when we happened to speak about certain Continental subjects, " We look on the report you sent in, in 1875, on Belgium, as a sort of text-book."

CHAPTER VII.

SEVENTH VOYAGE.

IN the winter holidays I had another piece of good luck in foreign work. The cloud of the coming war between Russia and Turkey was beginning to show itself above the political horizon. As it was not impossible that England would eventually be drawn into it, certain islands in the Levant might have to be occupied as naval stations or army bases. Attention was directed more particularly to two of them, viz., Cyprus and Crete. Colonel Henry Brackenbury, one of the best-known officers in the British service, was directed to report on Crete, and I had the good fortune to accompany him. To get to Crete it was necessary to go *via* Alexandria. At Marseilles we met General Sir Patrick Macdougall, head of the Intelligence Department, on his way to Egypt, where he had been recommended on account of his health to pass the winter. Little did we think on steaming past the Alexandria forts that in less than seven years' time a British fleet would be obliged to destroy them. We had to wait a week for our steamer, and decided to pass it at Cairo. Those were the days of Ismail and lavish expenditure. Cairo now and Cairo then might almost be compared to a ballroom when the guests are gone and daylight is coming in. Ismail certainly did know how to

entertain the world—with other people's money. One opera, when we were at Cairo, cost just £10,000 to put on the stage; and as for the French theatre, it was perfect: better actors could not have been found in Paris. Ten years afterwards, alas! I found myself sitting as president of a board of examination for officers' promotion in that same theatre. With the dreary-looking empty stage in front of us, the recollections of what it had been were painful. The morning after our arrival at Shephard's, the only hotel in those days, General Sir Patrick Macdougall and Colonel Brackenbury paid their respects to the Khedive at the palace. The general happened to mention that he was head of the English Intelligence Department, but had come to Egypt for the winter on account of his health. Ismail with a smile turned to the colonel, saying, "You also, colonel, I conclude, have come for your health."

There was a considerable Egyptian force of all arms at Abbasseyeh. I remember thinking that the men were a very fine-looking lot, well drilled and armed, but their white cotton uniforms would not do in any climate but that of Egypt. Poor fellows, they felt its defects when they soon afterwards went to Turkey, where they did good service for the Sultan.

Although such a thing as our ever being in Egypt as an enemy was not even dreamt of in those days, it is part of one's duty to consider the military situation in every country one happens to be in; and in looking over a map of Egypt showing the extensive fortifications in the vicinity of Alexandria, and also knowing how much had been expended on

the fortress of the Barrage at the fork of the Nile below Cairo, all with the idea that if an enemy ever invaded Egypt he would have to land at Alexandria and move up the Nile as Napoleon did to Cairo, it suddenly flashed upon me that the Suez Canal, lately constructed, really turned all these elaborate defences, and that for a European enemy the proper line of advance on Cairo should be by the Canal to Lake Timseh, which would then be the base of operations in place of Alexandria. So impressed was I with this that I then wrote a detailed paper on the subject, little thinking how soon that line of operations would be made use of by the British army.

Canea, the port of Crete, was our next destination. We had an interesting little voyage through the islands to that place. In ancient days the Isles of Greece when covered with forests must have been grand, but now bare rocks, even when associated with the heroic deeds of gods and men, require a vivid imagination to look at them with proper respect. Crete with its long range of snow-tipped mountains is in itself, even without its mythological traditions, an island well worth a visit: unfortunately our consul there, whose guests we were, objected so strongly to our making explorations in the wilder parts of the mountains that we were obliged to confine ourselves to obtaining the professional information we actually wanted. Our consul's fear (and he was a man who knew what he was about) was that if two English officers appeared in the mountains, a rebellion in favour of the island becoming part of the British Empire would be certain.

The special value Crete would have been to us was its magnificent harbour of Suda Bay, the best in the Mediterranean. The great drawbacks to our occupation of the island were its proximity to Greece, and the intrigues that the Nationalist party in that country would be constantly raising to have it handed over like the Ionian Islands—the inhabitants of which, by the way, now never cease to bitterly regret our leaving. With the great natural advantages of Crete in the shape of soil, climate, and water-power from the mountains, the island under our Government would have done well. With the fate of the Ionian Islands as an example, and the keenness of all classes to belong to England, it seemed a mistake that harbourless Cyprus should have been preferred to such an island as Crete; but be that as it may, annexation in 1875 would certainly have saved the muddled policy of a quarter of a century later, which brought such misery and suffering on the island. During the time we were in the island we were able to make excursions to the villages on the spurs of the mountains, and then more than ever hoped that such fine specimens of humanity as the Cretan Greeks would some day be British subjects. St. Paul's acquaintances must surely have been the Levantines in the coast towns; they could hardly have been the forefathers of those faultless Greek faces we so often saw. The inaccessible mountain-ranges doubtless preserved the purity of the ancient race, even when the whole military strength of Turkey was against them. One mistake we thought the Turks had made, and that was in neglecting to form roads through all the mountain-passes when the island was at

peace. Blockhouses were but little use without roads.

Supplies, camping-grounds, and defensive positions were the principal points to be attended to by us. There were apparently many excellent sites for camps, but on inquiry several were found to be unsuitable. On looking over our working map I was startled at the number of places over which it was necessary to write that dread word "fever." Defective drainage and bad water-supply were the causes. These could have been rectified, and in time Crete, under our Government, would have been no mean jewel of the British Crown. Colonel Brackenbury, who had Greek at his fingers' ends, made a very interesting antiquarian discovery amongst some old ruins; and we had the good fortune to get some ancient Greek relics from a tomb which was found when we were there. One ring which I bought and paid 10s. for, thinking the stone was glass, turned out on examination at home to be an engraved ruby. It was curious to note the Egyptian tone of some of these finds, showing a very ancient connection between Crete and the Nile. As for coins, both silver and copper, they were quite a drug. One copper one I still have has the Labyrinth on one side and a beautiful Greek head on the other. My friends now possess nearly all the others. I gave one ring to a great ally who I thought would know its value. I happened to mention I had found an engraving on mine. "Oh, I suppose a verse from the Koran!" It was quite a shock, which I did not get over for some time.

Our consul gave us some wonderful wine, called Comandera. It was excellent, and I thought I

recognised its taste, which was that of good Madeira. Working the matter out, it appeared that the original Madeira vines had come from Crete.

From Crete our shortest road back to Marseilles was *via* the Piræus, and as neither of us had seen Athens, we were not sorry to be obliged to go that way. It may be different with other people, but to me it has often seemed astonishing with what very small print ancient history has been, so to say, written. The Acropolis, the spot where Paul preached—where, by the way, there was such an excellent background to send his voice forward—the Stadium, and the other places so renowned in history, were all so close together and occupied such a small space of ground. We were fortunate enough to be in Athens when the last portion of an ancient open-air theatre below the Acropolis was being cleared of rubbish. Some interesting discoveries were also made at the same time when the ground was excavated for a railway station. A cemetery was unearthed: the beautifully carved figures and inscriptions on the marble monuments were as clear as if they had been done the day before. Some of the scenes depicted of parents taking leave of a departing child or a wife, ready equipped for the unknown journey, were quite touching in their earnestness and beauty of expression. Contemplating these monuments, and with one's mind full of the glories of ancient Greece, it was sad to look up and see close in front of one a small, commonplace, modern town. However, we had a good time during the few days we were at Athens, but we did think the Opera House might be more carefully attended to. When in the stalls Colonel B. showed some

little discomfort. "Cramp?" I suggested. "No, fleas!" was the answer.

We had interesting discussions with the politicians, and just before leaving it was proposed we should go on to Constantinople; but as my holidays from Sandhurst, where I was under engagement as an instructor, were just running out, I could not manage it. Would that some arrangements permitting of it had been then thought of. I heard afterwards that my name had gone in to report on the Balkan passes, work I should have been delighted with. As it was, I returned to Sandhurst, and as soon as possible resigned my appointment there and went to the Intelligence Department, on temporary service in connection with schemes for home defence.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, WAR OFFICE.

My work was the inspection of the coast with reference to possible landing-places suitable for an invading force of all arms, and the selection of defensive positions on the roads between the landing-places and strategical points inland.

My first portion of coast-line was the south side of the Bristol Channel from the mouth of the Avon to Ilfracombe, the objective strategical point being a certain part of the Thames valley. My headquarters for the six or seven summer months I established at Weston-super-Mare. Inspecting the coast in April was rather cold, but it had the advantage that at that time of year I had the shore all to myself. The nature of the work required that it should be done on foot, and I am afraid in walking along the cliffs and across private grounds extending down to the beach, I must often have been guilty of trespass; but no one ever interfered with me or questioned my right of way. Before beginning my inspections I had been very much puzzled by an official report, sent in by a public department, on harbours and landing-places on the south side of the Bristol Channel, stated to be suitable for the disembarkation of cavalry and artillery, which was

quite at variance with the information given in the "Bristol Channel Pilot." On visiting the places mentioned, I found that they were simply small tidal harbours, dry at low water, and only used by fishing-boats and small coasters; and as for the adjacent beaches so favourably reported on, they were often nothing but jagged rocks which no boat dare approach even in a dead calm. Local photos of these harbours and pretty beaches could always be obtained, and they saved me a good deal of writing: the photos with a short description underneath—"Harbour and beach which, according to — report, are suitable for the disembarkation of cavalry and artillery"—were a sufficient explanation. One landing-place, and one only, suitable for the rapid disembarkation of an army corps, is to be found on the south side of the Bristol Channel, but that is a perfect one: there can be no objection to my now referring to it, for even in the time of Napoleon its capabilities were thoroughly well known to the French War Office.

On my sending in my report on the place in question, I was rather surprised at the head and next senior officer of the Intelligence Department coming down to see the bay. It appeared, from records in the department, that Napoleon had at one time arranged to send a diverting expedition from Brest to the Bristol Channel, but the place could not be identified until my report came in. It is odd to think that until of late years we were so ignorant of the weak points of our coast, whilst the French, even a century ago, had such a knowledge of everything required in connection with schemes of invasion of this country. Other nations

have since then improved on the example set by the French. I have no hesitation in stating that foreign War Offices must have every possible information that may be required for hostile expeditions against us, all worked out by officers who have stayed in the country and carefully gone over the ground. I had hardly commenced my inland work in the west when, on driving along the ridge of some high ground, the coachman said he could not understand why gentlemen took such interest in that road: only the previous year he had driven two gentlemen, evidently foreigners, along exactly the same way. He asked them why they took a drive on such an uninteresting road, and they said they were employed making a directory. I pointed out to the driver that to make a directory of a desolate place where there was hardly a building to be seen was rather a waste of time, but that had not occurred to him. In the following year, when doing the Yorkshire coast, I heard of a German officer staying at a hotel at Scarborough, which he had made his headquarters while doing work which on inquiry turned out to be precisely that in which I also was engaged, and my headquarters were close to—viz., at Bridlington Quay. My regret was that I did not hear about my German colleague until my work was just finished: we might have done it together.

Tramping along the Bristol Channel coast away from roads, and carrying anything in the way of kit which might be required for two or three days, was rather solitary. A clean bed and food were always to be found at some village near, and the quaint places and people I often came across far more than compensated for any little inconveniences.

The coast scenery alone in some places was worth a hard day's walk even in the keenest of east winds. The inland work was quite luxurious, as I was permitted to hire a conveyance whenever necessary, and so could take a bag with me. Working forward from the coast, first of all with the eyes and ideas of an invader, and afterwards as a defender, was particularly fascinating from a professional point of view. One very interesting discovery I made, and it was this, that work as independently as I might, I invariably found myself drawn on to lines of operations which had not only been those of the Civil Wars, but also those in use in the time of the Danes. Without having the least idea of where my line of advance on one occasion would lead to, I found myself eventually standing on the spot where King Alfred is said to have burnt his cakes, whilst almost within sight was the field of Sedgemoor. Only those who traverse the country as I did can have an idea of the beautiful scenery in many of the out-of-the-way parts of the west of England, and how full the country is of interesting historical places. Whenever time permitted I always inspected the village churches: they are pretty sure finds for something of antiquarian interest. The prehistoric camps on the high downs were puzzles to me with reference to the important question of water-supply, until I heard about the never-failing dew-ponds: in ancient times also, when the low country was covered with forests, the rainfall must have been much greater than now and high-land springs more abundant.

At the end of the summer I found I had gone over something like 300 square miles, examining not only

positions but also verifying roads and means of communication, which, strange to say, included inspection of several railway stations, the extent of their sidings and possibility of quickly extending them. It might have been supposed every information on this subject could have been got from the Board of Trade or the railway companies, but I found the quickest way was to get what I required on the spot myself. From constant practice I was astonished at the rapidity with which I could sketch a rough workable plan of almost any station and its capabilities.

In the spring I had to do the Yorkshire coast from the Humber to the Tees, York being the objective point. An April hailstorm on the Bristol Channel was not pleasant, but it was a trifle compared with what I now and then experienced when tramping along the Yorkshire coast. Oddly enough, the only place in which I ever suffered from the sun was in Yorkshire. Being very interested in something special, I had gone on working all day without attending to food requirements. I managed to reach the high road, and was picked up by a costermonger's cart, and got back to Bridlington. A few days' rest put me right again.

The scenery of East Yorkshire was very different from that I had worked amongst the previous summer ; but in Yorkshire, as in Somerset, I found myself on lines of ancient military operation, one being towards Stamford Bridge, the scene of Harold's victory in 1066. It was some time before I realised that I had got to the site of the ancient battlefield, but my reveries about antiquity were broken in on rather suddenly by a huge fish rising in the pool

above the bridge: a salmon it certainly seemed, but as no one had ever mentioned that there were salmon in the Yorkshire Derwent, I thought I must be mistaken, until another fish, about which there could be no doubt, made a jump at the weir. A wire to London for my salmon-rod and a letter to York to know what the fishing regulations were for Stamford Bridge, were at once sent off. The Yorkshire Fishery Association knew nothing about salmon at the bridge, so I tried a Jock Scott and a few other flies, but got no rises, although when standing on a plank above the weir I could have touched the salmon with the butt of my rod as they tried, but vainly, to jump over the fall. I could not spare time for a second visit: doubtless a flood soon enabled the fish to get out of the pool and up the river.

On finishing my work in Yorkshire I was appointed to the headquarter staff of the Southern District, and as I was in the land of horses, bought a very fine thoroughbred, a grandson of Orlando. A better charger was never foaled. After serving me five years in the south, where I was offered double what I gave for him, my beautiful chestnut left his bones in Egypt. Yorkshire must have been the land of good horses and acquisitive horse-loving natives from very ancient times. A friend who happened to return from a trip to Denmark before I left Bridlington told me of a curious old Danish proverb he heard. "Rattle a bit over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he will get up to steal the horse."

Before going to Portsmouth I had a very anxious time in getting a Royal Commission to reform that great national military memorial charity for officers'

orphans, Wellington College. When the debate took place in the House, I was in the distinguished strangers' gallery. It was on that occasion that I heard for the first and only time Gladstone speak. It was rather a shock to me that that wonderful genius, who had done so much for suffering humanity and justice, should take the side against enquiry. As the subject has nothing to do with nautical experiences, I do not further refer to it. It is all given in full in my "Recollections."

Many friends congratulated me on having succeeded in what I had undertaken, but others of greater worldly experience said, "You have made powerful enemies, who will not forget to put a spoke in your wheel whenever they get a chance." Unfortunately for me, these proved to be true prophets, but I had this consolation, that although I suffered for it, I had done my duty.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME SERVICE SAILORING.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S WORK, PORTSMOUTH.

As already stated, I was in the autumn of 1877 appointed to the headquarter staff of the Southern District. My principal work at Portsmouth, and occasionally at Southampton, was the embarkation and disembarkation of troops and their families, the first-named place being used by the Imperial and Indian troop-ships and hired transports. At Southampton only hired transports were berthed. The trooping season commenced in September and ended in May, and during that time I was rarely away from the dockyard or the office except to sleep. Occasionally I found it advisable to remain all night in the yard, so as to have everything ready for commencing work at daybreak, taking a rest rolled up in a blanket on a couch in the nearest transport. My dockyard staff consisted of two clerks and four old blue-jackets. As soon as I had established a system, which was afterwards embodied in the Queen's Regulations, everything went as smoothly as well-oiled machinery. My most interesting work was the rapid embarkation of cavalry regiments at the outbreak of the Zulu war. I thought I ought to have disembarked

them also at Durban and gone up country with them, but the authorities did not see it in the same light. For this special job, which was principally carried out at Southampton, I asked the transport admiral in London to let me have blue-jackets, as I knew by experience that shipping horses was not a strong point with cavalry officers, who, as a rule, disappeared below deck as soon as their regiment arrived, doubtless to look after the berthing of their men. I was only too pleased to be left to work alone with my old friends of the navy. Using two brows and two lifts at the same time, it took just four hours to embark over 300 horses : full details of the means employed and the time were by request sent to the Staff College. The animals were handed over to the blue-jackets on the jetty, who, although many of them could never have handled a horse before, managed somehow to be friends with them at once. It was but rarely I had to use the breech-tackle we improvised to run a restive horse into its box like a gun into a broad-side port. Once there, the most obstreperous brute was down the hold and into its stall before it knew what had happened.

The quickest infantry embarkation was a regiment which went in a hired ship, the "Russia," to the Cape. It came in two trains with regimental horses and baggage. In sixty minutes from the first train entering the dockyard the whole of the men were sitting at dinner round their mess-tables, with their packs stowed overhead, their arms in the racks, and the ship reported as ready to cast off. A company of the regiment came the day before with the heavy baggage : using these men as guides,

and furnishing them with tickets to show where to take each mess and what to do, greatly simplified matters. I was particularly pleased with that embarkation, as, owing to some oversight in London, I had the day before to get some forgotten troop fittings put in at once and a lot of ship stowage done: for this the admiral superintendent of the yard got me 200 blue-jackets from the flagship. Somehow anything connected with ship work seemed like second nature, and carrying on with my old friends of the navy was to me simply delightful. By an extraordinary piece of good luck for me, the Duke with some of the Horse Guards staff and two Lords of the Admiralty were in the yard at the time of the "Russia's" embarkation, and came to the troop-jetty to see how it was done.

At the end of the trooping season invalids and time-expired men and families came home, with as many as 300 and 400 children with their mothers, in a single ship. Many of the families were often in want of money or warm clothes for the journey to their homes, and helpless women with their children also drifted down to Portsmouth days before they ought to have come for embarkation; so we started a Soldiers' Families Benevolent Fund, to be administered by our office, the first lieutenants of the Indian troopships giving the necessary funds, about £200 a-year, from the profits of their canteens. Continuous work fortunately was a useful antidote to prevent one's feelings being interfered with, but occasionally a lump would come in the throat at some of the parting scenes on the jetty, and more especially when relatives came to meet an invalid, and were informed that the poor fellow had been buried

at sea. The lunatic invalids were often sad examples of the effects of tropical service, but they also at times caused some amusement. More than once piercing shrieks from a train of invalids leaving the yard have caused it to be suddenly pulled up, only to find a grinning invalid, who informed us he was one of the lunatics. One day the man in charge of the lunatics came to me in great alarm, saying he had lost them all. Being in the same clothing as the crowd of invalids, they had simply got mixed up with them. The matter did not trouble me; I felt sure that even lunatics who had been so long under discipline would answer the helm. I directed all the invalids to fall in in two ranks. All being reported present, I gave sharply the word of command, "Lunatics, two paces to the front, march." They all stepped out at once. "Lunatics, close on the right file, right turn, quick march. There are your lunatics, put them in their proper carriages."

Five years' trooping furnished many yarns. Their narration would take up too many pages, but I may mention one of them. Several ladies had come to the jetty to meet a regiment returning from the Zulu war; there happened at the same time to be another transport, the "Tamar," on the point of leaving for the West Indies. A soldier's wife, whose husband was at Barbadoes, came up to me with a letter showing that she ought to have got a passage, but somehow had made a mistake in her application. The ladies were of course most sympathetic and anxious I should give the woman a passage, but I had no authority to do so: however, as on a few other similar occasions, I came to the

conclusion that as there was room I might risk it. The woman's baby and box were at Gosport; the ship was to leave in less than an hour. She said she could be back in time, and started off to fetch them. The hour for departure came, but no woman. I got a delay of ten minutes more, but still no woman. The pilot, an old naval one, and therefore a friend, said he must start on account of the tide, but at my earnest request he made the tide late for another five minutes that morning; still no woman. He again put the tide back for three more minutes, still no woman, and then said he could not safely remain any longer. The warps were cast off and the screw about to turn, when there was a shout of a boat coming round under the bows with a woman in it. With blue-jacket alacrity she and her belongings were in a few seconds got on the jetty. "Shove her in through that port," I shouted. "No," said Foley, our kind-hearted admiral, who had arrived on the scene, "she will stick; get that light brow." Like lightning it was run in. One of my old sailors picked up the woman and ran her on board, another followed her immediately with the baby, and a third with the box. They were all on the deck and the brow hauled out just as the ship moved away. I then shouted to the officer commanding the troops, who was standing on the poop, "That woman is to be entered in the returns as your servant." "I don't want one," he answered. "Never mind," I replied, "it is a mere matter of form; please so put her down."

For a moment I had forgotten the baby, which was not on the embarkation return: then a happy thought struck me, so I roared out to the startled

colonel, "That baby does not now exist, but it is to be born during the voyage ; that will then make your disembarkation return correct." All this time I had quite forgotten the ladies standing behind me, until their presence was recalled by a shout of laughter. They were good enough to congratulate me on my fertility of resource and miraculous power over tides and also human nature.

Fertility of resource is probably hereditary. One of my boys, an energetic little chap with a will of his own, could not get on with his governess, and at last ended by making her stand in a corner. He was warned that any further trouble by him would entail a severe whipping. One evening, after a hard day's work in the dockyard, the boy met me at the door with a note from the governess. I said I was too tired to whip him, so he must go to bed in disgrace. I could not imagine why he was so disappointed, until I heard he had prepared himself for the expected punishment by a padding under his clothes of towels, copy-books, etc., and got the other children to test it with a cricket-bat : that boy ever afterwards was known at Portsmouth as the "Ironclad."

Situated as Portsmouth was, there was not much opportunity for the troops getting any instruction beyond regimental and brigade drill on the common : it will be hardly credited in the present day how generals and commanding officers were hampered by the civil departments of the army. Seeing the traces of our only field battery very slack when marching past at Southsea, I made some inquiries, and was privately informed by the officer commanding the battery that the War Department had let

their drill-field at Hilsea Barracks to a farmer, and the artillery were not allowed to use it until the farmer had got his hay in. Fortunately our general had sufficient influence to get the lease terminated. Our only chance of making even a show was when the Duke came down in October for his annual inspection; and my immediate chief, W. S., the best friend I have ever known during my life, showed what might be done with a very little expenditure in railway fares, by taking the whole Portsmouth division out on to the open down country by Petersfield. When my chief was transferred to a more suitable field for his energy at Aldershot, I was directed the following year to work on the same lines and arrange something new for the Duke's visit. I thought it a good opportunity to show the weak points of the Portsmouth defences. The Portsdown forts were all very well, but the western continuation of the line of defence by the chain of the Gosport forts was far too close in, even in those short-range days. The Portsdown line ought to have been continued beyond Fareham tunnel to the Titchfield stream (I think that is its name) and down it to the sea. The angle at Fareham tunnel was the weak point, and I drew up a scheme for the field operations so as to show how easily the line could be broken through there. Having got leave from the farmers to go over their land, the day was a great success, and at its termination the Duke directed the usual explanation of what had been done to be given to all the mounted officers assembled. The general, a well-known soldier, long since gone to his rest, not being at the time strong enough for an open-air lecture,

I was called upon. It rather startled me, but nerving myself for the occasion, with the Duke in front of me and the Horse Guards' staff behind him, I tried to imagine the assembly as one of my garrison classes, and launched out. I could see H.R.H. was much pleased; and next day he did me the honour of coming up to me, and said, referring to the operations, "That was a very creditable performance of yours yesterday." That gave me confidence for the operations next year, in which I showed the weakness of the east end of the Portsmouth line, and how easy it would be to cut off the water-supply at Portsmouth.

I had a more ambitious scheme, which passed the Horse Guards, but the Admiralty did not see their way to sanctioning it on account of the number of small craft which would come and very probably cause an accident. The Isle of Wight being within the dangerous zone for the dockyard, I wished to direct attention to such an excellent landing-place for an enemy as Sandown Bay, which was then very inadequately protected. My scheme was for a naval attack by the Channel and Reserve Squadrons on the solitary fort there, and a disembarkation against such troops as could be spared—a naval counter-attack to come from Portsmouth. The surrounding hills would have given a magnificent site for those looking on. It would have been a grand spectacle, and I thought a useful one.

When at Portsmouth a circumstance came to my knowledge showing how very careless our authorities in London were in keeping as secret as possible the plans of our defences. One day it was arranged that there was to be a grand visit by some eminent

personages to the Spithead forts. The German naval attaché requested permission to go also: this was referred to the War Office and refused. He told me he regretted not being allowed to go. His visit could have done no harm, as he already knew all the details of the forts. I asked him how he managed it. He told me that he happened to be sailing out to Spithead one day when the forts were being built. He went up alongside one of them, when a man there, possibly a small canteen-keeper, asked if he would like to buy some ginger-beer which he had for sale; so he went up and over everything. Doubtless he was not the only foreign officer who had done the same. It is to be hoped he was not invited to buy ginger-beer in one of the great land batteries, or his naval eye would at once have seen that the 18-ton guns in it were mounted behind 12-ton shields, and that in consequence they could not be used for anything but very short ranges, as the chase of the guns came against the shields, which were too low for them as soon as elevation was attempted. The Royal Engineers supplied the shields, but the Royal Artillery put in the guns. I noticed this on my first visit to the battery in question, because, some four years before, I saw the same thing in a battery, since dismantled, on the Almeida at Gibraltar. A day or two after I had noticed this I was talking the matter over with some of my gunner friends who were inspecting this Almeida battery, when I said I saw a way out of the difficulty. "How?" they asked. "Why, put the sights underneath, and reverse them." "But how on earth would you so use them?" "Easy enough," I replied. "Get a light-headed

gunner who can work with his heels in the air instead of his head. There are some such men in the regiment." Fortunately there were no loose rocks handy, or I might have suffered !

I always look back on the five years at Portsmouth as the most interesting and pleasantest time of my life. All the staff worked together as one man, and as for our general, Prince E., none could ever have been more popular. We on his staff became devotedly attached to him. The hospitality and kindness of the general and Princess E., were unbounded. The thoughtful care of our princess for the soldiers' wives and children left behind on our hands, occasionally for weeks at a time, was something to remember. It was by her influence that the army obtained that most useful institution at Portsmouth—viz., a woman's hospital, for those invalids who were unable to stand the journey to Netley or their homes. Wards for invalid officers were also then established at Netley.

For five months of the year I might almost be said to have lived in the dockyard, in connection with the Indian, Imperial and hired troop service. As many as 60,000 men, women and children have passed through my hands in a year. Having to act on my own responsibility when anything occurred out of the ordinary run of events was particularly agreeable to me, more especially as I was always backed up by the admiral and the navy, no matter how much out or beyond regulations I considered it necessary to act.

During the autumn of 1880 I managed to get away for a fortnight to the French manoeuvres. I had no letters of introduction as in Spain ; but on

calling on the French general, saying I should be glad to have permission to be with his corps, for the purpose of picking up all the professional information I could, he at once very kindly gave me leave. I had as a companion an old friend doing correspondent's work. I, so to say, attached myself to the 8th Regiment of infantry, going with them everywhere from daylight until the evening, and soon made some pleasant acquaintances with reserve men—barristers and such like. Some of their billeting experiences were most amusing, but the one who capped all was a friend who had been billeted on a *sage-femme*. The officers did not seem so keen as ours are when out at manœuvres; and the men used to talk a good deal about getting back to their *foyers*, carefully calculating how much longer they would have to serve: but that must naturally be the case in all conscript armies. I afterwards found it was so with the Germans also. The troops were worked uncommonly hard, almost, if not quite, as much as if they had been on active service. There were no dry canteens and waggon-loads of beer following, as at our manœuvres, as if for the express purpose of making our men helpless, and teaching them “how not to do it” on active service. I could not help being struck with the way my French acquaintances, taken from their ordinary civil-life occupations, managed, heavily laden as they were, to do the long marches and tiring manœuvres across country. Dead tired as they must have been, it was grand to observe how rapidly the shooting line was formed and the supports in the right place as soon as the enemy opened on us. As in the Crimea and China, it was worth seeing how quickly

fires were lighted and food got ready during the middle-of-the-day halt. Public disclosures a few years ago show something very wrong in the administration of the French army, but if France in days to come produces a Cromwell or Napoleon, the carefully organised Germans would find the French army could not be disposed of as in 1870.

CHAPTER X.

NINTH VOYAGE. INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, EGYPT.

DURING my last year at Portsmouth—viz., 1881—when the Duke made his usual autumn inspection, there was so much going on that I was unable to get a chance of an interview with the quartermaster-general, Sir G. W., which I much wished for; but as he left with the headquarter staff for town, I requested him to read a little memo which I gave him about Egypt, where matters were approaching a crisis. It was an outline of the paper I had written in 1875, with reference to an advance on Cairo *via* the Canal and Ismailia. Towards the end of the year the chances of our having to interfere in Egypt became so evident that I thought it would be a move in the right direction if I paid another visit to that country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the military resources of a possible enemy, so that in the event of hostilities I might have a fair chance of being employed on active service. With this view I went to town and saw the quartermaster-general on the subject of getting six weeks' leave: I had some two months due to me, and I thought I might combine business with pleasure, shooting snipe in the Delta. My leave was arranged, and I was directed to call at

Adair House before leaving. My proposed trip met with the approbation of the chief there, who exclaimed, "Thank goodness you are going! We wanted to send out two officers some time ago, but it was forbidden." I mentioned that as I was going out at my own expense, snipe-shooting, no one could interfere with me, or even know where I had gone, and I should be only too pleased to be of use to my old department. An Indian troopship happened to have a vacant cabin in pandemonium—the lower deck, so much despised by subalterns: this, a naval friend, a retired admiral who had agreed to go with me, and I occupied, and thought how luxurious it was compared with what we had known in our younger days.

We landed at Port Said the end of January, and as a good deal of special information with regard to the capabilities of that place had to be recorded, we remained there some days. I had several cases of ammunition with me, all very legibly marked as such; we were consequently looked on as very keen sportsmen. Snipe were not plentiful near the town, but we had other business to occupy us; amongst that work, the possibility of the Canal being wilfully blocked in places, and the means of clearing it had to be considered. A naval friend, I found, was similarly employed at the Suez end. I commenced at Port Said, and when making my observations on the Canal bank, I made a curious discovery. An easterly gale came up very rapidly and at last was so strong, driving the sand from the dry far side into my face, that I had to cease work. Next morning the wind having a good deal gone down, I went on the Canal bank again, when, to

my astonishment, I noticed that Lake Menzaleh on the west side of the Canal had disappeared beyond the horizon in that direction, and that the Arabs were walking on the mud where the day before large boats had been floating. When thinking over this extraordinary effect of wind on shallow water, it suddenly flashed upon me that I was witnessing a similar event to that which had taken place between three and four thousand years ago, at the time of the passage of the so-called Red Sea by the Israelites. Subsequently, when I had time for it, I examined the shores of the Bitter Lakes, and came to the unquestionable conclusion that the Red Sea of Pharaoh's day extended to the head of the Bitter Lakes, and it was there the passage took place, and that the description of it in Exodus is literally correct, word for word. I need hardly say the usually accepted Sunday-school picture of a number of people running through what looks like a deep railway cutting is not what really happened. The crossing was evidently by a broad shallow belt—cleared by the east wind—which would permit of the immense crowd of people and animals getting over in the time stated. I went fully into the subject in a public lecture in London, at which the savants declared I had proved my case, and solved a problem which had puzzled the world for many centuries. The lecture was widely discussed, one post bringing me two newspapers, one from Bengal, the other from New Orleans, both concurring in the correctness of the idea brought forward.

Ismailia was the next place where I thought it advisable to try for snipe. As that town might be required for a base of operations, we were a few

days there : our bags were not great, but nevertheless sufficient to impress the people with whom we were brought in contact. In the following August I happened to be again at our old lodgings in the Hotel des Bains ; I was then in uniform. Our former acquaintance, the Arab waiter, beckoned me to the corner of the building—" Ah ! monsieur était ici en hiver pour la chasse aux bécassines " ; and then pointing to the troop-boats landing the soldiers, " Voilà vos bécassines ! " The next place visited was Tel-el-Kebir, at that time without intrenchments, with the exception of a line of an old shelter-trench : we went simply for the shooting, which was splendid. It was not until I had been to Cairo and got behind the scenes that I discovered what the intention of the Egyptian War Office was with regard to the position at Tel-el-Kebir ; then I paid another and much longer visit to the place.

Unfortunately my companion got a chill in the marshes, which brought out a bad attack of malarial fever, from which he had formerly suffered, so we had to go to Cairo for medical advice : the end of it was the admiral had to go home, and I was left to continue my work alone. By great good luck I made the acquaintance of Mr. C. B. Alexander, who had come over from the United States for the winter, and who was also staying at Shepheard's. This acquaintance in due time became a firm friendship, which has existed between us to this day. I happened in course of conversation, when talking about Egyptian soldiers, to say I had not yet seen how they lived in barracks. Alexander mentioned this to General Stone, a fellow-countryman, chief of the staff of the Egyptian army, who very kindly

arranged for our visiting the Abdin barracks, and an inspection of the infantry brigade stationed there. I came to the conclusion that as I had no uniform, we ought to make up for our being in plain clothes by the magnificence of our equipage; so I hired the smartest turnout I could get in Cairo, and, with running footmen covered with gold embroidery, we drove up in state to review Arabi's troops, just three months before hostilities began by the massacre of Alexandria. After the review I had the officers assembled and made them a grandiloquent speech in French, in which I am afraid I rather embroidered history, about our having in former days "*combattu l'ennemi côte à côte sous l'ombre des Pyramides*," etc. At the end of it one of the officers said certainly soldiers were all brothers, but we were Christians, and they were Mohammedans. "*Oui, c'est vrai*," I answered; "*mais avec soldats il n'y a pas beaucoup de différence entre les deux religions. La grande différence est ceci: vous avez deux femmes, moi, je n'ai qu'une. J'en ai, je crois, le dessus*." This very much amused the officers. I then said, "*Peut-être messieurs les officiers se trouveront un jour en Angleterre; il me ferait grand plaisir de les recevoir chez moi*." A rather extensive order, considering the size of my little house at Southsea, but in the East a trifling exaggeration is permissible.

I afterwards went over the barracks, going everywhere. No English quarters could have been cleaner or in better order, but at that time the Egyptian army had an energetic American officer as chief of the staff. The state of filth of these same barracks when the Egyptian officers were left to themselves

during the war was something indescribable. As I was in the Abdin barracks, I thought it just as well to make a mental calculation of the number of British troops they could accommodate : five months afterwards my calculation proved to be correct. When examining the men's rifles—my inspection was as minute as if the regiment had been my own—I noticed that the inside of the barrels shone like glass. On inquiry I was told that, being in a dry climate, oil was unnecessary on any part exposed to the air : oil would at once have made them unserviceable when used in the sandy desert. This I specially reported, but my caution was not attended to until after our first fight at Kassassin, when I again brought the matter to the notice of the commander-in-chief in Egypt, and a general order was issued forbidding the use of oil. That evening I dined with our agent-general, Sir Edward Malet : he was much amused at my cheek in getting Arabi to allow me to inspect his troops.

Soon after arriving in Cairo I became aware, from the exceedingly critical state of affairs, that before long we should, if only for the purpose of protecting the Suez Canal, be obliged to occupy the country : it therefore became clearly my duty to obtain as quickly as possible every information connected with the Egyptian army and its powers of resistance. Little did the 200 or 300 English visitors then in Cairo know what volcanic soil they were on. The decided language in which the Egyptian officer stated we were Christians and they Mohammedans gave me something to think about. What I considered not improbable was a sudden rising as in India in 1857 ; so I secretly worked

out a plan for the concentration of the English in Cairo, and selected a place where I thought it possible we might hold out until relieved. A fortnight afterwards, when at Alexandria, I suggested to the responsible official there a similar plan for that town, and drew up a rough scheme for the place selected. Unfortunately my precautions had not been attended to when the massacre took place in June.

The task I had now in front of me was no small one. There are legitimate and, so to say, illegitimate ways of obtaining information, and, as an English officer who had been so kindly received by the chief staff officer of the Egyptian army, I was determined to do nothing which could be considered in any way derogatory to my profession. Possibly it was this very line I took which enabled me to get all the information I required. On one occasion I thought the chief of the staff was lifting the curtain rather too high, so I said to him plainly, "You must not tell me too much. You and I may be on opposite platforms before long." He laughed, saying, "When I am abroad, I keep my eyes open, and I guess you do the same." To sum up: I was able in my report to give not only a full detailed account of everything connected with the army—its guns, arms, stores, magazines, factories, what was on order in Europe, and what their scheme of defence was: I was also able to examine and give an account of the state of the forts at Alexandria, and along the coast, with the nature and number of their guns, etc.

I managed to get an excellent French map of the Delta, which was of great use to me in reporting on the military value of the railways, the Cairo,

Ismailia, and Suez fresh-water canal, means of communication, etc. The supplies of food, forage, transport, etc., had also to be fully tabulated. Trout-fishing and snipe-shooting are useful accomplishments. At Cairo I found geologising came in handy, particularly on the Mokattan Heights, where I was able to locate there the proper position for a breaching battery against the Mokattan fort, which commanded the citadel, and also a place where the wall of the citadel could have been escalated, had the storming of it been necessary ; but the citadel was a trifle, as regards its importance, compared with the rapid capture of Alexandria at the commencement of hostilities.

With that object in view, I first of all examined the west coast in the vicinity of the place where Napoleon landed, but the proximity of forts and other works which had been constructed, rendered a landing there impracticable ; so I tried the east at Aboukir Bay, where Abercrombie disembarked. That was too far off ; but I saw that, although not a very good one, the shore at Ramleh would do as a landing-place, particularly in the morning, before the usual midday onshore wind sprang up. The waterworks hill, which was close to, gave a splendid position : once in possession of that, the whole narrow peninsula below it, bordering on the lake, on which were the road and railway from Alexandria to Cairo, would be under our fire, and every soldier in Alexandria in our power. I worked out the necessary calculations, and came to the very decided opinion that 3000 infantry, with half a dozen ship's field-guns and Nordenfeldts, could hold the position between Ramleh and the lake so strongly that no

force of Egyptian troops from Alexandria could turn them out. Deprived of fresh water, and the usual daily food-supplies from outside, the garrison of Alexandria, and all the Egyptian officials there, must in a few days have surrendered.

The capture of the four colonels, who were simply making use of Arabi as a figurehead, and who in July were with him in Alexandria, would in every probability have ended the "military operations." In my report I stated the professional value of the principal officers. Opposite Arabi's name I wrote, "An ignorant fanatic, with some crude ideas about liberty." One of the four colonels was believed to have military ability, but he really had none. No Egyptian officer, except one, Raschid Pasha, a Circassian, who had served in the Turkish army during the Servian war, Cretan rebellion, etc.,—his *sobriquet* was "White Moustache,"—showed any real professional knowledge. The selection of the position at Tel-el-Kebir was a great mistake. A few miles farther back there was a position which would have been a difficult nut for us to crack. In my report I stated as follows with reference to the Tel-el-Kebir line which the Egyptian War Office had decided on: "If defeated, they would certainly lose all their artillery, and it is more than probable the fellaheen soldiers would avail themselves of such a favourable opportunity for disbanding and returning to their homes." That is exactly what took place on the 13th September. In my report I also mentioned that the black troops and the long-service garrison artillery would prove themselves to be good soldiers. This they certainly did. As for the fellaheen under Egyptian officers,

I stated what Gordon told me about them in the Soudan—viz., that they were trash, and that when difficulties arose, they used to come to him beseeching to be sent back to Khartoum.

As the position at Tel-el-Kebir had been decided on by the Egyptian War Office to resist any hostile force coming from the direction of the Canal, I went down there again for more snipe. I managed to find quarters at Zagazig, an important railway junction that required examination. There I made the acquaintance of the local head of the Telegraph Department, Clarke (now, alas ! no more), who afterwards was my right-hand man in my special work. For his invaluable services I got him recommended at the end of the campaign for a C.M.G., which he received. I afterwards put up at the small house of a most hospitable and kind-hearted French lock-keeper on the sweet-water canal near Tel-el-Kebir. Here I met a young Bedouin sheik, a keen sportsman, who spoke English. I also got on good terms with several of his tribe, who were most useful to me after hostilities commenced, when I was in charge of the Intelligence Department. The quiet observing power of these sons of the desert is wonderful. The young sheik told my friend Clarke some time afterwards he could not quite make me out. I was evidently thinking of something else besides shooting : he noticed I did not always fire at birds getting up within easy shot, and once he noticed me walking with the step of a land-measurer. I was keen about duck as well as snipe, and got capital flight-shooting in the dusk of the evening. This puzzled my native friends, who said I was a curious man, shooting snipe by day,

but going out alone on the marshes at night to shoot ducks by starlight. In a short time the Bedouins became specially friendly. One who was going with a lot of camels across the canal into Syria was anxious that I should go also : he said that with him I should be quite safe, and I could get grand shooting. On finishing my work at Tel-el-Kebir I returned to Shepheard's, examining on the way up every canal-lock and position between Tel-el-Kebir and Cairo. As soon as I arrived there, an English official who knew what I was about said, "Look out for yourself, and be uncommonly careful with any letters you write home, because an English officer, who, by the way, had passed the Staff College, coming through Cairo, tried to inspect some military store buildings in a way he should not have done, and also made some very injudicious inquiries at a hotel frequented by foreigners, and finished up by posting a letter containing what he thought was useful information, and directed it to a friend at 'The Intelligence Department' in London." This, my informant heard, was noticed in the post-office and opened. I let him know that I was not quite such a fool. I did not say how I sent my weekly budgets to the quartermaster-general, W. They were under cover to a clergyman, and I was particularly careful never to post them myself : an acquaintance, casually asked to do so, usually shoved them into the hotel box, under my eye, with a handful of his own. My letters to my wife I posted as conspicuously as possible : they were full of details of my wonderful shooting.

There was one place I considered I ought to examine, and that was Damietta, which might come

within the sphere of possible operations. As the details of my trip there are possibly amusing, I venture to mention them. There had been a fanatical outbreak at Damietta shortly before, and I knew that if I spoke to Sir Edward Malet he would forbid my risking it; but I came to the conclusion that without an inspection of that place my work would not be complete, so I started off alone. On the way there I had to stop at an important railway junction on the Damietta line, and whilst totting up its sidings and making a rough sketch of part of it, I saw the stationmaster looking rather curiously at me. At once I beckoned him to come to me. I then pointed to some broken iron sleepers on the line and sharply asked him in French why he had not had them repaired; they had evidently been broken some time. He nervously made some excuse. I then sternly demanded to know if he reported to P. at Cairo about the coupling breaking on the train that morning. He had not done so, but would. I then gave him to clearly understand that if he wished to remain a stationmaster he would have to do his duty better.

My special reason for going to Damietta was to see what the black troops there were like, and to go down the river to find if any works were being constructed at the mouth. A bogus examination of the lighthouse would have answered my purpose, but the consular agent at Damietta, on whom I relied, was in such a nervous state as to what might happen to himself that he would do nothing to help me about a boat; but, thanks to my excellent glasses and the minaret of a mosque, I managed

to see all I wanted. The difficulty was to get up that minaret with the guardian of the mosque close to the bottom: he was quite indignant when a man from the inn who could speak English asked him to allow me to go up to see the view. My friend from the inn gradually got the guardian away from the minaret, when I rapidly ran up the stairs, and with my glasses made an inspection of the mouth of the river, and satisfied myself no earth had been disturbed there. The irritation of the mosque-keeper was intense when I got down: however, to appease his wrath, I offered him a piastre ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) This he scorned, but a second, after some haggling, quieted him. Had I offered him a dollar or two, his suspicions would probably have been aroused. I managed to get all the information I required about Damietta—trade, stores, water-supply, garrison, etc. There were only two English amongst the 30,000 inhabitants.

I got some good snipe-shooting in the marshes, but during the three days I was there I felt myself shadowed by rather a pleasant-looking individual; and when I remarked that "*la chasse aux bécassines est magnifique ici*," my friend, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "*Mais, monsieur, je ne suis pas chasseur*." Possibly he fancied that to keep him quiet I might have mistaken him for a snipe. In the East officials do not stick at trifles, so I was careful at the *table d'hôte* of our little inn only to take some of those dishes to which my shadow helped himself. I took care to make my own cocoa; coffee made by other people is not always wholesome. By night as well as by day my gun and cartridges were handy.

One morning I got a wire from M. saying he wished to see me at once. He had found out where I was, and I thought had become anxious and wished to recall me. When I arrived in Cairo, he said he was glad to see me safe back, but he had sent for me to give me a telegram from Lord Granville, that I was to do certain work in Egypt for the Intelligence Department. I asked M. to wire back from me, "Work finished, will return on Thursday if not stopped." As no wire came to stop me, I set off for Port Said to get the Messageries boat to Marseilles. Before leaving Cairo I confidentially settled with the head of the English railways there, P., that if hostilities did imminently threaten, he should have as much rolling-stock at Suez as possible, and arrange with some reliable person to have an accident which would prevent the engines and carriages being easily got away. I also devised a sporting-letter cipher with Clarke at Zagazig, in which snipe, duck, sand-grouse, etc., meant something very different. He was to report anything doing at Tel-el-Kebir. When at Port Said I examined the narrow strips of beach for ten miles or so east and west of the mouth of the Canal. Any troop-landing on the east was quite out of the question. The mud-crust, when I walked on it, waved up and down like thin ice: I easily pushed my stick through it into liquid mud underneath. I was amused to find that the ubiquitous German officer had been along the strip of shore only the year before. On the west side I got as far as the opening by Fort Gemil, a place which had to be taken into consideration from its proximity to Port Said, and the possibility of a *coup de main* from there to

capture Port Said and block the Canal, for which I ascertained a number of small torpedo dynamite mines were ready. Going on board the Marseilles steamer I had an amusing adventure. The commissaire was nervous and excited. I happened to be followed along to where the commissaire was by a French lady. On my asking the commissaire for my cabin, he said, "Voilà la cabine pour le major et sa femme." I remarked, "Cette dame n'est pas ma femme. Ma femme est en Angleterre." "Cela m'est égal," replied the commissaire. "Je n'ai pas une autre. C'est la cabine pour monsieur et madame." The lady's startled look was amusing. Needless to say, I had the cabin to myself.

My report met with the approbation of the authorities. I could not help being hugely delighted on meeting in St. James's Street, the day after my report went in, the new quartermaster-general, Sir A. Herbert. His first words were, "That is a splendid report of yours." H.R.H. directed an official letter to be written expressing his satisfaction :—

"HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, *June 1882.*

"SIR,—His Royal Highness Commanding-in-Chief has read with great interest the report on Egypt prepared for the Intelligence Department by Major Tulloch, Welsh Regiment, D.A.Q.M.G. at Portsmouth.

"His Royal Highness is aware that, owing to the state of affairs in Egypt, Major Tulloch must have experienced many difficulties in obtaining the information contained in his report, and that had he not acted with great tact and discretion

it would have been impossible for him to have collected the details which have made it most valuable.

"I am directed to request that you will be so good as to convey to Major Tulloch his Royal Highness's high appreciation of the excellent work that officer has done.

" A. HERBERT,

" *Quartermaster-General.*

"To Lieut.-General PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR,
" Commanding Southern District."

The report was printed by the War Office confidential press in May, and in June, after the massacre at Alexandria, copies were given to the Cabinet Ministers, and also sent to the French and Indian governments. I was repaid my actual expenses—a little over £100—from, I understood, the Consolidated Fund. It was a great personal satisfaction to me that I had done what was right in getting, on my own initiative, information which ultimately proved to be so useful.

CHAPTER XI.

TENTH VOYAGE. MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

WHEN the news of the massacre at Alexandria in June arrived I happened to be in London, attending at the Admiralty about that portion of my report referring to the protection of the Canal and the necessity for the gunboats patrolling it having their tops fitted for machine-guns to fire over the banks. When there I happened to say to Sir Cooper Key, the First Sea Lord, "Should the admiral want a spare foretop man, I am ready." Next day I again went to the Admiralty to explain in every detail my scheme for the proposed landing at Ramleh, taking over with me from the U.S. Institute the account of Abercrombie's expedition, which had an excellent plan of the Alexandria peninsula. The first words Sir Cooper Key said were, "You had better go down to the War Office at once; we have applied for you to be attached for duty with the commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet." On going into the details of the proposed scheme for capturing Alexandria, I pointed out that Arabi would have a number of leading Europeans in his power, and that he would have to be somehow informed that he had to answer for them with his own life. "Ten for one, commencing with

Arabi," was the answer Sir Cooper Key gave. I could have given a cheer, so delighted was I with the strong naval backbone showing itself as usual. At the War Office I first of all saw the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and went again with him very fully into the details of my proposed scheme for the capture of Alexandria.

From the adjutant-general I went to Mr. Childers' room, who informed me what I was required for. H.R.H. then came in and also told me that I was to report myself to Sir Beauchamp Seymour, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. I said I had better at once take the first train to Portsmouth to get my things. H.R.H. said, "You have not time; it is now two o'clock; your train for Brindisi leaves at eight." So I wired to my wife that I was off that night to join the Mediterranean Fleet, and to send up my servant at once to meet me at Victoria Station, with my blue patrol-jacket uniform, sword, revolver, and some under-clothing. I then went to Cox's for money and to the Opera Arcade for sponge, tooth-brushes, shirts, collars, etc., in case my servant did not arrive in time. Fortunately he got up just as the train was starting and threw my little portmanteau into the carriage. In forty-eight hours I was at Brindisi, and three days afterwards reported myself to the admiral in my Piccadilly suit, black hat, and umbrella, just as I had left London. The world did not contain a happier individual than I was at that moment. No officer of my standing ever before could have had a grander appointment, and that regularly under the pennant I loved so well.

The massacre had produced a general stampede of the Christians in Egypt. Greeks and Italians by the thousand, with their wives and children, were pouring into Alexandria, and being shipped off to Europe by us, that energetic naval officer, Charlie B. of the "Condor," superintending the embarkation arrangements. After an interview with the admiral, I went at once to the British Consulate to see if everything in the way of defence was right. The consul had been badly wounded, and barely escaped with his life on the afternoon (massacre commenced about 3 or 3.30 P.M.) of the 11th June, which proved fatal to so many. I found a marine officer in charge, and everything ready. A telephone wire and cable connected the Consulate with the flagship in the harbour, the barracks and forts were full of troops, and it was very evident that Arabi and his crew meant to make the place too hot for us. Passing the low sea-battery of Mex on our way into the harbour, I noticed that it was in a different state from when I last saw it in March: everything was ready for action there. I was not long in getting, so to say, behind the scenes: it was really war now, and I did not hesitate to use all means in my power to get the information I wanted. I had full authority to draw for any sum I required for the special service I was on. Amongst other matters, I found an agent for torpedo-mine exploding material had just left for Europe after a conference with Arabi & Co. I put salt on that individual's tail by a wire that he bore a striking resemblance to one of the Phoenix Park murderers, for whose apprehension there was a reward of £1000. The agent was not seen again in Egypt.

The morning after my arrival an amusing incident occurred which put me at once *en rapport* with the fleet. At daybreak, when the decks were being washed, I was up as usual, with bare feet, and as the weather was hot, had on only a thin flannel singlet and a pair of loose white trousers. Suddenly I saw the light just right for getting a good view of a battery on Ras-el-Tin, which was very indistinct at other times. I ran down to my cabin, slung my glasses over my shoulder, and almost before I was aware of it, found myself running up the main rigging sailor fashion, as I had often done in my younger days, and over the futtock shrouds into the maintop, where I made my observations. Before coming down I noticed the men washing decks were looking up at me in amazement: this great military swell was really only a sailor after all. When I got on deck the first lieutenant said he would not have run up the rigging barefoot, as I had just done, for a £5 note. I heard this little escapade of mine was semaphored all over the fleet that morning, and had a very good effect as far as I was concerned.

My quarters were on board the "Invincible," my name being—I was pleased to find—regularly entered on the books as belonging to her. I had an excellent cabin, and lived with Captain Molyneux. To the best of my recollection, the "Monarch" and "Penelope" were not in the inner harbour with us when I arrived. I think they joined us afterwards, but we had three or four gunboats, the "Condor" being one of them. The admiral lived for the time being on board the "Helicon," where there was a daily conference. The flag-captain, H.,

I found signed himself chief of the staff. "Well, Hotham," I said, "if you take a shore rank, I consider I am fully entitled to take a sea one, and sign myself flag-major," which I assumed as my proper status. A kinder, more hospitable, or more delightful chief to serve under could not possibly exist than my admiral, Sir Beauchamp. We had another admiral close to, Conrad, whose flagship was the French iron-clad, the "*Victorieuse*," which was also in the inner harbour: everyone liked him immensely. He always insisted on putting Mac in front of my name; why, I never could make out. To keep my chief well posted up in the Egyptian preparations was my principal duty: this necessitated a good deal of shore work. I was cautioned by certain politicals to take care of myself, and was in consequence always ready for accidents. My growing naval beard and the curious plain clothes I managed to procure were apparently sufficient. A little Arab boy did, however, recognise me. Wanting backsheesh as usual, he said with a grin, "I see you shooting Damietta." One morning when at the Marina I happened to ask a Gippy officer my way out: he took me for someone else. I followed him, thinking he was guiding me to the street, when he suddenly ushered me into a room where Arabi and all his crew were assembled in some sort of conference: to make a low bow and clear did not take me long.

All this time our politicals and the admiral were in constant telegraphic communication with the Government at home, whose motto seemed to be, "Peace at any price." We saw clearly enough what it would all end in, but the Government were

apparently of the same mind as the proverbial ostrich. One morning when I was engaged writing on board the "Invincible," a tall thin subaltern of engineers named Kitchener came to see me : he had got a few days' leave from his general at Cyprus, and as he could speak Arabic, had come to see if he could be of any use to me. "Certainly," I replied ; "I hope you will be able to stay with me." The following day a cipher message from the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet, arrived. (I should mention that I had arranged a cipher code of my own in case he wished to communicate directly with me : I chose a very simple number, so that in the event of the paper with it being lost, it could be found in the Army List. The number was that of my regiment and my age last birthday.) I could make nothing of the message although both K. and I worked it in every conceivable form. Evidently there had been some carelessness on the part of the person who had undertaken to forward it, so a query was sent *via* the Admiralty in their cipher. The answer delivered to me next morning at daybreak was to the effect that I must not speak to newspaper correspondents about my scheme for capturing Alexandria, as it was all in a telegram from the 'Times' correspondent, then on board one of the P. and O. ships lying in the harbour. My indignation at the idea of my speaking to anyone except my chief about my scheme was extreme ; so I dashed off at once to the P. and O. ship "Tangore," where I found Moberly Bell, the 'Times' correspondent, whom I had not before even seen. He was fast asleep, and rather startled at being woke up at 5 A.M. He told me that an officer on the

American man-of-war then in harbour had pointed out the grand results of an attack exactly similar to the one I had worked out, and he had wired it home. Nothing more was said or suggested, and, as I expected, the matter was forgotten, and Arabi & Co. made no preparations whatever to meet an attack which would, if carried out, have been their destruction. When I first arrived I found the idea was that we might have to fight where we were at anchor in the harbour: the French were then to act with us, and I did not at all like the situation. Opposite, on our starboard broadside, the shore, with the Ras-el-Tin guns and garrison, was much too close; astern of us at 700 yards was the Marina, with its garrison; but what I disliked most of all on the port side was the high quarantine fort, 1200 yards off, which could fire right down on our decks. I ventured to suggest that if we were to fight as a fort we ought to have greater protection from a raking fire from the Marina than cables piled across the deck would give; so 10,000 sand-bags were at once got from Malta. Subsequently, when we left the harbour to fight outside of it, I was certain the move was one in the right direction.

Arabi's preparations in mounting more guns and adding to the parapets of his batteries could not be allowed to go on, so he got a letter from the admiral that the preparations against us must cease. To this he^{replied} he was really not aware more guns were being mounted, etc., and would stop it at once; that he was not well acquainted with the armaments of the forts, but if the admiral wished for information about them, he should ask Major Tulloch, because Major Tulloch really knew far more about the forts

than he, Arabi, did. I could not help being really delighted at such a professional compliment.

The following day a letter arrived from the adjutant-general, Sir Garnet, about the possibility, or rather impossibility, of an advance from Alexandria *via* the Nile to Cairo, if a land campaign were necessary. Someone at headquarters still fancied that route. By this time the Nile was so high that, even if there had been no canal in Ismailia, an advance by that way would have been very difficult: Napoleon's march was in the dry season. To be certain that the ground was unfit, I got the chief engineer of the railways, Wright, to run up as far as the bridge of Kaffir Zyat, eighty miles up the line, on an express engine. From what he said it was evident the country was now quite unfit for a march by the suggested route; but on thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion Sir Garnet would be better pleased if I reported to him that I had satisfied myself about the matter by a personal examination. Therefore I decided to go up the line in disguise. The admiral did not at all like the risk of my doing so, but I said I considered it a matter of duty, so arranged to slip into the Suez train with the mail passengers next afternoon, got up as a Levantine official. I did not like cutting off my naval beard, and rather amused K. by saying, as I brushed it out before clipping it for shaving: "Well, K., I wonder if this also"—pointing to my throat—"will be cut to-day." In the morning I had been with our politicals in their room in the town in my usual dress: in the afternoon, before starting, I walked into their room again. The first exclamation was, "What on earth does this

confounded Gippy want in here ? ” It was some time before I was recognised, so I thought my disguise would do. As I had just had two special warnings they were on the watch for me on shore, I had to be careful. When a reconnaissance has to be made, there should always be at least two, to give a chance of one getting back with the required information ; so K. went with me in the same train. He, like the rest of the passengers, was safe enough, but I knew that if recognised I should not get far. Arrived at Kaffir Zyat, I made out that I was suddenly so overcome with a painful complaint I must return for special medical advice to Alexandria ; but when K., who remained to help the invalid, inquired about the exact time our train would leave, it was decidedly unpleasant to find that our expected return train had been taken off, and that there was but one more train to come that evening. It was the last run by the European administration, and brought the few remaining English from Cairo. I thought it advisable to keep out of sight as much as possible until the train arrived, and got a couch in a room in the station-master's house. Having plenty of cigarettes, I was comfortable enough, but I knew my chief would be in a great state of anxiety at my not returning at the expected time. How to communicate my situation to him over the Egyptian wires was the difficulty, until a happy thought struck me ; so I got the following message sent to the P. and O. agent, who had given me the through ticket, “ Inform head of firm train taken off, but will send cotton by the next.” C., the agent, was very puzzled, but the meaning of the message suddenly flashed

on him, and he was quietly able to relieve the admiral's anxiety. When the train came in I saw one of the Europeans recognised me, but a quick sign was sufficient. The invalid and his companion had a carriage to themselves.

Arabi's people soon heard about my little trip. Seven days afterwards a fair-complexioned Syrian was noticed in the train at Kaffir Zyat: he was taken out of the train under the impression that he was a European doing my work, and his throat cut on the platform. I doubt if Sir G. ever knew the risk I ran to get and wire him the information he required.

Arabi now made little concealment of his work on the batteries, the men in which were constantly at drill, sighting their guns on the ships in the harbour. We should, if this were allowed to go on, very possibly have met with the fate of Admiral Duckworth's squadron at Constantinople in the old French war, which had to leave rapidly and fight its way past the Dardanelles forts. The Mex fort and battery, with its Armstrong 12 and 18-ton guns and huge smooth-bores, just opposite the passage through the bar reef, would have been our Dardanelles. There were in addition to this armament no less than nine 12-ton Armstrong guns outside the gate of the fort when I examined it in March, the carriages and slides being inside the fort; and I knew there was a large store of torpedo mines there which might add to the difficulty. I was also aware of the scheme to sink boats laden with stones in the passage through this reef barrier: large boats were all ready for this at Mex. Arabi thought he would be strong enough to overpower and capture

the inshore squadron. A gunboat was told off to creep for wires at night off Mex and prevent the channel being blocked, which was about all that could be done. Owing to the absence of any high building, I was unable to get a look with my glasses inside that fort, but I managed it as regards the others, although my having done so, I heard afterwards, became known next day.

The tension of the situation was well known to the authorities at home, with whom we were in direct telegraphic communication, who seemed at last to have made up their minds we should have to engage the forts, apparently being under the extraordinary delusion that the destruction of the forts would bring Arabi and his friends on their knees. The scheme for the capture of Alexandria, with which both the Admiralty and War Office were thoroughly acquainted, would, according to the revelations in the life of the late Mr. Childers, have been considered "an act of war," whereas smashing a fort and its garrison was merely a "military operation." The protection of the Canal, for which a brigade of infantry at Cyprus was ready, was certainly a matter of great consequence: unfortunately those who had the affairs of the nation in their keeping could not bring themselves to see that an act of war in the landing of 3000 men at Ramleh to capture Alexandria and the Egyptian chiefs, whilst the fleet engaged the forts, was of very much more importance, and would have been the most certain way of protecting the Canal. Had that scheme been carried out, the destruction of Alexandria, for which Egypt had to pay an indemnity of five millions, would have been avoided, and also

the loss of life on both sides in the subsequent campaign, to say nothing of the cost of it, which had to be borne by England. The correspondence in Mr. Childers' memoirs indicates very clearly who was to blame for the terrible mistake.

During the whole of this critical time there was one individual for whose personal safety we could not help being very anxious. That was the Khedive, who was to all intents a prisoner in Arabi's hands at Ras-el-Tin. It was confidentially suggested to him that I should land at night with a picked lot of men, and bring him on board for his own safety : this he at once rejected. It was an unpleasant feeling that very possibly the first shot would mean his death : however, that must now be risked, and the time for action had arrived. Notwithstanding Arabi's promises to the contrary, he continued to strengthen his works and mount more guns. The first time the search-light was turned on the Egyptian working-parties, who were as thick as bees on the parapets, there was a great scare amongst them, the light probably being considered as a new form of projectile, some in their fright even cutting at it. Matters had now come to such a head that the admiral was obliged to send in an ultimatum demanding the surrender of one of the forts in which guns had been mounted. Arabi offered to dismount three guns ; he was informed the time was past for considering such a proposal. To atone for the construction and arming of works which so seriously imperilled the safety of the ships in harbour by dismounting three guns which could be back in their carriages in less than an hour, was rather too much. Arabi, or rather the colonels, were evidently of

opinion that they were strong enough to beat off the fleet. An answer was therefore returned, that if the fort in question was not surrendered by a certain hour, the fleet would open fire and destroy the forts.

CHAPTER XII.

ALEXANDRIA FORTS.

BEFORE the ultimatum was sent in it was ascertained that all Europeans able and willing to do so had come down to Alexandria and got on board ship: a few still remained in Cairo, and some even in Alexandria. Instructions for the fleet had also been prepared, so that when the ultimatum was sent in there was little left to do except to order all the mercantile steamers out of harbour to a position outside, where they would be safe. To our great regret, our friends of the French navy were instructed by their Government to avoid taking any part in the coming fight. We were quite strong enough to do without them, but we could not help sympathising strongly with our old allies in their vexation at being ordered by their authorities in Paris to abstain from helping us. The American man-of-war, whose crew were very keen to join in, had also, as a neutral, to go; but after we had landed and were rather hard pressed, then, in Egypt, as old Tatnall had done at the Peiho, the American blue-jackets were ashore and alongside ours.

The inshore squadron, consisting of the "Invincible" (flag-ship), "Monarch," and "Penelope," cleared for action. Being masted ships, the same precautions with regard to securing spars up aloft

had to be gone through as in the old days of the naval fights in the previous century. The gunboats, "Condor," "Bittern," "Beacon," "Cygnet," and "Decoy," had their chain-cables faked up and down on their sides to protect them as much as possible against the heavy projectiles. It was a grand sight, as we lay in the harbour, to see the steamers all file out past our broadside, leaving us alone, stripped of our superfluous gear aloft and ready for business.

The rest of the fleet—viz., the "Alexandra," "Inflexible," "Superb," "Sultan," and "Téméraire"—were outside the barrier-reef. The orders for the coming action, stated shortly, were as follows: the outer squadron steaming in line ahead were to engage the outer line of forts in succession, the gunboats to connect between the outer and inner squadrons and act as required.

That night as soon as it was dark we put out all lights, and we—that is, the "Invincible," the "Monarch," and "Penelope"—steamed quietly down past the shore batteries and took up our pre-arranged positions opposite Fort Mex. This was the enemy's strongest fort: the thick sand parapet well covered the heavy armament, consisting of, to the best of my recollection, two Armstrong 18-ton guns, three 12-ton Armstrongs, six heavy 9-inch (100 lb.) smooth-bores, and several smooth-bore 36-pounders; there were also three heavy mortars. The magazine of the fort was well covered, and in rear, on a slight rise, was a massive masonry citadel, with smaller (40-pounder) Armstrong and smooth-bores (36-pounders). Along the front of the fort was a rocky foreshore, and behind one flank a small-boat harbour.

We in the "Invincible" had a spring on our cable, so as to keep our broadside on the fort. Our armament consisted of 12-ton guns in an iron-plated casemate, with eight old-fashioned truck guns—converted rifled 64-pounders—on the quarter-deck and forward. The "Penelope," which also anchored ahead of us, was an older ship with a lighter armament. The "Monarch," which kept under weigh, had four very heavy guns in her two turrets and a small secondary armament. The heavy guns of the turrets of the "Temeraire," anchored 4000 yards outside, were also to engage Mex.

Soon after daybreak a boat with three Egyptian officers, who said they had been all night looking for us, came alongside with another proposition from Arabi, which was so absurd that they were politely told to return. The inside of our battery, with the blue-jackets stripped to the waist and ready for action, was a fine sight. The bridge was barricaded with hammocks, and here the admiral, captain, and flag-lieutenant took up their position. There I could be of no use, so suggested I should go into the maintop, where I would be able to see over the smoke and give the ranges. There was a 1-inch Nordenfeldt on the top under a midshipman named Hardy: we had no plates or hammocks to protect us, so had a clear uninterrupted view. I was amused to find two ex-naval friends in the top, lying down comfortably behind the mast: they had managed to get quietly on board. I should mention that K.'s general at Cyprus telegraphed more than once for me to send him back. I replied that I could not spare him, but on the 9th or 10th, as soon as I saw the screw of the passenger steamer

which should have taken him back, begin to turn, I wired, "Finished with K. He has been very useful, but can now return." K. in plain clothes I could not take officially, but it was arranged he should get on board and keep out of sight. At 7 A.M. the "Alexandra" was ordered to fire one gun at Ras-el-Tin fort. After a short interval this was returned by Gippies, and a general signal to commence the action was then made from the flag-ship, the "Invincible." We also began with our starboard broadside, about which I sang out to the bridge, "All short." The Gippies at once gave us a well-aimed return; they had our range exactly. I turned to the Nordenfeldt, and asked what the distance was which had been given for sighting. "1350 yards" was the answer. "That," I said, "I am certain is too little. Let the whole machine off at once, and we shall then be able to see where the bullets strike." They did so, showing that the distance was under-estimated; 1500 proved to be the right range. The first discharge from the "Monarch's" turrets also was short. This I shouted down to the bridge, and she was so informed by signal. Her next discharge was, I saw, 300 yards over. This was again signalled. We now all had the right range, and a very pretty fight went on. Marabout fort, away farther west, also joined in. This the "Penelope" answered from her port broadside; the starboard was engaging Mex. The gun-boats, the "Condor" leading, had Marabout almost to themselves: fortunately being under weigh, they were not hit. This was uncommonly lucky for them, for a single well-placed shell from the heavy rifled guns at Marabout would (as with

the gunboats at the Peiho) have sunk any one of them.

The enemy's gunners, considering the tremendous fire we poured into the Mex fort, made uncommonly good shooting, our water-line being apparently their special target. Placed as I was, I could see their projectiles strike the water some yards off, and then shoot along under the surface; but by the time they touched the ship their force was gone. During the four hours we were under fire we were only hulled about thirty times, and but one plate was started. Having abnormally good sight, I often noticed the enemy's shot coming towards us, just like cricket-balls. My companion in the top, Hardy—now, alas! with the majority—not having been under fire before, bobbed occasionally when the shot came close. I began chaffing him, when a thing like a railway train rushed past. He had then the laugh on his side. I could not help staggering back: it must have been a shell from one of the 18-ton guns, and very close to us, as it cut the signal-halliards. Oddly enough, we did not feel the wind of it: perhaps rifled projectiles are different in this respect from round-shot. Every now and then something plunged into the sea on our outer side close to the ship: it must have been a heavy shell from one of the mortars. As seen from the battery, these shells must have appeared to drop on our decks. At last I became so interested, from a gunnery point of view, that I almost wished one would drop as intended on board, so that we might see the effect of such a projectile on a ship's deck. None, however, hit us. Suddenly a large spherical shell came through the bulwarks, struck

a bollard or staunchion, and spun round on the deck. At once the men by the foremost gun saw what it was, and called out to me, "It's a shell." Without thinking what I was doing, I craned over the rail to see if the beast was fizzing. Fortunately the rap on the staunchion or bollard had knocked the fuse out, but it was a nasty thing to have on the deck, so I called to the gun's crew near it, "Pitch the damned thing overboard!" and one of the blue-jackets picked it up and trundled it down the ash-shoot into the sea. It was wonderful to see how well the Gippies stuck to their guns: more than once I saw one of our shells go square and fair into an embrasure. "That gun is finished," I thought. Not a bit of it! back came an answer in due course. The answer was so quick in one case that I could not help jumping on to the top-rail and holding on with one hand to a stay, giving a cheer, "Well done, Gippy!" much to the amusement of my friends on the deck below. Towards eleven o'clock the fire from the forts began to slacken, and as I could be of no further use in the top, came down to the quarter-deck, where the officer in charge of one of the quarter-deck old-fashioned truck guns suggested I should try my hand at fighting it. Being fairly well up in the old-fashioned naval guns, I was delighted. Working a gun on board ship, where the motion of the vessel takes the sights off the object so quickly, is very different from firing from a steady shore platform. The thick smoke from the adjoining guns I found particularly troublesome, often obscuring everything just as I was getting on to my target. When it cleared, the gun would be quite off the object; but with one's eye on the

sights and the tube-lanyard in hand, the rapid words of command I had to give,—“Muzzle right, muzzle left, elevate, raise, lower,”—and then the instant the sights were on, the word “Well,” with a sharp pull of the tube-lanyard, was most fascinating. Snipe-shooting was not in it. My target was the lightning-conductor of the low magazine, which I could distinctly see, even at 1500 yards. I found afterwards several grooved cuts on the cement roof, and concluded I had had something to do with them.

We had only seven men wounded, all inside the casemate. The “Penelope” had a curious experience: a huge round-shot hit one of her guns on the muzzle, putting it out of action. The round-shot broke into fragments, knocking over eleven men. One of these, lightly hit on the stern, was seen immediately afterwards under the would-be surgical hands of his comrade, who was trying to pick the piece of iron out with his knife. At one time the “Penelope” got it so hot, the enemy having her correct range, that her captain signalled for permission to shift berth, which he did. The “Monarch” fought under weigh: her turret armament gave her a special advantage over a broadside ship like ourselves and the “Penelope.”

About eleven o'clock the fire rapidly slackened, and then ceased entirely. Carefully examining the embrasures with my glasses, I came to the conclusion, from the position of the muzzles of the guns, that, as far as I could judge, not a single one was dismounted. Certainly, from the tremendous fire we had for four hours poured into the low-lying open fort, and the plucky way the garrison had fought

their guns, an immense number must have been killed and wounded ; but the fort seemed so quiet that I believed it had been evacuated. The reserves and what remained of the gunners might have retreated to the citadel just in rear, but I was under the impression the fort itself was empty. I mentioned all this to the admiral and Captain Molyneux, and pointed out that from the way the garrison had behaved, it was not at all unlikely another lot of blacks and coast gunners would be sent down from Alexandria during the night with more ammunition. (There was a railway from the town to Mex.) Ours was pretty well exhausted, and if the wind got up during the night we should not be able to make such good practice next day ; so I suggested going ashore, under cover of the gunboats, and spiking the guns. It was about one o'clock, whilst the rest of the fleet were still engaged with the other batteries. This the admiral concurred in, and volunteers were called for. Twelve were selected, and then, with Bradford, the gunnery lieutenant, in command, Lieut. Poore, Hedworth Lambton, and myself, we went off in the steam-cutter. The names of the twelve seamen and the four who remained in the cutter were all mentioned in Sir Beauchamp's despatch to the Admiralty which gave an account of the action with the forts. Kitchener, the tall engineer officer, had slipped down quietly into the boat also ; but Bradford said he could not take a man in plain clothes, even on the plea of being my interpreter : so K. had, to his disgust, to return on board. Just as I was going over the side the dear old admiral said, " Well, if you come back, I will recommend you for——" Just then a gun was

fired, and I did not hear for certain what he said ; but be that as it may, I could not help laughing at the words of the farewell. The gunnery lieutenant took several charges of gun-cotton, with exploders and wire, my contribution being a hammer and a bag of great nails. As I got into the boat the men in the top called down to me, " They are all round the place." The answer was, " All right ; drive them clear with your Nordenfeldt."

The admiral had called in the gunboats, which went as close to the shore as possible to cover our landing. As we got near the last of them, the " Bittern," they again told us they were all round the place, so we steamed straight for the battery. I suggested going round and in by the boat harbour, where there was a landing-place ; but Bradford preferred going straight on, as the gunboats could better protect us that way. When we got to some of the outlying rocks we stopped steaming, and then, as the day was very hot and the water looked inviting, I thought a swim would be very pleasant, so, sword in hand, slung myself overboard. It was also my duty as an " old Agamemnon " to keep up the regimental name and be first over the side where any boarding had to be done. I was rather out of breath on getting ashore, but managed to scuttle up a small breach made by our fire. When half-way up I put my foot in a shell-hole and came on my nose : the squadron, looking on, thought I was shot. I got to the crest of the parapet, when, instead of black fellows, whom I hoped to frighten into fits by a ferocious display of the regulation sword exercise, I found the fort was empty. If there were any men in the citadel, they thought

that with the gunboats so close in they had better lie low. We did not know it at the time, being so fully occupied with our work inside the fort, but we heard that an attempt to reoccupy the fort had been prevented by the gunboats. A gun-cotton charge was put into the muzzle of one of the 18-ton guns, a wire attached, and we all scrambled over the parapet, lying down outside. The gun-cotton did not injure the gun, so another method was tried. A charge was put between the cheeks of the carriage; then we took shelter as before. The carriage was found to be destroyed, and the gun dismantled. The commander of one of the gunboats told me afterwards that bits of the gun-carriage had gone out over our heads to sea and cut his rigging. Whilst Bradford was attending to the other big gun, Lambton, the gunner, and I raced off with the hammer and bag of nails to spike the great smooth-bores, which we did. I found one man had taken shelter under the first great gun I went for, but as he did not show signs of fight, we left him alone where he was. All this work was rapidly done, and then we decided that the sooner we were on board our cutter again the better. The "Bittern's" dinghy came in to help us, and as I was about done, I waded and swam out, put my sword in her stern-sheets, and got in. Just then she touched a rock: it was not long before she was match-wood, and I was swimming again. I managed to get rid of my patrol-jacket before finding myself afloat, and well it was I did so. I just succeeded in getting ashore; in a very few minutes more I should have gone under. Lambton did not apparently see me as I staggered on land,

but he caught sight of part of my cast-off jacket. "Save the major!" the dear good fellow shouted, rushing to the water, when he fortunately saw I was safe. When we got back on board the "Invincible" the delight of the admiral was extreme: he shook hands with everyone of us. I was so played out that I let my sword fall on the quarter-deck and tumbled below, where I was horribly sick. The surgeon said he could not have believed a man could have swallowed so much salt water. I did not know I had taken down a single drop. Our work was finished about half-past one. The outer squadron at first commenced the action under weigh, line ahead; but the distance they had to be away from the shore they found too great for effective fire, so they anchored and concentrated their fire on each fort in succession, but were unable to silence all the forts until about half-past three. Some of the ships were a good deal hammered, particularly the "Alexandra," which was hulled over sixty times. Only two officers were killed. I cannot remember the total casualties, but, considering the time the ships were under fire, they were small.

Just before going in to dinner the captain's servant informed me the admiral's coxswain wanted to speak to me. "Hullo, Winsor," I said, "what's up now?" "I beg pardon, sir, but you can speak to the captain and the admiral. Me and my crew—seven all told—want you to go ashore with us to-night, and we will spike all the blessed guns along the coast." To my very great regret I was obliged to reply, "If I were able I would be only too pleased to go with you, but, Winsor, I am done. You

know what a squeak of being drowned I had to-day. I have not enough strength left in me." A greater compliment from the blue-jackets I could not have received.

I was told that the steam-cutter had all the blades of her screw broken but one: she certainly was well handled in getting in among the rocks sufficiently close to shore to enable the men to land. Even then they were up to their waists. Calm at daybreak, there was a nasty wash of a sea on by one o'clock, which made our scrambling back into the cutter rather difficult. The massacre at Alexandria took place on the 11th June, the destruction of the forts which avenged it on the 11th July.

When the firing from the forts ceased, white flags were hoisted in the Ras-el-Tin battery. Some outbuildings of the palace there, just behind the guns, had been set on fire by shells going over the battery, but the fire was slight and soon burnt itself out: there was no smoke then coming from the town. Next day a battery did again open fire on the outer squadron, but was soon silenced: possibly the same would have taken place at Mex had their guns been serviceable. The outer squadron went on to the Aboukir Forts, which remained silent, with—if I recollect correctly—white flags over them, as at Alexandria. Our flag-lieutenant, Lambton, was sent in about 11 A.M. in the "Bittern" with flags of truce, and had an interview with Toulba Pasha in the arsenal, and gave him two hours to haul down colours and surrender, otherwise bombardment would recommence. At the end of the two hours, on going to the Egyptian yacht, "Marousah," for his answer, he found Toulba had fled and the

town set fire to in several places : this under cover of the flags of truce, which had evidently been made use of simply to get time to evacuate the town and then set fire to it. Until daybreak we could do nothing towards saving Alexandria, but as soon as it was light enough the inshore squadron steamed to its old anchorage in the harbour, and the outer squadron was signalled to send in landing parties : boats could not be used the day before—viz., the 12th—owing to the heavy swell which had set in during the afternoon. The streets were still in the hands of fanatical natives, who opened fire on the first landing party so strongly that a Gatling had to be landed to clear the streets near the Marina. The afternoon before we attacked the forts I received secret information that, if defeated, the Arabists intended destroying Alexandria, Damanhour, and Cairo ; but as we moved out at once from the harbour, I was unable to ascertain the truth of the statement.

I think it was the day we returned to the harbour—viz., the 13th—that the Khedive, who had been in the hands of the Arabists at Ramleh, managed to persuade those in charge to allow him to escape into Alexandria. He came in with that splendid fellow, Zorab Pasha, afterwards Sir Zorab. I believe I was the first officer they met. I happened to mention to the Khedive how vexed I was my scheme for landing at Ramleh had not been sanctioned. When I stated the number I thought necessary for the work, he exclaimed, “Three thousand ! One thousand would have been enough.” Soon after he was installed in his old quarters at Ras-el-Tin, I went there to write out orders for the different

parties of blue-jackets and marines guarding the gates of Alexandria. My orders, given as the admiral's military staff officer, were as follows: "The officer commanding the different gate guards will make frequent patrols in the vicinity of his post. Any man seen plundering is to be made a prisoner, but anyone seen setting fire to a building is to be shot on the spot." The city was still burning, and fatigue parties from the fleet were working as only blue-jackets can to stop the fires spreading. I was recommended to get my order *visé* by a Minister of the Khedive, who had somehow turned up. I sent for him: he was nervous about the order, and said he must consult the Minister of the Interior. I then gave it to him straight, when, in a great state of alarm at my language, he said at once, "I consent, I consent." This was sufficient for me, and my instructions to the guards of the gates were carried out. On my informing my chief what I had done, he at once approved. Returning to the Marina, I came suddenly on an Arnaut engaged in plundering: he seemed to have his belt full of revolvers and knives. Somehow it became a question of who was the better man: before he could whip out a revolver, I had shifted my sword to my left hand, and with my right let him have it straight under the chin, throwing my whole weight into the blow. He was a very tall man, but thin. He dropped at once—his revolver, which he had just got hold of, being jerked out of his hand by the fall. He made a clutch at another, but before he could get it out, I had my foot on his wrist and the point of my sword on his throat. "Kill him!" shouted an individual who suddenly

appeared, "or he will shoot you with the revolver." "No fear," I said; "another move and my sword goes into his throat." A couple of blue-jackets, hearing the noise, ran up to my assistance, and we took the man a prisoner on to a ship's boat. "What are you going to do with me?" the Arnaut asked through an interpreter. "Take you on board ship and hang you," I answered. "You tried to kill me." "Well," he replied, "you tried to kill me." He then informed me he was one of the Arnaut guards of a bank. He had remained guarding the bank during the burning, and had only come down for a little quiet plundering when I caught him. "Well," I said, "you did your duty by the bank, and you gave me a few minutes' amusement just now, so you can go ashore again and return to your bank." Next day I saw him with the rest of his Arnaut guards at the door of his building. He recognised me, grinning with delight, and evidently explaining to his companions the little difference we had had.

When doing my work I had other adventures with plunderers—one in which I made four natives heave to by presenting, like a revolver, an old-fashioned wooden gun-sight at them. Another was in coming suddenly on six Levantine rascals, who afterwards proved to be well armed: they were so scared by my wild, unwashed, unshaven, piratical appearance in borrowed naval garments which did not fit, that when I went for them sword in hand, they allowed themselves to be run in by me to the nearest guard without a show of resistance.

Soon after landing I went round the batteries near Ras-el-Tin. Some of the sights were decidedly

gruesome. I heard afterwards on perfectly reliable authority that the casualties amongst the blacks, garrison gunners, and infantry reserves in rear, had been over 800. Cartloads of dead were taken out of the battery during the action, but there were at last so many that a huge pit at Ras-el-Tin was dug, and they were thrown into it and earth over them: the top layer of bodies was visible in several places. The parapet had fallen over some, which could not in consequence be moved from where they had been killed. Under one gun, which had been capsized by a shell, lay the bodies of the Egyptian officer and five or six of his gallant crew. Few men could have tried to do their duty better than those who actually manned the batteries. We could not help noticing with admiration how in one case, when a gun had been dismounted, they had got shears up and tried to remount it. In another they had tried to get a gun into its place with screw-jacks, all this under the tremendous fire from the ships. At Mex there was a thick sand parapet to cover the gunners, but along the eastern batteries in many cases there were only the old stone parapets, the splinters from which alone must have caused many casualties.

Our fuses did not do well, a great number of shells not bursting. I found one of our large naval shells inside the principal powder-magazine. Another interesting circumstance was noticed, and that was the course taken by our big shells when striking the superior slope of a sand parapet. After penetrating a certain distance, the shell took a curve and went out at the top. I suggested a committee being formed to take service notes of the

effect of our fire on the different portions of the defences, guns, etc., but everyone was too busily employed. The conclusion I arrived at was that, if properly constructed shore batteries have to be attacked from the sea, special vessels, carrying very heavy howitzers, should be employed, and there should be a very ample supply of ammunition. Battleships are built to fight other battleships, and carry the proper armament for so doing, and to use such armament against shore batteries would be an unquestionable mistake. Mex was a perfectly open battery with no bomb-proof cover, and without traverses between the guns ; yet with three battleships firing into it at only 1500 yards, assisted from the turrets of a ship outside, it took four hours to silence Mex, and that was accomplished by the destruction of the *personnel*, only one single gun being so damaged as to be out of action. Had the garrison been properly protected, we should have got through our ammunition without silencing the battery.

It was a fortunate matter for us that Arabi had no energetic genius like the French officer who put Constantinople in a state of defence, and obliged Admiral Duckworth to withdraw his squadron. There were at Alexandria five 18-ton, fifteen 12-ton, and twelve 8-ton Armstrongs, complete in every way with a large supply of ammunition, nearly 100 immense smooth-bores, and about thirty heavy mortars, also with plenty of projectiles and powder. The blacks and garrison gunners were, as they proved, excellent fighting material. There was unlimited labour available, but the brain power that might have made Alexandria a diffi-

cult, if not impossible, nut for us to crack was wanting.

Arabi's forces, after retreating from Alexandria and setting fire to the town under cover of the white flags over the batteries, pulled themselves together at Kafr Dewar, a few miles from Alexandria, where they commenced intrenching. With an enemy so near, all the men who could be spared from ship duty were landed. Even then we were hard pressed ; but here, as in China nearly a quarter of a century before, our true friends of the American navy came ashore to help us.

With such a large force disembarked, I had to become a shore staff officer again. K.'s general insisted on his returning to Cyprus : could he have remained, he would have been invaluable to us. He himself did not, I am sure, know his own power : he was very retiring and diffident. Had we been aware what a genius was with us, not all the generals in the Mediterranean would have prevented our keeping him. I had many things to attend to in the way of organising our temporary departments—commissariat, transport, hospitals, fresh-water supply, and such like. There was a splendid man, Cornish, in charge of the Alexandria water-works, and as I anticipated Arabi would dam the Mahmoudia Canal, from which our water came, I had the old Roman tanks cleared out and filled. The Intelligence Department at Alexandria had to be kept going. I had Arabic type and printers on board the "Invincible" for proclamations, etc., but the work of the department required one man specially for it. I was therefore well pleased when Sir F. Goldsmid, who had been employed

in connection with the Egyptian finance, kindly consented to take it over. Phillips of the Egyptian "Gazette," and Hasseltine a civilian friend, who had been invaluable to me, and Gibson also, assisted Sir Frederick.

With so much to do, I had but little time for sleep, and had not been able to take my clothes off for several days and nights; but one night I thought I might safely do so, and had just got to sleep when a blue-jacket ran into my cabin saying the captain wanted me at once on the bridge. I ran up as I was, in that great luxury, a night-shirt. A man had just come on board, the only survivor of his guard, he said, which had been attacked at one of the gates, and, after a sharp fight, nearly all destroyed. As firing had been heard, I at first believed what the man said, but on cross-examining him, and looking into his ammunition-pouch, I came to the conclusion that what he said had to be taken with a very large amount of salt. It eventually turned out that the alarm and firing had been the result of a scare produced by some refugees trying to get into the town during the night. The admiral, however, considered we ought to be reinforced, the strain of the duties being excessive; so a fast despatch-boat was sent to Port Said to bring up General Alison's brigade of infantry, which was still on board ship there, the "Iris" being left at Port Said to look after the Egyptian corvette and its Arabist commander, anchored in the canal. The "Iris's" crew lay alongside their guns, a message being sent to the Gippy commander that on the slightest move he would get a broadside from the "Iris."

The arrival of General A. with his staff relieved me of my shore duties. The blue-jackets and marines all returned to their ships, and I was then free for other work.

With an infantry brigade in Alexandria the place was safe enough, and as it was of great importance to draw Arabi's attention away from the canal, reconnaissances in force were made as if preparing for an attack on his intrenchments. The concentration of the European portion of the expeditionary force at Alexandria helped to keep up the delusion until everything was ready for the *coup* on the canal and advance from Ismailia.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUEZ CANAL.

My work with the fleet and the shore forces at Alexandria being now at an end, I was transferred to the "Penelope" flag-ship at Port Said, the centre of gravity, so to say, of the situation being now on the canal. My chief was Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins. His welcome as I rowed alongside was amusing. "Hullo! here's the 'Stormy Petrel.' What are we in for now?" The actual protection of the canal was, thanks to Lesseps, not a difficult matter, more especially as there was now Admiral Hewett's Indian squadron at Suez, a battleship, the "Orion," in Lake Timsah, and two battleships at Port Said. What I was specially required for was the formation of an Intelligence Department at Port Said, which should know everything about Arabi, and his military preparations to resist our getting to Cairo. By great good fortune I found an Intelligence Department almost ready made. The officials in charge of the great telegraph stations throughout Egypt were English or British subjects, who had lived years in the country, and knew all the principal Egyptian officials, and had native friends everywhere. All the telegraph officials who were British subjects had to leave their posts when the rebellion broke out. The three principal ones

remained at Port Said, where they were under the protection of our guns: by their help I not only received daily reports of what was being done everywhere in the Delta from Cairo downwards, but also copies of many of the important telegrams which passed between Arabi and his commanders. I even got copies of some of their letters: these were occasionally very amusing, showing the difficulties they had got into by their hasty unprepared outbreak. One of the first troubles of the Egyptian railway authorities was their want of coal, cotton-seed being used as a partial substitute. Of course attempts were made to get coal through Port Said for use by other nationalities, sometimes by concealing it under other cargo; but somehow information always came in which enabled us to stop it.

Arabi was very complimentary to me when he informed the admiral I knew more about his forts and batteries than he (Arabi) did. Had he been able to read the reports in my day-book on the "Penelope" at Port Said as they were written up, checked, and valued, it is possible he might again have been equally complimentary, or very much the reverse.

Had it not been for Lesseps, I was strongly of opinion that Arabi would have tried to block the canal, for which certain preparations had been made; but Lesseps, who was hand in glove with Arabi, was so furious against the English and any idea that they would dare to make use of the canal for military operations, that Arabi believed what he said. I think there can be no doubt Lesseps himself was under the delusion that he, with the

support of the French Government, could prevent us taking possession of the canal. I had to be present at all the interviews with my admiral. Lesseps' moustache used occasionally to bristle with suppressed indignation, but he was a thorough gentleman, and, taken all round, we got on with him as well as could be expected under the circumstances. One day on leaving, the old fellow was, I am sure, very much pleased with a little remark I made about "le grand Français," although I did lay the butter on a bit thick. We were very good friends afterwards at Ismailia, where I had lunch, or rather *déjeuner*, with him one day, and he gave me some useful information.

What we had to do was to have all the necessary preparations ready for taking possession of the whole of the canal the night before the expedition arrived at Port Said, and this without exciting the suspicions of the Arabist Government. We were nearly having our scheme spoilt by the injudicious action of a naval officer, who landed and distributed proclamations at Ismailia, which caused great excitement at Arabi's headquarters. A happy thought struck me, which put matters right. I was aware there was regular communication, of all English news concerning Egypt, sent to Cairo *via* Constantinople. I knew well the correspondent of the 'Standard,' Cameron, a splendid fellow, afterwards killed in action in the Soudan, would be too patriotic to object to my taking his name in vain when it was for the good of our work; so I wired the editor of the London 'Standard,' as if from Cameron, to the effect that "the rumours of a possible occupation of the canal by the English are now disposed of.

M. de Lesseps, who has the French Government behind him, has settled that the neutrality of the canal shall be rigidly observed. The guard-ships at Port Said and Ismailia are merely for the protection of those towns, as some people fear they might be burnt by the evil disposed. It is now an open secret that whilst the British portion of the force will move from Alexandria and attack Kafr Dewar, the troops coming from India will move from Suez direct on Cairo." The kind treatment of certain refugees was also referred to. Arabi and his colleagues swallowed the whole of the telegram. The attack direct on Cairo from Suez was considered so very possible that Arabi had all the spare sidings in Egypt taken up, and had actually laid fifteen miles of railway from Cairo towards Suez, and the construction of the railway went on until we had possession of the canal. The enemy tried communications with Europe *via* Damietta, but a gunboat soon stopped that. I proposed stopping communication with Constantinople by cutting the cable in the canal, but the admiral did not approve of my plan; so instead one of my telegraph officials, who had formerly had El Arish in his charge, went to the coast near the place in a gunboat with a liberal supply of that metallic argument so useful in the East. He got to Jaffa and stopped all communication between Cairo and Constantinople for ten days, and when he had to leave he brought back a number of interesting interrupted messages. I may mention that not only did I regularly get copies of Egyptian Government telegrams, but also many of those between certain officials in Europe and Arabi.

There were small groups of Bedouins and detachments of soldiers at a few places on the banks: they did not interfere with the working of the canal, which was carried on as usual by the French administration. I had an interview with Admiral Hewett, commanding the squadron at Suez, and also went round the position on shore with General Tanner, who had the Indian contingent. Unfortunately, when the boats from the squadron landed their men, they were just too late to seize the rolling stock, which I had arranged with the railway manager, P., should be at Suez: as the boats touched the shore the last engine and trucks steamed away.

About three miles from Ismailia there is the important railway and fresh-water canal junction of Nefiche. The large fresh-water canal which extends from the Nile at Cairo to the locks at Suez sends off a branch at Nefiche to the locks at Ismailia, which there connect with the Suez Maritime Canal. Port Said is also supplied with fresh water from this branch. The enemy knew full well the value of the Nefiche position, which, so to say, commanded all rolling stock between that place and Suez, and the fresh-water supply for Ismailia. To prevent the locks at Ismailia being opened, I suggested a gun-boat should be handy within case-range: this was done. Lesseps objected, but it was better to be on the safe side as regards the fresh-water supply. Nefiche was at first occupied by a large force of the enemy; but after Lesseps' assurances that he would guarantee the neutrality of the canal, they considered it advisable eventually to reduce the force to a few hundreds, with a detachment at Ismailia, the main

body retiring to Tel-el-Kebir and the posts between that place and Nefiche.

I was now too well known to get ashore and personally inspect the Nefiche detachment and position; but I saw from the fore-cross-trees of H.M.S. "Carysfort" at Ismailia all I considered necessary. When waiting in the captain's cabin one of the quartermasters came in (the ship being one of the Indian Squadron, I was not personally known to the blue-jackets) and said, "Your chair is ready." "What do you mean?" I asked; "I do not understand you." The quartermaster then replied, "A chair is ready to hoist you to the cross-trees, as the engineer officer was hoisted yesterday." "Hoist me to the cross-trees! Look here, young man; I will lay my bottom dollar I can get to the cross-trees as soon as you do." "Done with you!" cried Captain S. (who afterwards commanded the Channel Squadron); so the captain and I both went forward: he took the port rigging, I the star-board, and we stood by. At the words "Away aloft!" up we went with the rapidity of two smart royal-yard men, all the ship's company looking on. It was a dead-heat: our heads met at the cross-trees. When I was on my beam-ends afterwards in the field hospital at Kassassin some of the "Carysfort's" blue-jackets who were there had not forgotten me, and very kindly came into the ward to see how I fared.

At Port Said, although the usual trade of the place was going on after a fashion, there was a garrison of a few hundreds of the enemy under the command of an Arabist major. Being covered by the guns of our ships, I could safely go ashore in plain

clothes whenever I wished, and arranged with my Intelligence Department to square the native police (amongst whom were several Turks and Albanians), so that when we did land the police might at once go on with their ordinary work and prevent any incendiary fires. There was an unusually large amount of petroleum in the town, and I feared that the Arabist major might give us a repetition of what had happened at Alexandria, in a small way, when he had to retire with his men to Fort Ghemil.

On the 19th August everything was ready to seize the canal from Port Said to Suez. The Arabist major at Port Said gave me a little anxiety. I found out he lived in the Arab village outside Port Said. I had a good look at his house, so as to be easily able to find it in the dark. I then suggested to my admiral that I should take six picked blue-jackets, and in the middle of the night, just before we landed, go round by the marsh-land dyke, break into the house, and rapidly carry off the major a prisoner. The men were selected, and the necessary arrangements made to start between one and two o'clock, when the captain of the "Monarch" and the captain of the "Penelope" both went to the admiral and would have it that the job was too risky. The scuppering of the "Stormy Petrel" did not seem to concern them much; but the very possible loss of six of their best blue-jackets evidently did: so the admiral annulled my expedition. But I privately decided that if the major was in his house at daylight I would get hold of him somehow. The arrangements for seizing Port Said on the night of the 19th-20th were as follows: I was to go ashore with a small selected party of marines and surprise

the different guards, the position of all of which I knew. A strong force of marines and blue-jackets was then to be passed quietly on shore, and the garrison captured in their barracks. I got on shore with an interpreter before the little party of marines, and found myself suddenly in front of a body of the police. They were rather startled at first; but on my letting them know that I had now come to take possession of the town, and would not hurt them, they took in the situation. My marines, as arranged, surprised the guards. At one there was just a very little noise, and I found one of the Gippy guard bleeding rather badly from the effects of a crack on the head with the butt of a marine's rifle; but that was the only damage done that morning.

The landing-party slipped ashore from the "Monarch" by means of a raft, so silently that although the French battleship astern was attached to the same buoy as our stern moorings, our departure was not even heard. Knowing the exact position of the barracks, I took the head of the little column and led the men so as to surround the barracks. Our rifles were pointing through the windows before the troops knew we were there: all surrendered at once. The senior officer of marines thought my white flannel trousers too conspicuous at the head of the column; but I pointed out that a guide must have some distinguishing mark, and white trousers were visible in the rear as well as in front.

By the time we had got the garrison safe it was beginning to grow light, so I decided to beat up the quarters of the major, and went off to the Arab village with my interpreter. The major had bolted about an hour before to Fort Ghemil; but the

Arabs turned out with their heavy sticks (*nabouts*). The interpreter, getting alarmed as the Arabs became rather excited, said, "For goodness' sake let us get out of this! They are going to kill us!" My answer was, "Skittles!" He then almost shrieked, "Yes; they are going to *nabout* us now!" So I walked up to the most demonstrative Arab and shook my fist at him, saying, "Get out of this, you ugly-looking ruffian!" as if the whole affair were an amusing joke. This seemed to quiet the crowd, some of whom apparently knew a little English. By continuing this method, and laughing at the ugly leader, we eventually got on to the road leading from the village to Port Said, when to my great relief I saw a picket of blue-jackets at the end of it. So did the Arab crowd, who followed us up nearly to the picket. On joining it I pointed out three of the worst of the crowd, and Hammil, commanding the blue-jackets, made a dash at them and took them prisoners. I told Hammil I would send a bastinadoer up directly—"And then," I said, "let those three fellows have a full ration of jam each!"

Returning past the barrack-gate which our men were guarding, I noticed the Egyptian troops inside evidently alarmed as to what their fate would be; so by means of my interpreter I quieted them, assuring them they would be well treated, and if any one troubled them to let me know at once, as I was their father, mother, and big brother. This evidently was very satisfactory to them, so I said that in return for my protection I expected they would work for me, to which they agreed. I said we would begin at once by putting their rifles

on to two waggons which were in the square : this they immediately did.

I reported to my admiral all that had been done ashore ; but when I mentioned the little affair in the Arab village, all he said was, " Are you tired of your life ? " I had never really taken such a serious view of the matter, and thought I was just a trifle hard in having the three leaders bastinadoed.

Proclamations in Arabic and, I think, French were posted up the morning we occupied Port Said, informing such as required it what acts would be at once punished with death. I had been told off officially with the captain of the " Monarch " to assist the Egyptian governor in keeping order. Port Said had the worst name of any place in the Levant for serious crimes and the use of the knife, but not a single act of violence was committed for long after we held the place : the executions in the great square at Alexandria were well known at Port Said. To capture the whole of Arabi's garrison and have his police on duty protecting the town in a couple of hours after we landed, without the loss of a single life, was decidedly satisfactory.

In broad daylight commenced the entry of the ships with troops from Alexandria. The commander-in-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, was amongst the first, and sent for me, directing me to go at once up the canal in a transport, which had a battalion of Marine Artillery on board, to reinforce General Gerald Graham, who was with a rather small force at Ismailia. That place had been taken possession of in the early morning by a landing-party from the " Orion," my head Intelligence officer, Clarke, being with it, and having directions from me

to get hold of the wires, and by their aid to cause Arabi & Co. to believe that a large force was already on shore at Ismailia: this he did. Several trainloads of troops were on the way from Tel-el-Kebir, when Clarke's telegrams made them stop and consider the situation. I found General Graham in the desert, a short distance out from Ismailia, and delivered the commander-in-chief's message that he was to capture Nefiche the next morning. The "Orion" fired steadily over our heads all through the night at the position held by the enemy at Nefiche: this made sleep rather difficult. Fortunately none of the shells were premature, and in the morning General Graham got his force in order and advanced towards the station. There was some little delay at first, so I walked on by myself, as it seemed, by what I could judge by my glasses, that the troops had evacuated the position. When I got near I saw I was correct, but a number of Bedouins were plundering a train which a shell from the "Orion" the day before had disabled: my advent, and the troops coming on in the distance, caused a stampede, and the Bedouins rapidly left with what they could carry. I was not quite certain that some might not be in the station buildings, so cleared for action, and then burst in with my right shoulder the door of a large room. There were no Bedouins inside, but from a distant corner of the dim apartment (all the shutters were up) came a voice, "What would monsieur like to take to drink?" It was the refreshment-room of the station! The owner of the voice was the refreshment-room keeper, a fine old Frenchman over eighty years of age: although he had had the "Orion's" shells passing close over him

all night, the old fellow was perfectly calm and ready for business ! After a good laugh with him at the curious situation, I purchased a most acceptable whisky-and-water.

Returning to Ismailia, I reported what had been done to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who then requested me to become the chief of an Intelligence Department for the expeditionary force. I said I should be very pleased to undertake the work. He instructed me to report direct to him : this was on the 21st August. Previous to this I had regularly sent information to the headquarters at Alexandria, and gone there myself to fully explain the situation. I got a hint from an old friend high up in the headquarter staff that the chief of the staff, Sir J. A., did not understand my position, and wished to know if I had authority to act quite independently of him. On this hint I sent my next report (on the morning of the 23rd) for Sir Garnet Wolseley's information through the chief of the staff. It was a long one, giving in full a statement of everything connected with the enemy's forces and what their intentions were.

Examining prisoners, checking the reports of spies, and such like, was only a portion of my work. I found I had to act as general agent and referee, not only to the army and navy, but also to civilians, who used to come to me when they got into difficulties or misunderstandings with the authorities.

Without going into the history of the campaign, a short statement of the situation on the 23rd August may be useful. The distance from Ismailia to Cairo was about seventy-five miles, and practically along the whole of it on the edge of the desert were

the railway and large fresh-water canal. Tel-el-Kebir, where I had ascertained as early as February that the Egyptians intended constructing works to bar the passage of a hostile force coming from the direction of the Suez Canal, lay about midway—viz., some thirty miles from Ismailia. My report, delivered at the War Office in March, specially pointed out that about seven miles on the Ismailia side of Tel-el-Kebir was the very important canal-lock of Kassassin, and that farther east—viz., close to Masamah, which was ten miles nearer Ismailia than Kassassin—were *prise d'eaux*, by means of which nearly the whole of the water below Kassassin could be run out, and that the possession of these places was of very special importance to us. The enemy also knew the importance of the *prise d'eaux* near Masamah; but they fortunately thought it would be possible to stop us there: so, as soon as we landed at Ismailia, they accumulated stores and commenced intrenching at Tel-el-Masphutah, just in front of Masamah, where they also rapidly built a dam across the canal to prevent a flow of water towards Ismailia, and another still nearer Ismailia, at a place called Magfar.

On the enemy's side of Masamah the canal and railway were in good condition, being required for their own use; but both canal and railway were obstructed below Masamah, and a certain quantity of rails removed. In my early report I had naturally calculated that the Egyptians would not leave the canal or railway in a fit state for our transport purposes, and I particularly pointed out that only transport vehicles suitable for the desert should be sent. I specially mentioned Maltese carts fitted

for two mules, with wheels not less than five feet in diameter and with extra broad tyres. I stated very plainly that our regulation transport vehicles would be quite useless, and would have to be abandoned on the first day's march. The Indian Government, to whom my report was sent, attended to it, and had no difficulty with their transport ; but the regulation service carts and waggons came with the force from England, the consequence being that the first ten or twelve miles of the route from Ismailia were, on the 24th August and until the canal and railway were repaired, a very painful sight with abandoned and broken-down vehicles and horses and scattered stores—to say nothing of men being dead-beat owing to their exertions in the heat and heavy sand to help the transport animals. It was not until that date—viz., the 24th—that we were able to make our first advance, to send forward an advance-guard of two battalions, two guns, and some mounted infantry and cavalry for the purpose of securing at once the *prise d'eaux*, the intention being to secure also as soon afterwards as possible the lock at Kassassin. In my letter of the previous day, the 23rd, I had pointed out that the enemy would probably push forward a strong reconnaissance from Masamah ; and on the morning of the 24th, before Sir Garnet Wolseley left Ismailia, I personally told him that, from information I had just received, Raschid Pasha intended attacking us on the march, at which he was much pleased, saying, “*Tant mieux, tant mieux.*” Raschid carried out his intention, and as soon as our cavalry advance touched his outposts at Masphutah in front of Masamah, he advanced to the attack. The

enemy, being much stronger, particularly in artillery, gave us a good deal of trouble until late in the evening when reinforcements from Ismailia arrived, and the enemy retired to their intrenchments. The headquarter staff returned to Ismailia, but were back with the advance-guard at daybreak the next morning. I remember having the satisfaction of guiding some of the cavalry out of Ismailia before dawn up to the force in front of Masphutah. On our force advancing it was discovered that the Masphutah intrenchment had been abandoned; but a large force of the enemy—cavalry, guns, and infantry—still covered their camp and stores at Masamah. Our cavalry and mounted infantry attacked and punished the enemy so severely that the Egyptian cavalry never dared face ours again. The enemy retreated in great confusion, leaving several guns, and a large store of arms, ammunition, camp equipment, and provisions; also nearly a hundred loaded railway waggons. So demoralised were they that they did not stop until safe inside the lines of Tel-el-Kebir. It was decided that night to push on and secure Kassassin lock, and at daylight on the following morning a small advance-guard of cavalry arrived there, and was followed during the day by General Gerald Graham's brigade—now three battalions of infantry with two guns and a few cavalry and mounted infantry. The cavalry and the rest of the advanced force, owing to the difficulty of supply, were left at Masamah, Sir Garnet Wolseley and the headquarter staff returning to Ismailia, where the remainder of the expeditionary force was still arriving.

On the morning of the 26th, at Ismailia, I received

a long letter from one of my department whom I had sent to Jaffa to stop telegraphic communication between Cairo and Constantinople. In that letter came the first intimation of the massacre of Captain Gill, Mr Palmer, and their party : there was also an offer from a reliable official to deliver camels at Suez, on receipt of wire to do so, at £16 per head, saddles and all complete ; also forage at a reasonable named price. It was rather late in the day ; but, hard up as we were for transport, the camels would have been a useful reserve. As the offer, however, was to sell only, the chief of the staff would not entertain it : he would only sanction hiring camels—then an utter impossibility.

It was my duty to point out anything that would help to overcome the breakdown in our transport, and seeing the assistance the navy might give us on the fresh-water canal, I had, the day after we arrived at Ismailia, got a fatigue-party to take a cutter of the " Carysfort " on rollers round the lock there, and others soon followed. Possibly I was rather too outspoken on the way the navy overcame difficulties at once, without waiting for official letters to do so ; and I also blessed the War Office authorities for sending such absurd transport carriages. I did not then reflect that the chief of the staff had just come from the War Office himself, and might have had something to do with what had been sent. I fear I soon got into disfavour with him ! In the meantime I was specially concerned to get the transport required to enable my own little department to push to the front, and by the morning of the 28th had managed to buy three or four ponies and a few camels—half a

dozen old Egyptian soldiers who had been taken prisoners being delighted to remain with me and take charge of the animals. In the evening we set off for the front, and had only got as far as Nefiche when we heard heavy firing, and an alarming telegram, which was shown to me, came through for Sir Garnet Wolseley, that "it was feared General Gerald Graham had been defeated at Kassassin"! Leaving one of my department, Captain Watson of the Royal Engineers, to intrench Nefiche, I pushed forward with the West Kent, which had been ordered to march at once from Nefiche to General Gerald Graham. As soon as they were well on the road I cantered on with my orderly and an A.D.C., who was taking up a despatch from Sir Garnet Wolseley. We had an amusing encounter in the dusk with an alarmed chaplain returning from General Gerald Graham's force: he records the meeting in his experiences, "Through the Battle-Smoke." Farther along the canal-bank we were on the point of trying to cut our way through what we took for a party of Bedouins. Fortunately I heard just a faint challenge which told me they were our own people—a dismounted cavalry picket—who, alarmed by the glitter of our swords in the moonlight, were about to fire, thinking we were Bedouins. At Masamah we met the Guards returning from Kassassin, and the Duke of Connaught explained the situation to me, adding that all was now quiet. So I lay down on the sand, with my pony's bridle twisted round my arm, for such rest as the animal—fortunately a very quiet one—would allow me. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I arrived at Kassassin, and joined General

Gerald Graham's force and was at regular soldier's work again.

From then to the end of the campaign, all particulars of which are given in my "Recollections," it was soldiers' work only, but I may refer to the little naval contingent that was with us, with a gun's crew for the 40-pounder Armstrong on a railway truck, under the command of one of my shipmates, Purvis, from the "Penelope."

On the 8th September, Purvis and two of my staff, Watson and Condor, well-known Royal Engineer officers, were with me having dinner in our little tent. Somehow a solitary bottle of champagne was found, but being the only bottle of that description which we had, it became a question whether we should drink it then or wait for some more special occasion. My idea was, "Let us have it now. We may not have a chance of drinking it all together again." Well, before that time next day, Purvis was on a stretcher in the field hospital with the loss of his right foot, and I was on one opposite him. I had had a good time with the cavalry. At daybreak on the 9th September our outposts were driven in, and the enemy coming from the lines of Tel-el-Kebir opened with several batteries of artillery a long range fire on the camp, under cover of which their infantry advanced directly on our front, whilst a force from Salahieh commenced an attack at the same time on our right flank. Sir Gerald Graham left me to look after the right whilst he attended to the front. The 'Times' telegram was that I wished, after the enemy on the right had been driven back, to push on with the cavalry, and rush the Tel-el-Kebir lines. It was not so, but I was decidedly

of opinion that a mass of infantry retiring on the lines, which had been well smashed by a battery of horse artillery I brought up, should have been charged. We got within 700 yards of the infantry with the 19th Hussars, when a certain general stopped us as we were just breaking into the charge. My idea was to smash the infantry and then wheel to the left and over the rising ground on to the flank of the enemy's batteries opposing our front. Two years afterwards, when in Hyde Park, I was talking over the fight with Sir Gerald, I happened to say, "You gave me a hot corner that morning." With a quiet chuckle his answer was, "I know I did. Fortunately your messengers were able to relieve my anxiety." He had been informed that his right flank was being turned.

The field hospital had to be cleared for the coming attack on Tel-el-Kebir. I told the senior medical officer it would simply break my heart if I missed the big thing of the campaign, so he allowed me to chance it, and as soon as it was dusk on the 12th I managed to mount my pony and rode away to the high ground where the army was lying down waiting for the hour to march in the dark so as to arrive at the lines at daybreak. In looking for a place to lie down, the first man I staggered against was our commander-in-chief, Wolseley himself. He was delighted at my determination, having heard that I had been sent down to the base hospital at Ismailia. He insisted that I should go there after the business was over next morning, but when the news came after we had captured the position that our cavalry had got to Cairo, and a train was made up for the headquarter staff on the now cleared

line, I could not help getting in also, and the next day had the satisfaction of marching into an enemy's captured capital for the second time in my life—the first was Pekin in 1860.

Very soon after getting to Cairo I collapsed, and was afterwards informed I had been picked up by a young officer in the Guards, who found me done, and brought me round by making me swallow a quantity of champagne. Two days afterwards, the line was cleared to Alexandria, and I was sent there direct, and put on board a hospital ship leaving for England. The only interesting sailing recollection about that voyage was that on getting near Gibraltar a thick fog came on. On sounding the fog-horn, another was heard, which was supposed to be from a steamer in a similar position to ourselves, but there was something in the sound which made me ask to have the horn sounded twice, and in a short time came two similar sounds. I rather startled the captain by saying, "We are at the back of the rock. The sounds are echoes from the high cliff," and so it proved to be when the fog lifted. I mention this because, not so many years ago, one of our men-of-war was lost, and by some it was supposed from mistaking an echo from a high cliff for another steamer signal.

After getting home I heard afterwards from Cairo that the prisoners whom I had taken on at Ismailia as camel-drivers and camp-assistants had been in a great state of mind at my leaving. I may mention in reference to these men that, after I had taken them on at Ismailia, I said I could do with less; but they plainly said they would not leave, even to go home,—“Where you lie down we shall lie

down ; where you go to sleep we shall go to sleep.” One named Bolos, who acted as a personal servant to me, when he was told I had gone, fairly broke down, and although his hands were filled with silver to take home to his family, the poor old fellow, on learning that he would not see me again, let the money all fall to the floor, and sobbed like a child. I remembered what a state of mind he had been in, kissing my hand when I rode away in the evening for the last fight. The conclusion I arrived at, and that from a world-wide experience, was this : treat natives with justice, firmness, and kindness, and they will give their lives for you.

CHAPTER XIV.

ELEVENTH VOYAGE. SOUTH AFRICA.

ON arrival at Waterloo Station the first friend I met was (Khartoum) Gordon. I then went to thank the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty, Sir Cooper-Key, for the good services he had done me in getting me attached to the navy. He rather astonished me by saying, "We have had two meetings here about your getting the Victoria Cross. At the first it was decided to send in your name; but at the second we came to the conclusion that we could not recommend you without doing the same for those who landed with you at Mex." I begged he would think nothing more about the matter, as I did not consider that what I had done was worthy of the Cross. I had had a real good time with the navy, which was quite enough. I may mention that Lord Northbrook sent in my name to the War Office for a brevet, as he did for the senior officer of the Marines present with the fleet on the 11th July. This was an honour only as I was about to get my Lt.-Colonel rank regimentally. I also subsequently received from the Secretary of the United States Navy, sent through Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, the report of the American naval attaché with our fleet on the operations at

Alexandria, in which was a pleasant little paragraph about the Mex affair.

Soon after arriving in England her late Majesty the Queen did me the honour of commanding me to dine at Windsor. As soon as Sir John Macneil, Her Majesty's equerry, met me, he said, "When are you coming to get your cross pinned on?" I said I did not know. "But you have been recommended for it." That, I said, I did not know. "Why don't you enquire about it?" he added. My reply was that that was a subject I could hardly speak about, and so the matter ended. When I mentioned to my friends what Macneil had said, they came to the conclusion that I was foolish not to have followed the matter up. It was stated in the newspapers that my admiral, Sir Beauchamp—afterwards Lord Alster—had sent my name in, but a well-known naval officer had written to the 'Standard,' protesting against a military officer getting a V.C. for naval work. This letter and other similar ideas doubtless was the cause of the Admiralty altering their mind after having decided, as Sir Cooper-Key informed me, to send my name in. I was too happy getting back to my wife and family again to trouble about decoration, but in after years I came to the conclusion that a V.C. would have been a satisfactory family relic to have left behind me, and even now regret I did not claim what by the V.C. regulations—an act done in the sight of the commander-in-chief—I had really got. I could not help laughing at the admiral's startling farewell, as I went over the side with my hammer and bag of nails, "Well, if you do come back, I will recommend you for——" At that moment

a gun was fired, but a distinct impression was left on my mind that the words were "V.C.," and from the first decision of the Admiralty, it must have been so. There is an old saying, "It is never too late to mend." I have no chance now in my old age of being under that glorious pennant again, but perhaps the Admiralty would not mind even now taking into consideration what was their own decision and recommendation in 1882, and obtain what by regulation really belongs to me, and which would be such an interesting and proud relic for my family of a soldier's sailing.

After that came invitations to War Office and Admiralty receptions, and then followed City dinners. These were the most trying, as I had to make speeches, to which I was not then accustomed—all this for only a few months of most interesting work in Egypt! It was really too much, and I was well pleased when the time came for me to return (March, 1883) to my battalion at Londonderry and become a simple regimental officer again, with nothing to think about except how to fully enjoy all the fun offered to soldiers in that most hospitable of stations. Derry almost made one wish to be a subaltern again, that of all ranks being the best for having a good time. However, I did not do badly, and, amongst other delights, had some first-rate salmon-fishing from the lessee of the Earn.

The Channel Squadron came into Lough Swilly in the course of the summer, and I found that comparatively few of the officers had accepted an invitation to a city ball given in their honour, on account of the difficulty of getting rooms at the

hotel. I came to the rescue with an offer to put them up somehow. Whereupon one of my naval friends, having unlimited confidence in me, wired up, "Twenty-three naval officers will come and stay with you"! Our house being very diminutive, this rather startled my wife, when—happy thought!—we remembered there was a girls' school at the end of the street, and the girls all away for the holidays. Although the schoolmistress was somewhat taken aback at first, she, with Irish quickness and true hospitality, got beds for all the officers. It was with difficulty that we induced her afterwards to allow us to pay even for having the linen, towels, etc., washed. We managed to provide dinners and breakfasts for all my friends, and first-rate partners at the ball.

The only special professional work I did during that happy time in Derry was to write out, at the request of the quartermaster-general, Sir Arthur Herbert, a lecture on soldiers' food, and deliver it at the United Service Institute in London. The subject was one in which General Herbert took special interest, and I, when doing regimental duty, had tried various experiments for getting the best nutritive value out of the rations and messing money. I was well pleased to learn that the information given by me was found to be useful.

One morning I saw in the papers that Gordon had given up his work for the King of the Belgians in Central Africa, and was on his way to Egypt, to go to Khartoum. The old Norse strain took possession of me. I at once rushed across to London, saw the A.G., Lord Wolseley, obtained permission to accompany Gordon if he would take me, and wired

at once to Port Said to meet him on his arrival. I was ready to start by that night's mail if he said "Come." When offering to pay for my wire, I was decidedly pleased at the Eastern Company declining to charge me anything. Gordon's answer was, "Will not take another European." I afterwards had a post-card from him from Khartoum, saying it was useless for me to come, as he would have everything settled and be out of the place by a certain date. Then followed a text, which was almost prophetic as regards his ultimate fate: that post-card I keep as one of my greatest treasures.

My next expedition across the water was to Brussels, the King of the Belgians sending for me to do Gordon's work in Central Africa whilst he was in Khartoum. The king was most kind, asking me to a grand court ball, and introducing me to the queen. He also wished I could spare the time to go down to Lacken and meet Brialmont; but I thought it better to return to London at once and see if the authorities would sanction my accepting the grand offer made by the king. At the War Office I was plainly given to understand that if I went in for such a side line, my soldiering would be at an end—the authorities in those days were not so broad-minded and far-seeing as they are now; so I returned to regimental work again. The regiment was now at Mullingar: the people in the big country houses were hospitality itself, but somehow Mullingar was tame after ever-to-be-remembered Derry. I happened to be summoned over to town to give evidence before a Parliamentary Committee about the breakdown of the transport in Egypt, but I declined to say anything connected with my

confidential work in Egypt without full permission from those concerned ; although, for certain reasons which may be guessed at, nothing would have been more satisfactory to myself than a full statement about everything in my books. A member, doubtless in fun, referred to the Clock Tower as suitable for witnesses who would not speak. My answer was, "I prefer the Clock Tower to Mullingar." The Committee decided they would not require me to produce my books.

When General Warren's expedition was being organised for Bechuanaland, I was told at headquarters that I was to be on his staff. Just then, however, the colonel of the Welsh Regiment in Natal died from a snake-bite, and I was nominated for the command. This was considered a better appointment than the one on the staff. Three days later I was on my way to Natal in a hired transport, with a battery of Mountain Artillery on board. We were to call at Suez to ship remounts for a regiment of dragoons in Natal. It was at that time considered quite possible that Warren's expedition might bring on a Boer war, and that there would be business in Natal.

On the arrival of the transport at Malta I was down with rheumatism and unable to leave my cabin. Old friends and acquaintances commanded the men-of-war then in harbour, and I could not but feel much flattered on finding I was still remembered by them. Every captain paid me the compliment of calling on me.

At Suez we shipped 235 horses : they suffered considerably from the excessive heat. I hardly dare mention what the thermometer rose to,

especially when we were in the latitude of Zanzibar. Inclined planes were arranged along which to bring the horses on deck in batches at a time : this had an excellent effect, and is now mentioned for possible future imitation. The young officers of the battery had to go through very different "stables" from what they had been accustomed to at home. The heat below was so great, notwithstanding our efforts at ventilation by means of sails, that officers as well as men had to strip off every article of clothing when the stalls were being cleaned and washed. Although anthrax broke out, we lost only thirteen horses : all the rest were landed in such good condition that the officer commanding the cavalry regiment to which they went despatched a special report to the War Office, and I received in consequence a very complimentary letter. I at once wrote back that, except as commanding officer, I had nothing to do with the condition of the horses, the credit for which should be given to our excellent veterinary surgeon.

We arrived at Port Durban on Christmas Day, 1884. I received a wire that, being a holiday, the disembarkation of the horses would not take place ; but I knew the danger of delay on a coast where a gale might be fatal to many of the animals, so sent for the contractor and had the horses taken on shore at once. Lucky it was that I did so. A gale began as the last lighter-load got away.

A finer body of officers and men did not exist than the regiment I had come out to command. A few trifling reforms were, I considered, necessary ; possibly my ideas were rather advanced, but the changes I ventured on answered well. I did away

with many petty restrictions, and treated every soldier, until he proved himself unworthy of it, as if his feelings regarding his honour and self-respect were the same as my own.

One special object of my attention was the feeding of the men. I managed to get the quality of the ration much improved, and established a comfortable regimental restaurant where extra meals and food of different sorts could be had at a very cheap rate. The almost immediate effect was that such a thing as a man disgracing himself by getting drunk in the town was, during my command at Maritzburg, practically unknown. When the good of the service required it I had no hesitation in breaking through regulations, and many times I put this to the test. If, for instance, a man with a good-conduct badge gave me his "word of honour as a soldier" for the *bona fides* of leave of absence for something he wished to do, no matter how irregular, I never hesitated to let him have what he wanted, and never was the given promise broken. After the general inspection I allowed the men to go in batches, under their own self-appointed gangers, with fortnight passes, to work on the railway, ballasting the line. They were given tents, but were not allowed to take any part of their uniform except their boots, and they made their own arrangements about food. The only condition I made was that during the time they were away they should be members of the regimental teetotal society, and put at least half the money they made into the savings bank or send it home. There was no "goody-goody" work connected with our teetotal society. A crooked sixpence attached to a watch-chain was its badge,

and a man could leave it at any time by simply going to the sergeant with the book and striking his own name out. The men on the railway made from £2 to £3 a week, and the contractor was delighted with them. Each of them, he told me, did the work of at least four Kaffirs, and there was never the slightest trouble or disturbance of any kind.

Amongst other changes I re-established what were anciently known as barrack-room courts-martial, thereby placing the good name of the regiment in the hands of the men themselves. I had one very practical instance of how this worked. Occasionally I chanced to hear men using very objectionable language in ordinary conversation, so I spoke on the subject at one of my parades, and said I left the matter in the hands of the old soldiers of every room—"You know what I mean." The change was instantaneous: the self-respect of the men wonderfully increased. An officer, who had been with his company on detachment with that of another regiment, told me that some objectionable language was used by one of the other regiment to one of my men, who at once knocked the offender down, telling him the Welsh were gentlemen, and he must not use such language to them. When two of my men had personal differences, they settled them as we did at Sandhurst in ancient days, the fight being rigidly conducted according to the rules of the ring. Amongst other matters, I had a scale of punishments published in orders, so that every man got exactly what was due to him, instead of feeling that his case depended very much on the state of the colonel's liver. The result of letting the men

govern themselves, and treating them like gentlemen, was that they behaved like gentlemen. It even went so far that, on the committal of some offence, such as hammering a native, when I could not discover the guilty one I mentioned the matter on parade, adding that the man or men who had done it must give themselves up for punishment: this was done at once. There was seldom a man in the guard-room; but when one of them did so far forget himself as to disgrace the uniform by being drunk in town, he got something more than the regulation punishment. I heard it said several times after I left the regiment, "Yes; Colonel Tulloch was the hardest commanding officer in the British service, but the most just, and most careful of our comfort."

The regiment had been in Natal for three years before I took over the command, and nearly the whole of that time it had been quartered in tents, building forts and such like; but—with the exception of our splendid Mounted Infantry company—no special preparation had been made for the possible Boer war which Warren's expedition might bring about. Everything was going on as if the force at Maritzburg was in barracks in England. To improve the rifle-shooting of the regiment was my first care. The Mounted Infantry company had a special South African allowance of ten rounds a week; I got the same extended to the other companies. A very large amount of spare ammunition had also somehow accumulated, and this I annexed. The men were good enough at the regulation targets on fixed ranges; but that, in my opinion, being only the first rung in the ladder of musketry efficiency

I commenced a system of instruction in firing at unknown distances, small cotton targets stretched on two stout pieces of wire being used. A mounted man could pick up a dozen of them and ride off to a new position whenever necessary. No one was allowed to fire at long ranges until he proved himself good at short distances. I found that I could teach every man in the regiment, except about five per cent., to become a good shot, and I felt certain it was simply defective eyesight which was the drawback in these cases. All men who did well at these targets obtained special privileges. There was consequently a good deal of private practice at the regular ranges, which were always available within certain hours, the men purchasing their own ammunition. The shooting eventually became something wonderful. Judging distance whenever away from barracks was also particularly encouraged in both officers and men.

As target practice at fixed ranges was only the first rung in the ladder of musketry efficiency, so I considered precise barrack-square drill to be the first step only towards battle-training. As the regiment could go through parade drill with the precision of machinery, I did not further trouble about that part of their training: my work began outside the barrack railings, on the open veldt and over the kopjes. As the men would be out for many hours at a time, I discarded the uniform of red serge, making them wear instead a second grey flannel shirt as a loose blouse, with the collar open, chest exposed, and shirt-sleeves rolled up. The soldiers were thus as free to move as my old blue-jacket comrades: a waist-belt to carry bayonet

and pouches only was worn. The chain and brass ornaments were taken off the helmet, which then became of some use. To cure the men of that pernicious habit of always drinking water when they felt thirsty, I made it an offence to touch the water-bottles before a given hour; and anyone drinking from a stream by the roadside was severely punished, the water-cart with reliable water only being used. Advance and rear-guard actions, attack and defence of positions (the Mounted Infantry company representing Boers), were practised on a regular system. Not only was the regiment frequently out for hours together, working over the veldt under a hot sun, but, to train them for attacks at dawn, the parade was often ordered for one hour before daybreak. The special work for each day was given out a day or two before. Officers and men became, as the saying is, keen as mustard over what they knew was real training for battle, and used to delight in what are known as field-days against other regiments, walking round them, as my blue-jackets would have said, "like a cooper round a cask." To help every one as much as possible I printed a pamphlet, "How to beat the Boers," for the general use of the regiment, in which I went into details about shooting and advancing to attack. After any special day I had all the N.C.O.'s assembled in the schoolroom, and with the aid of a black-board showed what mistakes had been made. I then encouraged my hearers to ask questions.

The shooting and battle training being well under weigh, I made an excursion to Colenso (the then rail-head), round by Ladysmith and Dundee,

Helpmakaar, Rorke's Drift, and back by the thorn country, with the idea of making the Tugela our line of defence, if the colony were invaded by the Boers : this I did on my own account, and secretly. I was supposed to be prospecting for coal, as to the abundance of which, from my knowledge of geology and mineralogy, I felt certain. A senior officer of the regiment accompanied and assisted me in examining coal outcrops ; but he was in ignorance of the real object of my trip. I then gave the governor a confidential memo, but he did not see the danger to our different detachments from a sudden Boer invasion. So I sent my memo to the general, Sir Leicester Smyth, at the Cape, who at once wired to the governor ; a secret Intelligence and Colonial Mobilisation Committee, composed of Colonel Dartnell, commanding the Natal Mounted Police, the governor, and myself, was then formed, and everything got ready, as far as it was in our power. Warren's expedition was successful, and the possible Boer war in 1885 did not break out. Had it done so, I was of opinion that we should have made a good fight of it in Natal.

When Warren's expedition was peacefully ended I went to stay with the general at Cape Town for a few days. There was just a chance of a Russian war, and as the submarine cable from England ceased to work, certain preparations were necessary. As marines, or rather acting marines, might be necessary on two mercantile cruisers about to be commissioned, I paid a visit to my old friend Admiral Church at Simon's Town, to let him know the Welsh were ready to serve under the pennant, as their 2nd battalion, formerly the 69th, had so served

under Nelson, and were with him so long that he affectionately used to refer to them as his Agamemnons. It was a 69th man who was first boarder on to the "San Joseph" at the battle of St. Vincent, a name the Welsh regiment now proudly bears on its colours. I was amused at the chuckle of recognition when some of my old blue-jacket acquaintances, who had been at Alexandria, and who were then serving in the "Boadicea" flag-ship, recognised the "Stormy Petrel" coming alongside.

Shooting expeditions in a wild country after big game being excellent practice for campaigning, and especially for outposts and reconnaissance work, I encouraged the officers, as soon as the general inspection was over and everything quiet, to get right away at once. Tents and commissariat waggons were lent to them, as the farthest distant parts could have been reached by a runner in twenty-four hours: one officer per company only was left behind for regimental work.

With Colonel Dartnell, two of his men, and three or four magnificent, lightly clad Zulus, I rode into John Dunn's country, where a party of some of my officers was. So plentiful was the game that before breakfast the first morning I stalked and brought in a couple of huge pau (bustards) hanging in front of my saddle. In the afternoon I got a right and left, killing two bucks.

Returning, we crossed the Tugela at Kranskop, where I caught some fish very like the Indian mahseer. I was holding my trout-rod rather lightly when it was jerked out of my hand and carried away down the river by a large fish: I could just see the top above water, and as it was a borrowed

one I felt bound to recover it. The swim was fortunately a short one, for inshore lay a long stretch of very alligator-looking water. I was soon on a rock, and landed my fish (six pounds), which was still on.

Dartnell knew the chiefs of several kraals, so I saw something of the life of the raw Zulus, nature's gentlemen and ladies—very different from the Kaffir and the degenerated Zulu brought up in a town, where contact with a low class of white men seems to alter their nature. Travellers and officials who have had to deal with natives in many parts of the world all agree in stating that the Zulu is the finest specimen of the black man to be found anywhere. Settlers who have employed him for years, soldiers who have fought against him—all are equally enthusiastic as to his good qualities. Everyone who has had anything to do with the raw (kraal) Zulus declares them to be brave, truthful, and moral to a degree unknown amongst civilised nations. Subsequently, after my return from the other side of the Tugela, I saw a good deal of the kraal Zulu, and this only served to increase my appreciation of that fine race. When at Eshowe, after inspecting Mansell's Native Police, I signalled with my stick (knowing nothing of the language) how they were to extend, then gradually close in, firing, to capture an old fort: they did it perfectly at the second attempt. One of these men was called "Big Beard." I asked the reason, as he had no beard, and Mansell said it was because at the battle of Isandhlwana he had killed an English soldier with a big beard. The Zulus who took part in that fight spoke enthusiastically about the grand

way in which the two last small squares on the slope of the hill met death. With their ammunition all expended, and nothing but the bayonet left, the Zulus say the British made fun of them, chaffing and calling them to "come on." In the final *mêlée* the Zulus said our men fought so desperately that each English soldier killed at least ten Zulus. Of one man who had taken refuge in a deep crevice in the rock they spoke with unbounded admiration. This man, all alone, kept up the fight, firing steadily, killing with every shot, until his last cartridge was gone, when he coolly fixed his bayonet and dashed out amongst them, stabbing right and left till overpowered by assegai-thrusts.

The Zulus interested me so much that I wrote a paper about them, which was afterwards printed for private circulation. In that I went into the question of missionaries, and am afraid I came to the conclusion that, taken all round, the mission to the heathen, in which old ladies at home so delight, does far more harm than good to such a race as the Zulus. Were the missionaries all carefully selected men, fit for the work, it would probably be different; but when such numbers of them are men taken from a low social station, who have been unable to make a living in other ways, failure, except in the grandiloquent reports for "Exeter Hall," is practically a certainty. The following will show the difference between the Christianised town Zulu and his pagan brother in Zululand. An officer's wife proposed riding from Maritzburg across the Tugela to Eshowe, where her husband's regiment was stationed. She happened to mention this to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who at once said, "No

lady can ride by herself through Natal; but the moment she crosses the Tugela, she can ride in perfect safety from one end of Zululand to the other." There were some shocking cases of the effects of civilisation on natives at Maritzburg, one girl being pulled off her pony when riding to school. It was proposed, and is now probable, that, as in certain other colonies, such offences in Natal entail capital punishment.

In the pamphlet previously referred to I gave an account of the great mineral wealth of Natal in the shape of coal: our men had in their expeditions used the outcrops in several places for cooking purposes. There were then only three small mines in operation, one at Newcastle and two at Dundee. Owing to the almost prohibitive cost of transport, ten tons per day was the usual output. A discharged soldier of the Welsh Regiment superintending, and four Zulus as hewers, comprised the working staff of the mine I inspected at Dundee, some twenty-four feet below the surface. The coal was being hauled up by two bullocks with the aid of a rope and block attached to an old tree-stump.

Although Mr. North had stated four years previously in an official report in a Blue Book that Natal contained no less than 1350 square miles of workable coal, all close to the surface, practically nothing was done towards developing the immense mineral wealth of the colony. I sent my pamphlet to several friends, and was so keen on the coal question and the apathy of the Government and the colony generally, that I was considered to be rather *toqué* on the subject.

Coal is not the only mineral wealth of Natal.

Close to Isandhlwana I found a grand outcrop of iron-ore; and along the Tugela came across quartz specimens showing gold so plainly that it must have been present in the proportion of many ounces to the ton. Just before the regiment left Natal some enterprising men suggested that I should take a hand in starting a company to develop the Dundee mines, and lay a tramway from the intended railway to Elandslaagte, where the men of the regiment (Welsh miners) had found a splendid outcrop. I was rather taken with the idea, and the matter was under consideration, when a sudden order came for the regiment to go to Egypt. This at once put an end to my commercial aspirations; but I was, nevertheless, very nearly becoming a permanent colonist of Natal, by reason of an accident when embarking my regiment. The huge troop-lighter which took the regiment over the Durban harbour bar to the transport, H.M.S. "Jumna," out in the roads, had nearly got rid of its cargo: the sea being calm, the men were rapidly passed in to the ship by the baggage-port, but a heavy swell began to make itself felt as the last were going in. I ought to have gone in with them, but being, as I considered myself, an old sailor, I did not care to go in at the lower-deck port, and called to the blue-jackets by the quarter-deck gangway to give me a hand when the great lighter rose on the swell, and I would come aboard in that way. I must have proved heavier than they thought, for I slipped through their hands and fell between the lighter and the ship. Those looking on feared that I was cut in two, but as I rose to the surface I took in the situation in a fraction of a second, and with a few rapid

strokes was under the quarter of the lighter before she closed on the ship again. A grass line was thrown to me, and by the assistance of three blue-jackets, who oddly enough had been with me on the "Invincible," I was lifted on to the lighter. I did not then know how badly I was damaged, and insisted on boarding the "Jumna" in the way I had intended, but with the precaution of a bowline over my shoulders in case I should slip again. For about a quarter of an hour I managed to go on with my work, but then I had to throw up the sponge and send for a surgeon. Not only was it found that several of my ribs were broken, but I had also got a nasty internal squeeze. The result was that when the regiment arrived at Cairo, I had to be invalided home, and did not rejoin until the autumn of 1886.

CHAPTER XV.

TWELFTH VOYAGE. CAIRO.

IN the middle of October, 1887, on a Thursday, I embarked in the "Tyne" for Alexandria. Hitherto my family had been at home whilst I was abroad with my regiment, but this time I took my wife and two of the children with me for the winter in Cairo. We ought to have been at Plymouth the same night, or very early next morning; but a perfect hurricane suddenly came on, the force of the wind being as great as in the typhoon I once experienced in Chinese waters. So powerful was it that the engine-room hatches could not be got down and before the gale was over there was a dangerous amount of water in the stoke-hole. Under the influence of a very nasty wall-sided sea the rudder-head began to move in a decidedly unpleasant manner, and we did not get into Plymouth Sound until the afternoon of Saturday. On Sunday the ship was put in dock, when it was found that we had just made the port in time, the pintles of the rudder-post being all but worn through. There had been great alarm about us, and we had been reported lost in the Friday evening newspapers, two men-of-war being under orders to look for the ship. My naval friends in the "Tyne" during the gale took

consolation from the thought that as I was on board we should get into port all right: they evidently thought I was destined for a more elevated fate than drowning!

There were plenty of dances and dinner-parties going on at Cairo, and many excursions to be made, so my family had a good time of it until the end of the winter, when smallpox and diphtheria broke out in the house we were staying at. We escaped the former, but my youngest boy nearly died from the latter. When he was convalescent the family went home, and I then returned to barracks.

For six months of the latter portion of my regimental time I had command of the Cairo Brigade. I heard afterwards that I was to have kept it permanently, had not the force then in Egypt been reduced and the brigade command abolished. I much enjoyed the work, though I am afraid some of the other regiments did not, especially when they did not get back to barracks until 2 A.M. I always considered night attacks very risky operations, and tried various experiments, which only confirmed me in my belief that without very special precautions, and unless the leaders know the ground thoroughly, and the enemy is a careless one, they ought not to be attempted.

The last high Nile during my stay at Cairo rose to an almost unprecedented extent, and was the cause of much sickness: we lost many from enteric. A very severe type of bilious fever also broke out, which more particularly attacked elderly people. I was one of them, and very nearly ended my days in the general hospital, but was sufficiently recovered after a fortnight to be allowed out, and back to my

brigade. I was very shaky on my legs for a while, and the day after getting out of hospital staggered against a table at the club, when I heard a member say to another, "Poor old fellow! he is done at last!" Both those members joined the majority long ago. It was some time before I was able to do much, but during that time I can never forget the kindness of warm-hearted American friends, Judge and Mrs. Keeley.

When at Cairo I was able to do a special piece of good work for the soldiers. A very large number of them were in hospital with that disease which has such terrible after-effects. I spoke plainly to my men on parade on that point, and told them they must do what they could towards helping me to stamp out the disease in Cairo. So when any man's name appeared in the sick report suffering from that disease, he was marched by the provost-sergeant to the house where he had contracted it, and the delinquent was handed over to the Egyptian Hospital authorities. On taking over command of the brigade I adopted the same system as with my regiment, with the result that when I left Cairo there were but thirty-five cases in hospital—all slight. Considering that the garrison was between three and four thousand strong, this was very satisfactory. There was nothing which could be objected to in the working of the system I introduced, and it was very effective. Surely a similar boon might be conferred on the British Army at all our foreign stations, and possibly some of the home ones.

The sad, very sad day came at last, on which I was to have my last parade. The four years' tenure of command is unquestionably an excellent one

for the service in general, but for the colonel, when the time comes to go, it is a horrible wrench. The day before I intended to leave, my servant let out that the whole regiment was going to turn out next day and drag my carriage to the station; so I at once saw the general and told him that although such a proceeding was very flattering, especially to a commanding officer who had been such a hard taskmaster, it was not according to my ideas of discipline that a colonel should go in that manner through the main street, and that I purposed going off at once by that night's train, which I did.

My duty in taking over command of the regiment was to make it, if possible, a perfect fighting machine. I also tried to make soldiering pleasant to all: apparently I had succeeded in both.

I omitted to mention that when I was invalided from Cairo, after the accident in the Durban Roads, I reported myself as soon as I was able at headquarters, where I was asked if I had yet seen H.R.H. the commander-in-chief. My answer was, "No. After the very independent way in which I have been trying to train my regiment I was afraid my reception would not be agreeable." The reply to this was, "You are wrong. H.R.H. is so pleased with what you have done that he has directed your name to be placed on the special list, and you will get a letter of approbation written by his express orders." This I duly received: it was particularly satisfactory to know that if an officer took special responsibility on himself for the good of the service, and succeeded in his work, he need have no fear about his conduct not being approved of.

A YEAR'S REST.

The rest, even on half pay, after continuous work, is at first pleasant, though it does not take long for one who is physically fit to tire of a quiet life. However, as I had not altogether shaken off the effects of the fever attacks I had in Maritzburg and Cairo, I decided to put in a summer amongst the pine-trees of the Black Forest in South Germany, where there was good trout-fishing and comfortable living at a very moderate cost. I should then also be able to arrange for my elder boys to live in German families in order to learn the language thoroughly, as they had already done with French, similarly acquired. Freiburg in Baden was the place I selected as my headquarters, and there I made the acquaintance of some of the officers of the garrison. I could not speak German, but they knew either French or English. Belonging to the same social class as our own officers I thoroughly enjoyed their society. They were all keen about their profession, and very kindly gave me any information I required. Whenever anything new was tried on the *Exerzierplatz*—a fine grass plain—they let me know about it, and explained anything special. The system for training their men to shoot at unknown distances, and at moving or unexpected targets, was excellent, the different methods of moving the targets being simple and effective. Why our people at Hythe did not take a hint from the German system was at the time a puzzle. We certainly are a conservative nation in all military matters except dress: perhaps the constant changes in that respect are supposed to make up for stagna-

tion in the others ! Some of the wrinkles I got on the *Exerzierplatz* I was afterwards able to turn to account during my next command in Australia. The interior economy of the German regiments was also explained to me when going over their barrack-rooms and cook-houses.

There were some very interesting bits of military history to be worked out along the Rhine Valley near Freiburg. In a short paper I was able to turn professional light on to the much-vaunted march of Moreau through "the Valley of Hell" and the terrible Black Forest. The Valley of Hell—*Höllenthal*—is a beautiful gorge, seven miles in length, connecting the Valley of the Rhine with the broad open country on the east. The forest-covered, undulating hills on each side of it could easily have been cleared, had they been occupied, which was not the case.

In military geographies the Black Forest is, or was, represented as an almost impassable country: it may have been so two or three hundred years ago, but now it is seamed with excellent roads. The well-kept open forest is practicable everywhere for infantry, and in many places for wheels; the slopes almost everywhere are easy. If France and Germany are ever at war again, and the French at all successful, I believe the Belfort *trouée* will be made use of for an advance across the Rhine, more especially if Switzerland were friendly.

There are innumerable beautiful walks about the bend of the Rhine which I thoroughly enjoyed, not only on account of the scenery, but also by reason of their military interest to me. I was told that when Von Moltke was in the same district, examining the

frontier, a policeman arrested him for trespassing. Von Moltke went quietly with the policeman, when some of the general staff came up and congratulated the man on making a capture which all the armies of France had been unable to effect !

I did not do much in trout-fishing until I heard of Bad Bol on the Wutach, at no great distance from Donaueschingen, where there was a most comfortable little hotel, the charge for board and lodging being only four marks per day : the cost of a trout ticket was ten marks a week, and well worth the money. Now that the Bad Bol fishing has become a commercial concern, both hotel and fishing charges are possibly different from what they were when I was there.

During my sojourn in the State of Baden I was particularly struck by the pleasant, well-bred, courteous manners of the country-people. The officials also, although bureaucratic to a degree, and apparently living on red-tape, were always polite, and did their best for the foreigner. Since then, while travelling in other countries, I have met with what is now so common, viz., the German tourist, and should say that some of them do not come from South Germany.

On the weather beginning to get cold we went south to Cimiez, near Nice, for the winter. When there I could not help noticing the difference between the German and French military training. In the north everyone was in grim earnest, as if war were almost in sight. It was not so in France. It was almost painful to me one day—France being our old ally—to see a company, which was supposed to be receiving instructions out in the country in outpost

work : the two officers were walking about on the road, well away from their men, who were skylarking !

My only chance of forming an opinion on the Italian army was from those perfect soldiers—the Sardinians in the Crimea ; but by permission from Rome, I went over the dockyard at Spezzia. From what I saw and heard there, I gathered that the Northern Italian makes a good sailor, which is not the case with the Southern Italian : they are evidently two distinct and different races.

The system I had tried for the battle-training of regimental officers having been approved of, I thought it my duty, on returning to London, to deliver a lecture at the United Service Institution, giving full details of the work : the majority of the headquarter staff did me the honour of attending. The next day I got a note from the military secretary saying he wished to see me. I thought it might be to point out that I was rather too advanced in my ideas, but that was not the case. It was to inform me that, owing to the Indian regulations, I could not hold the appointment which he wished me to have in that country, but he could offer me the post of commandant of the Australian forces in Victoria, with the local rank of major-general. I was under the impression that in such a position I should be expected to do a good deal of entertaining in a very expensive part of the world, and therefore was afraid I could not accept his very kind offer ; but on the military secretary informing me that if an Australian Contingent were sent on active service to the north-west frontier of India, I should have the command of it, I replied, “ On these terms I shall be delighted

to go without any pay at all ! ” I may mention that the pay and allowances of a general officer given me by the Victorian Government proved to be sufficient. Although I found the cost of living in Australia to be greater than in England, the amount of entertaining was much less than a district command would have required at home.

CHAPTER XVI.

THIRTEENTH VOYAGE. VICTORIA.

IN October, 1889, I embarked with my wife and the eldest and youngest of the family for Australia. The first, our only girl, then saw her native land for the last time. She died very suddenly in Melbourne, and life to us ever since seems somehow different from what it was before—light went out of it which can never return.

The first place we arrived at in Australia was Albany, a magnificent harbour, but at that time without even protection against a gunboat. As this was a coaling-port of great importance, one of my first cares was to write a memo showing the absolute necessity for at once protecting Albany. Correspondence connected with the defence of Albany and the coaling-port of Thursday Island, on the north-east coast of Australia, had been going on between the Australian colonies and the Colonial Office for ten years, but nothing had come of it. Fortunately there was a strong Minister of Defence at Melbourne, Sir Frederick Sargood, who took the matter up, and finally got all the colonies to agree to furnish the money for building the necessary forts and barracks. The Home Government was to supply the guns, the colonies providing everything else, including garrisons. All this took some

time, but the final result was my appointment as president of a joint Naval and Military Committee, which visited Albany and Thursday Island to select sites for the batteries and barracks. The guns ordered, or rather their hydro-pneumatic elevating carriages, which the colonies had asked for ten years previously, were not the proper ones for the high sites we had chosen, and were therefore objected to. On this the colonies were told that they must take what had been ordered; but when it was quietly represented that, if the proper guns and carriages were not sent, the colonies might stop the supply required for the construction of the batteries, we got the guns with the right carriages, and long before I left Australia the guns were in the forts and the garrisons in the barracks of both Thursday Island and Albany.

Melbourne, with its broad streets at right angles to each other, had a look of New York about it; which city it also resembled, particularly in Collins Street, with its banks, insurance offices, and other fine mercantile buildings. The crowd of busy energetic pedestrians hurrying from office or store showed very plainly that, although Melbourne is at times decidedly hot, it is a very long way from the take-it-easy life of the tropics. At one season of the year, however, not only Melbourne people, but also all who can leave their stations up-country and come south, take a week's holiday. Business of every sort is suspended during the Cup Week. To most English men and women a racecourse, with its attendant objectionable sights and sounds, is not particularly attractive; but in Victoria things are very differently managed. We arrived

at the commencement of the Cup Week, and not knowing what the Melbourne races really were, we declined at first to attend ; but on being told how very different they were from meetings at home, we went. The governor drove down to the course—a few miles from the city—in a well-turned-out four-in-hand : there were some other carriages, but the rest of the world went by train, the railway service being very well arranged. Arrived at Flemington, we found, instead of the usual rough race-course scene, a magnificent lawn on which a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen were promenading. Had it not been for the course and the mass of people on the other side of the rails, we might have supposed ourselves at a large garden-party. The stands and refreshment-rooms behind the lawn were such as can be seen only at Melbourne ; and there were other excellent refreshment-buildings for those who could not afford grand-stand prices. The dirty refreshment-tents and booths of the English race-course were entirely absent, as was also the yelling bookie—that is, as far as the grand stand and lawn were concerned. That necessary fraternity for people who wish to get rid of their money were kept in a separate enclosure, quite out of sight and hearing of the stand and lawn. The well-behaved crowd on the other side of the enclosure and rails was estimated at over 50,000. I purposely walked about amongst it, and not one single foul expression did I hear. Could the same be said of any public race meeting in England ? It must be an unpleasant shock to an Australian who, on visiting England, ventures to the saturnalia of the Derby.

As the naval forces of the colony always worked

with us in defensive arrangements a short account of the land forces may be given. The peace strength of the Victorian Militia forces was over 7000, all men of grand physique. Counting the senior cadet battalion and the 2000 rifle club men, the total military armed force of Victoria was at the end of my second year over 10,000. The school cadet battalions also, each 500 strong, were ten in number. They wore a very smart khaki uniform, and were armed with small rifles, sighted to 300 yards, with which they were put through an annual course of musketry. The cadet battalions went into camp once a year, like the other forces of the colony. I may here mention that between 3000 and 4000 men went from Victoria to South Africa: of these upwards of 2000 had been cadets.

Every battery of artillery and company of infantry had its own large drill-hall, with storerooms, offices, etc. The regulations for the organisation of the force were excellent. The officers of the Militia on appointment had to be specially recommended, and were also required to pass a fairly stiff professional examination before their commissions were confirmed: other more severe examinations were necessary before promotion. Their pay was small, but considered sufficient. The men were paid by attendances—if I remember correctly, 1s. 6d. for a night-drill of an hour and a half, double that for a half day of three hours, and double again for a whole day of eight hours. There was a minimum and also a maximum of attendances allowable. After passing the recruit course the amount of time given to drills annually was 175 hours. In this was included seven whole days in camp.

It may be here mentioned that the naval forces of the colony, under an imperial commandant, consisted of an iron-plated turretship, two gunboats, and several torpedo craft.

I found the schools of instruction for the different arms so good that the only addition I made was to get a garrison instructor from England and a large raised model war-game, to be kept in the lecture-room of a United Service Institution which I had got under weigh. Battle-training, as soon as I commenced it, was rapidly appreciated, as was also the system of battle-firing at unknown distances with small, shiftable targets: this was at once taken up all over Australia. Better or more extensive rifle-ranges could not be wished for than those close to Melbourne, to which any member of the force, with a rifle in his hand, was entitled by law to be taken free of charge by the railway. There being plenty of room, I was able to extend the system of battle-firing to the Field Artillery, which had hitherto practised on fixed ranges. It would rather surprise people at home to see three batteries of artillery and a couple of battalions of infantry suddenly detrained at a wayside station, and then marched, as if in action, straight across some open country till the gunners perceived in the far distance a small trench, on which they opened with shrapnel. This system of training I had no difficulty in carrying out from Melbourne: all that was necessary was to get some squatter friend to send his boundary-riders to clear the stock off the land in good time.

I made some changes in the forts at the Heads, organising each as if it had been a ship, the magazines being filled up to 200 rounds per gun; and each

fort had also a supply of tinned provisions. When mobilised for the week's training at Easter, the Militia garrison gunners went at once to the gun and quarters they were accustomed to.

The submarine mining establishment at the Heads, under an Imperial Royal Engineer officer, was perfect—everything ready for instant work.

The New South Wales contingent sent to the Soudan in 1885 was very hurriedly got together, and sent off, in spite of the protests of its commandant, before it was properly organised, and with but a handful of officers who knew their work. It was no wonder that a force composed of all sorts and conditions of men was not what it might have been, and so got colonials an indifferent reputation. Some of the force sent from Australia to South Africa would have been the better for a stronger leaven of instructed officers and non-commissioned officers; but, taken all round, they did splendidly. The enthusiastic terms in which our officers speak of the mounted men—the real men from the Bush—who came from Australasia is worth listening to. All I can say is, that men easier to command than all those under me in Victoria I never met. The petty restraints and automatic-like discipline to which we are accustomed, and which to a certain extent is necessary with regular troops, are out of place with men who have lived in the back blocks, where master and man together lend a hand when work presses. The owner of tens of thousands of acres, who can put a buck-jumper into shape, or help in rounding up a mob of cattle, does not lose, but, on the contrary, gains, the respect of his fellow-labourers, his own men, by showing he can do their

work when necessary. Accustomed to such free contact with their masters, the rigid line between the officers in the regular service and the men they command is not at once understood by colonials, and our young officers are at first apt to take offence at a freedom of manner and speech by which not the very slightest disrespect is meant. The first time I put on uniform in Victoria was at the great annual rifle meeting. Two of the men came up to me—"General, we have had a dispute as to whether you are a Scotsman or an Englishman. Would you mind telling us?" My answer was, "Well, I was born in Scotland, but now I am an Australian." I had some difficulty in persuading them that I was too much occupied with my work to go to the refreshment-tent!

It soon struck me, when mistakes were made at manœuvres, that similar ones had not been sufficiently and forcibly pointed out at previous camps. This I endeavoured to rectify. At my first Easter training I tried what the infantry brigade could do in attacking a hill on the top of which I stood. When it was over I had the battalions formed up close by, and told them that "the marching past the day before in front of the governor was simply perfect; but a worse exhibition of an attack I never saw. The talking was so loud 500 yards off, as you came through the swamp, that I heard it distinctly: doubtless you came across some snakes, but that was no reason for chattering. All I can now tell you is, that on Monday I intend attacking an intrenched position on a hill with ball-cartridge. If you then move as you did to-day, you will shoot each other by the dozen. Colonel,

march back to camp and dismiss ! ” That was on a Friday. So incessantly did the battalions practise the attack that when I did carry one out, as I told them I should do, it was perfectly done, and without a single casualty. There was some little alarm about my rough-and-ready way of battle-training ; but when it was seen to be successful, the papers said in approbation, “ This is not mere reform—it is revolution.” The spirit of the men was excellent and no matter how forcibly I had occasionally to speak, the stronger my expressions the more satisfied all hands seemed to feel at my being so much in earnest ! Some idea of the behaviour of the colonial troops when out for duty may be formed by my mentioning that during the great strike, which lasted six weeks, 600 men were on duty in barracks ready in case their services should be required, the different detachments being changed once a fortnight : not far off 2000 men stood the test of irksome confinement to barracks, and yet during all that time but two offences were committed. One (an old soldier) broke out of barracks ; the other was a case of a man going to sleep on sentry : by some mistake he had been put on guard two nights running.

The only serious trouble I had was in the case of a battalion the sergeant-major of which was not a favourite with the recruits. After dark some fifty of them, all in their ordinary plain clothes, marched through the streets singing, “ We will hang the sergeant-major to a sour apple-tree,” etc. No amount of investigation could bring out who the culprits were, so at last I was obliged to state plainly at our Council of Defence that the regiment that

was guilty of such conduct must be disbanded. This rather startled my hearers; but upon my pointing out that without proper discipline a regiment was not only useless but dangerous, and that if I was not allowed to enforce discipline I should prefer resigning my command, the Minister of Defence—the same Sir Frederick Sargood to whom all Australia owes so much—gave me the requisite authority to disband the regiment if absolutely necessary. The colonel of another regiment who was present begged me to speak to the guilty men myself, and try what could be done to avoid what would be such a slur on the colony. So I ordered a parade of the battalion and spoke to the men, telling them what would happen if the offenders, who must have been at least fifty in number, did not surrender for such punishment as I thought necessary. I would then and there disband the regiment. I gave them ten minutes to decide, whilst I waited in the orderly-room. At the end of the time the colonel, in great distress, said the men had not surrendered; but he begged for another five minutes to again speak to his battalion, after which, to my great relief, he announced, “The guilty men have stepped out of the ranks.” I congratulated them on having saved their regiment by so doing, but informed them that they must be severely punished. I fined each man £5; which fine, on account of the subsequent good behaviour of the regiment, I afterwards reduced by one half. Previously to this I had stopped all parades and drills, which was equivalent to a fine of £120 per company: officers as well as men suffered. Would it be possible to give a better example of the grand spirit of the

Victorian Militia, which could take such severe punishment without showing the very slightest discontent? Ever afterwards a smarter or more well-behaved battalion than this could not be found.

Better stuff, or men more amenable to discipline by those who know how to deal with them, do not exist. The well-to-do, comfortable existence which all men worth anything enjoy in Australia seems to resuscitate the old yeoman spirit and self-consciousness of power which made the English of the middle ages so formidable. The same effect is, if possible, more strongly developed in men of Scottish or Irish descent, even if two or three generations have been town-bred before arrival in the country. Better circumstances bring out the old fighting strain in the blood, and make the man instinctively turn towards soldiering. After any big day I used to form up the force and speak on the subject of very possible active service before long on the north-west frontier of India, naming special tunes the bands ought to practise—viz., “Blue Bonnets over the Border” for the crossing of the Helmund, and “The Hundred Pipers” for entering Herat. Soon I could see a glitter, a veritable light of battle, in the men’s eyes. I could not help feeling amused when some of the principal political authorities at last spoke to me about exciting the men too much. They truly said, “Whole companies now volunteer for active service, even for little native wars in Africa: if you do not stop, the Victorian forces will want to attack a neighbouring colony!” Be that as it might, I took good care that everything was ready, as far as it was possible to make it so, for the active-service

employment of the Victorian forces. Mobilisation instructions and tables took some months of very detailed work, as all the resources of the colony had to be carefully gone into. As soon as they were ready a printed copy of the Mobilisation Instructions was given to every officer of and above the rank of captain. My general scheme was that the Volunteer battalions, reinforced by the rifle clubs, should form the guards of the forts and batteries—where the Garrison Artillery and Submarine Miners were—and that the whole of the remainder should be formed into a field force at the camp. This would be composed of two regiments of Mounted Rifles, four batteries of Artillery, a field company of Engineers, and six battalions of Infantry—all at war strength, with staff and departments complete. In the different lectures I gave at our United Service Institution I supplied full explanations of my general scheme for all Australia, and trusted New South Wales would have a similar field force of two brigades, and Queensland and South Australia one brigade each. West Australia and New Zealand, being at a week's distance by sea from the rest of Australia, would require to rely on their own resources, as would also Tasmania. But until federation was accomplished it would, I saw, be almost impossible to get all the colonies to work together and furnish their proper shares of money and men.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUSTRALASIA AND NEW CALEDONIA.

IN 1892 the New South Wales Government, seeing that Sir Frederick Sargood had got the Victorian military organisation satisfactorily settled, requested that I might be allowed to be President of a Royal Commission to inquire into the organisation of their military and naval forces.

As in all small communities where the principal officials remain many years in office, crystallisation sets in, and the officials themselves at last come under social and political influences which prevent their being free agents, even when they see that the public service is suffering: such was the case in New South Wales. The examination of the witnesses was not a pleasant process, and the cross-examination necessary at times was simply painful; but the duty undertaken had to be done. The ultimate result was that the Commission was able to make recommendations by which the colony could save a very large annual amount—running well into five figures—and have at the same time larger and much more efficient defence forces. One of the newspapers was very bitter because reporters were not allowed to be present. Their exclusion, until the whole of the evidence was published, was really greatly to the benefit of several witnesses; but I was

fiercely attacked for my severity. An opposition paper sent its representative to me on the subject, whom I informed that the abusive articles which came out every evening rather amused me than otherwise, and that as the editor must now have increased the sale of his paper and made quite a pile out of me, I expected he would hand some of it over to my United Service Home in Victoria. The following evening the hostile paper said, "Formerly we attacked this man on public grounds; now it shall be on private ones also—it shall be war to the knife!"

The Commission occupied forty-five days, and at its conclusion I was presented with 200 guineas, the same as the other members. This I had no scruples in accepting, as I had often worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and had to go to Melbourne—eighteen hours by train—at the end of each week to attend to my command there. I was also obliged to go to South Australia to investigate another matter, as required by their House of Assembly; but that was soon arranged by working up to 10 P.M. I was rather taken aback, when about to leave on the following morning, by a messenger from the Treasury bringing me twenty guineas, which I at once returned, when the Prime Minister himself came down to insist upon my accepting it, saying all such work was paid for in Australia. I told him that I was really very much obliged but could not think of receiving anything for a few hours' work for a neighbouring colony. The Premier said I had settled a very difficult matter, and must allow him to send me a cheque.

I made several professional visits to the other

colonies ; but the most interesting of such work was when I acted as President of the Joint Naval and Military Committee to fix the sites for batteries at Thursday Island and Albany. Tasmanian defences had by special request to be reported on, as also Port Darwin on the north coast of Australia. This last place we proceeded to after our visit to Thursday Island, one of the China mail-steamers being placed at our disposal. Extra pay was proposed by the authorities ; but as we were not charged for our living, we all agreed that if we received 2s. 6d. per day beverage-money—being in the tropics—it would be sufficient. The voyage up between the coast of Australia and the Great Barrier Reef was very interesting. Owing to the intricate navigation required through the coral-reefs we had to anchor at night, and as soon as the anchor went down my hand-line was over the side ; but I did not get any of the strangely-curious fishes I expected. On one occasion I saw in the distance a queer, great moving coil which looked uncommonly like an enormous snake ; but an examination through my glasses reduced the phenomenon to a large collection of fish jumping after each other. That strange creatures of great size exist in those little-frequented tropical seas is undoubted : unfortunately what I saw was not one of them.

Thursday Island we found hot and moist ; but it is said to be not unhealthy. From its situation it ought to become a small edition of Singapore. After completing our work at Thursday Island we crossed the great Gulf of Carpentaria, and then kept along the unoccupied coast of North Australia to Port Darwin, the terminus of the submarine

telegraph line. A more unpleasant place to live in could not well be imagined. Although the temperature was only 85 degrees, the air was so saturated with moisture that even a thin singlet was an oppressive garment. A few small houses occupied by the telegraph staff, and a collection of tin shanties used by Chinese, Japanese, and some white men, composed the town of Port Darwin at the time of our visit; but the place returns one or two members to the Parliament of South Australia, with which it has no connection whatever, except the telegraph wire crossing the great Australian continent in a direct line. The representative of Port Darwin was very indignant because we declined to recommend extensive fortifications and a garrison there.

As there were said to be a number of buffaloes on Melville Island, opposite Port Darwin, we intended going over, but were warned not to do so on account of a cantankerous tribe, who might not only attack but digest us afterwards—a process yet possible in certain parts of Northern Australia for any ambitious missionary desirous of testing it! We had a *corrobory* (war-dance) of the natives, a degraded-looking race—so much so, that I heard one of the few ladies who have visited Port Darwin say, “Do you think those creatures have souls?”

We were most hospitably entertained by the Resident at Port Darwin, who was an instance of the way in which men get accustomed to their surroundings. He thought I might prefer a bath in the sea before breakfast, but mentioned incidentally that the repairs to the palisade round the bathing-place for keeping out alligators and sharks had not been finished. The Resident himself did not mind

risking it, although he knew that an alligator from the neighbouring mangroves sometimes came that way ! I preferred a quiet, uninterrupted tub in my room. We were not sorry to say good-bye to Port Darwin, which did not forget us : we all managed to get fever there, one of our number nearly dying on the way back. We put into Brisbane, and saw something of the Queensland ports and defences.

I ought to have mentioned that we visited Albany before going to Tasmania. After completing our work at Albany our naval member suggested that, in connection with the defences as well as for navigation purposes, there ought to be a lighthouse on the Lewin. The hydrographer at the Admiralty objected, believing it would do more harm than good ; but as the representatives of the great steamship companies were anxious for it, it was afterwards built, and I understand has been particularly useful to vessels making the Australian coast.

During the five years I was in Australia I had so much to do, not only in Victoria but also in the other colonies, that I had but little time for regular leave. Twenty-one days was what I allowed myself annually, the same as the other public servants, except when I went to New Zealand, when I got six weeks. An odd day for duck-shooting could be managed when going round the out-stations on inspections. Duck-shooting in Australia is a very simple sport, and great bags can be made. Snipe can be got occasionally ; but as they all leave the northern hemisphere in the winter, and consequently arrive in Australia in the hot weather, those killed in the morning are often found to have gone bad before the evening. Snakes are also unpleasantly numerous in the snipe-marshes,

where they come for the frogs. My bag one day was three snipe and five snakes ! I did succeed in getting one trout on a fly in a stream near Melbourne, and up-country once rose a platypus when trying for trout with an artificial minnow ; but in Tasmania and New Zealand there is first-rate trout-fishing, more especially in the latter.

The Blue Mountains near Sydney, and certain portions of the north-east coast excepted, Australia cannot be said to possess any really grand scenery ; but it is very different in Tasmania and New Zealand. The latter island, with its clear streams and glacier-topped mountains, may be shortly described as a cross between Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands. Although heavily handicapped by an immense public debt, the island, by reason of its geographical position and its mountains, is free from the droughts which too often destroy sheep and cattle in Australia by the million, and is at present doing well. Tasmania has a splendid climate, and sends large cargoes of apples to England ; but somehow, except, in the northern tin and copper mines, there seems to be a deficiency of energy in the island : districts which were formerly covered with small farms are now converted into sheep-runs. Mutton pays better than men ; but it is sad to see—as in the Scottish Highlands—a formerly populous valley, or strath, with nothing now but a few shepherds' houses, or rather mere shelters against the weather.

To those who wish to see what Australasia is, and may become, the cities of Melbourne and Sydney and the mining centres will be particularly interesting. But for scenery : after doing the Blue Mountains and Sydney Harbour, a week in Tas-

mania is sufficient—all the rest of the time available should be devoted to New Zealand. A man fond of trout-fishing will get it there in perfection. Shepherds have taken lately to dynamiting the pools near their work, but there are many streams free from such poaching methods of fishing. In the Great Lakes the trout run up to over thirty pounds, but those are rarely taken except in nets. I did get hold of one of the monsters when harling from a boat on the Great Wiho River, but he broke the abominable gut I unfortunately had to buy in Invercargill. Having a sprained ankle, I lost my chance of doing much, although I did try it on crutches. An acquaintance living in the same shanty rarely brought in less than half a dozen beauties, averaging six pounds each: he usually caught them with live grasshoppers.

Except in the cities and some holiday resorts, the hotel, or rather inn, accommodation in Australia is decidedly indifferent. For men that does not much matter, but when ladies are in the party, the rough, happy-go-lucky style of conducting an hotel is not pleasant. At one, not fifty miles from Melbourne, which had a considerable reputation, my small boy who came with us was rather startled by the servant who showed him his room saying, "You will take your boots off, sonnie, won't you, before you go to bed?"

During my last year in Australia it was considered expedient that I should pay a visit to the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, where the 10,000 convicts and *libérés* (ticket-of-leave men) caused some nervousness to our colonies. The French authorities in New Caledonia, as I have

found them in all other parts of the world, were kindness itself, and showed me and my three companions everything, even the innermost prison of Isle Nou. The system of years of solitary confinement and the dark cell, it is to be hoped, will be abolished: it is simply horrible. To try what the dark cell was like, I got the warders to shut me up in one. It was darkness that might almost be felt, and as for ventilation—I was all but suffocated. This I mentioned when I came out. “Yes,” they said, “some prisoners were suffocated; that is why those holes were bored in the bottom of the door to let air in.” The guillotine, which is occasionally used, was also shown, and the way it worked, a fagot being employed to illustrate the great shearing power of the triangular blade. The reckless minds of some of the convicts may be judged from what we were told of one about to be decapitated. He noticed that there was straw in the box into which his head would fall, and asked for his execution to be delayed until the straw was exchanged for sawdust, to which he said he was entitled by regulation! The hospital was like any other; but the lunatic wards, and the antiquated system for dealing with the insane, made one shudder. All those who are sentenced to more than eight years’ transportation remain in New Caledonia for life, as do also the *récidivistes*—viz., habitual offenders, sent from France as such: for these there is no hope. On a comparatively small, damp, tropical island, with very few opportunities for improving their condition, it is a wonder that so few commit suicide.

It has lately been decided to improve the defences

of the island, which had been allowed to get into a very ruinous condition, and to make New Caledonia a French naval coaling-port. The wisdom of this step seems very doubtful when it is remembered that the island is dependent on Australia for meat and flour, and that the reef openings would not be difficult to blockade. Shut up with 10,000 reckless and starving convicts and several thousand disaffected natives, the garrison would be in an awkward position. The industries of the island, principally nickel-mining, are really in British hands; even the construction of water-works for the supply of the town of Nouméa was being carried out by an English contractor, who brought his own navvies from Australia. The horrors of a penal settlement half a century ago are forcibly shown in Marcus Clarke's novel, "For the Term of his Natural Life." New Caledonia is now very much—or possibly worse than—what Van Diemen's Land was a century ago. So impressed was I with what I saw and heard of it, that I gave a copy of my paper on the subject to my friend, the French consul-general in Melbourne, hoping for the sake of humanity that it might in some small way help those in Paris who are trying to get transportation beyond the seas abolished. I had the good fortune when in New Caledonia to make the acquaintance of a broad-minded high official, who afterwards stayed on a visit with me in Melbourne. Having a special sympathy with our ancient Scottish allies, the French, and as my wife was *La Présidente de l'Alliance Française*, we made several French friends in Australia: the officers of the French men-of-war were always our very welcome visitors.

I had almost forgotten an institution which I was able to set going in Victoria, and which I think might be found useful in other colonies—viz., a home for worn-out old soldiers of good character, who have seen much active service and done their share of work as colonial workmen and labourers. There is no Poor Law in Victoria, or, I believe, in any of the Australian colonies, and if the Benevolent Asylum, or the wards for casuals known as the Immigrants' Home, are full—which is nearly always the case in Melbourne—any men or women unable to work and without friends have to be committed to prison to prevent their dying in the streets from starvation. The old-age pension scheme has doubtless now corrected this; but it was not in operation when I was in Australia, and I found several most worthy old soldiers over seventy years of age unable to work and in great destitution. One man I specially remember, who after being through several campaigns was discharged with a good-conduct medal and an exemplary character. Rheumatism rendered him unable to work, and having no friends he had to be committed to prison. I got all the necessary facts together, and wrote very strongly to the papers on the subject of the friendless old soldier, the result being a public meeting in the Town Hall, with the governor in the chair. Some £2000 was subscribed, a beautiful piece of land was given by the colony not far from Geelong, and a United Service home was built for specially deserving old soldiers and sailors of exemplary character who were unable to make a living for themselves, and who had been good colonists in Victoria for not less than five years. A splendid

fellow, Major Purchas, formerly in the Victorian forces, gave his services as an architect free of charge: he greatly assisted me with the organisation, and has acted as honorary secretary ever since the home was started. There are now twelve old soldiers and two old blue-jackets in the home, which is maintained principally by the members, officers and men, of the Defence Forces of Victoria. There are no charges for management: the home, under a committee and Major Purchas, being, so to say, self-contained, the actual cost, including everything, is 1s. per head per day, and extremely well done. The house and grounds are kept in order by the inmates, and have developed into quite a show place. On Sunday the old fellows march to the village church: in their three-cornered cocked hats and quaint old Chelsea and Greenwich uniforms, and with their white beards and medals, they make a grand show. It was with difficulty I finished my little speech when, on leaving Australia, I had to say good-bye to them. Of those fourteen, all now rest in the old soldiers' corner of the village cemetery, but the institution is still maintained.

When the great financial crash came in Australia, Victoria suffered heavily, and reductions of expenditure had to be made. The Defence Forces were the first to suffer, and my beautiful little army began rapidly to diminish. With everyone suffering by a reduction of income, I considered it right to tender my resignation. I said plainly that I could not afford to live in Australia on less than the pay I was drawing, but if the Government wished to get a commandant at a lower salary I was quite ready to cancel my agreement with them. The Premier

very kindly hoped I would remain until the end of my time, which the Government afterwards wanted to extend for six months because of some special meeting. This, owing to urgent business at home, I was unable to agree to : indeed it was full time I left. I had commenced to see things too much through Australian spectacles, and found myself taking too great an interest in political matters. In fact, I was rapidly becoming an Australian, and when I had to say good-bye I discovered that I had insensibly put out roots, the severing of which was decidedly painful. In November, 1894, I embarked at Melbourne, receiving my last salute from a field battery on the shore, the 32-pounders of the old Nelson and the heavy guns at the Heads. The following year, although on the special list, I was retired under the age clause at fifty-seven, and ceased to belong to the army.

On the breaking-out of the South African war I sent in an official application for employment in any capacity, but was privately informed that it could not be managed owing to my rank and retirement. I then offered to go as a subaltern again, but even that failed. Although not so active as I was sixteen years before, I certainly thought I might have been able to hold my own with the boys again, as I could then swing a salmon-rod on the Ness all day, gaff my own fish, and walk four miles home in the evening, with sometimes a couple of salmon on my back ; but it was not to be—my service days were over.

CHAPTER XVIII,

LAST VOYAGE.

THE far north of Scotland, where my forbears had lived, and where I thought to settle handy to salmon, grouse, and rough shooting, I found too cold, and after three years' experience, came to the conclusion that I must go to a milder climate in the south. I eventually found a suitable place in South Wales, with the sport I required, and also a small home farm attached. It is a curious fact, but a true one, that old sailors somehow take to farming when they settle down, and generally succeed, which is not always the case with the retired soldier. In order to show what can be done if one really takes to it, and is up every morning at 6 a.m. during the farmer's year, I published a small book giving my four years' experience in full, and showing that I made a net profit of £2 an acre.

I had become a sort of country squire, where local interests gradually toned down the craving for a return to an adventurous life, and my wife and I looked forward to many years together in a home which was simply a paradise to us both, but somehow I felt occasionally that a life of perfect happiness, with no cares or anxieties—our five sons being all out in the world and succeeding in everything—could hardly be hoped for continuously in this

world, and so it was. Suddenly, after only a few hours' illness, my devoted companion of thirty-nine years of what had been really a honeymoon from the day we were married, was taken from me. Not one single real difference of any kind did we have, even in what at first was rather a struggle to get along with an increasing family on somewhat limited means, but we had fought life's battle together, and had succeeded.

When the shock came, and one was left alone, it seemed more than hard that both could not have been taken together, as we so spoke of it and trusted that when our time came it might be so ordained.

To live alone in a great country house where we had been so happy together was impossible ; so, as soon as I was capable of anything, I decided to try and be with the Japanese navy for the coming Russian war.

Arranging to get the lease of the place I had broken, and selling off carriages, horses and farm stock, I took a passage by P. & O. for Yokohama, and offered to do work for the 'Times' if I got a chance, and trusted I might get to Japan before the war began, but on arriving at Gibraltar, we heard of the attack of the Japanese torpedo boats on the Russian fleet lying outside Port Arthur. On considering the situation of the belligerent forces, I came to the conclusion that it would be the better plan for the Russians to play for safety, viz., to strengthen as rapidly as possible Port Arthur and Vladivostock to stand a siege, and gradually draw back their land forces to Harbin or even further back, concentrating all the military power of the empire before advancing against the Japanese. That idea

I sent to the 'Times' from Gibraltar, as a first instalment of work.

We had one little excitement on our voyage, viz., in the Red Sea, where a Russian man-of-war cruiser and a couple of T.B.D. were cruising on the track of steamers which might have contraband of war on board. One of the torpedo boats cut across our course, and signalled us to stop. This was done, and the little man-of-war ranged up on our port quarter, within speaking distance. After a short talk the Russian commander was satisfied that we were a P. & O. mail steamer, and not likely to be carrying contraband of war. The T.B. had a small Q.F. gun in the bows, and her crew, such as it was, at quarters. It was rather amusing to see the little boat range up alongside a 10,000 ton mail steamer and signal her to stop. Near Ceylon I saw what was evidently another Russian cruiser, but she was more like an ordinary passenger-vessel than a regular man-of-war.

Arrived at Yokohama, I pushed on at once to Tokio and saw Brinkley, the 'Times' correspondent in Japan, about getting what I wanted as soon as possible. Little did I know the trouble I had in front of me. Our Minister, now Ambassador, Sir Claude Macdonald, was an old friend of Egyptian days, and did what he could to help me to be with the Japanese navy, but the regular naval attaché, Captain Pakenham, was the only one allowed. In desperation, I suggested to Captain Boyle, an old friend who had brought over the Argentine ships, that he and I should go to Chefoo and charter a junk, sail for the Japanese fleet and try what we could do personally with the Japanese admiral to

take us on board, and then if that failed, to disable or sink, if need be, the junk, when the admiral would be obliged to receive us as distressed British seamen, but Boyle said he had finished his work with Japan and was on his way home again, so I decided to go by myself and try what I could do alone. I took my passage from Yokohama to Chefoo, and was on the point of starting. Sir Claude, Generals Ian Hamilton and Nicholson and I were all together at Meanosita, a beautiful place in the hills when I was making my arrangements to start. Sir Claude's farewell was significant. "Well, if I can prevent your being hanged, I will." Next morning, as I was about to leave, I got a wire from the 'Times' manager in London, offering me the position of correspondent with the Japanese army. As that would give me a chance, although not exactly what I wished for, I wired acceptance. I got a pass from the Japanese War Office for the 3rd Army Corps, and was delighted at the prospect of soon being at the front; a vain expectation, as it proved. Newspaper correspondents were not *personæ gratae* with the Japanese authorities, who very much objected to their being with the field forces. I and several others, although with the necessary passes, were not allowed to make use of them by being given our passages to Manchuria. We were informed we should be allowed to go as soon as it was possible to permit us to do so. When waiting at Jeddo, I made the acquaintance of more than one of the Japanese headquarter generals. The chief of the staff, Foukusema, I believe, would have done what he could for me. He did not say much about what was going on, but I did amuse

him with one of my propositions. I happened to mention that forty-four years before I had, when encamped at Talienwhan Bay—just behind Port Arthur—made a survey there, and when on the sea beach met an oyster which I ate and many others also which I found, but that night the oysters were avenged, and I was really very ill. “Now,” I said, “General, don’t you think I should be doing you a real service if you would allow me to go to Talienwhan Bay just to let the army there know that it is dangerous to eat Manchurian oysters?” I had never seen Foukusema laugh as he did then. Another Japanese general, Governor-General of Formosa, was particularly friendly. Seeing I might have to wait some time, he kindly offered me a trip back with him to see his island. He was rather amused at my being so keen on campaigning in my old age, as he so expressed it.

Such stirring accounts came of the work going on at the front that I could stand it no longer, and decided to go to Wei-hai-wei, where there was an aerial telegraph station in communication with the ‘Times’ apparatus on board the ‘Times’ steamer. On arrival at Wei-hai-wei, I transferred my little baggage to the steamer, where I found the ‘Times’ correspondent who had done such splendid work in Peking, and also Captain James. They were both much against my intention of getting over to Talienwhan, pointing out that there had been so many protestations against the ‘Times’ aerial ship, and that if I carried out my intention without regular authority, the ship might be ordered away from the Gulf of Pechili. I thereupon decided to get on alone to Chefoo and try what I could do from there. An idea had come

into my head that I might be able to get into Port Arthur from Chefoo. Admiring the Japanese immensely, I did not then much care which side I was on, provided only I could get under fire, and a 'Times' correspondent in Port Arthur on chance of getting letters through by a junk would have been a feat.

A coasting steamer got me on to Chefoo. As there were some of the floating mines drifting about in the Gulf of Pechili, their whereabouts became a matter of interest. I mentioned their existence to our skipper, and that if we touched one of them, we would not have more than a few minutes before we sank, and that it might be as well to give ourselves a chance by swinging the boats out to the davits, instead of allowing them to remain on their chocks on deck, but he was of opinion that as we were towing a lighter, that would be sufficient if we did strike a floating mine. Oddly enough, that same steamer, in a subsequent passage did strike a floating mine, but by extraordinary luck she did so fair on her stem. The bows were blown in, killing several Chinese coolie passengers who were there, but the forward bulkhead was uninjured, and kept the ship afloat until she managed to get to port.

Had I arrived in Chefoo a few hours before I did, I would have joined the correspondent of an American paper, who hired a junk to take him to the coast behind Port Arthur, and so get into the town. A few days afterwards I found him at breakfast in the little hotel I stayed at. His experiences were particularly interesting. For about two days he wandered about uncertain of his whereabouts, when he suddenly walked into a Russian

regiment and was made a prisoner. Fortunately, there was in the prison where he was a Russian officer, who instructed him how to get into communication with General Stossel, who sent for him, and to whom he explained that he was not a spy but the correspondent of an American newspaper. General Stossel was satisfied with the proofs of his statement, but could not allow him to remain. My acquaintance, after his prison experiences, said he would be only too pleased to return on a plank if nothing better could be got. General Stossel offered to help him to go by paying for a return junk passage, which my correspondent colleague eventually managed to get. I noticed that he ate as if he were very hungry. "Yes," he said, "I only got off the junk this morning, and for forty-eight hours have had nothing." In relating his prison experiences, he mentioned that he saw from his prison window how rapidly the damaged ships of the Russian fleet were being taken into dock and repaired, showing that the Russian naval strength was much greater than it was supposed to be. I asked him if he had wired that to his paper. He said yes. I then, as a correspondent of the 'Times,' asked him if I might make use of the information he gave me. He very kindly did so, and I believe my wire was the first authoritative information as regards the real Russian naval strength in Port Arthur harbour. It was that squadron which afterwards came out and fought so pluckily, but was defeated. It was tantalising hearing the guns at Port Arthur when the wind was favourable, and having to be out of it all. But I managed to get some useful information from the junks which occasionally slipped over, and wired

to the 'Times.' The accounts I heard made me very anxious to try to get into Port Arthur somehow, so I decided to get over to Neuchwang, then in Russian hands, and try from there. So I got my passport viséd by the Russian consul at Chefoo, and managed a passage in a trading steamer. I was not quite certain it was not something in the blockade running business, but I chanced it. We were overhauled by a Japanese torpedo boat, and our cargo was rummaged, but nothing incriminating could be found, so we were allowed to proceed. I had a talk with the Japanese officer, who kindly said he would get my card given to my friend Captain Pakenham on the Japanese flag-ship. I wished to let him know where I was.

Arrived at the bar of Neuchwang, we had to wait several hours before the passing authority came down the river. On asking our pilot who had come over with us from Chefoo why, with what might be a useful cargo, we were kept so long, he said the examining officer would require to have a comfortable lunch, and possibly a quiet snooze afterwards, before he troubled himself. When he did arrive, he brought a small armed party with him, and boarded with fixed bayonets. My passport with the Russian visé was considered sufficient, no remarks were entered, and I was allowed to land.

Neuchwang, a small grain trading port, was policed by Russian troops from the camp beyond; everything was very quiet. I went round the place with some of the Russian soldiers acting as police, with whom the inhabitants seemed to be on very good terms. Oddly enough, I forgot I had my Japanese pass with me; it might if found have

been awkward for me. I had not seen any Russian troops since the Crimea, but there was no change, as far as I could see, in appearance as regards clothing, or anything except arms. I noticed that my old acquaintances of Crimean days, viz., the Cossacks, on whom we had to keep such a watchful eye when we ventured to the Baidar Valley, had got rid of their lances. I expected to have been able to get permission at Mukden, quite handy by rail from Neuchwang, to get into Port Arthur, but was informed by a correspondent on the Russian side who had been allowed to come down on pass from Mukden, that if I went to Mukden, where there were several correspondents practically prisoners, I would be kept there, and very probably sent back to Russia. This was confirmed by our consul. Port Arthur was getting further off than ever, so after talking the matter over with our consul, I decided, after picking up all the information I could at Neuchwang, to get back to Wei-hai-wei and the 'Times' steamer again. Luckily there was a blockade runner going back empty, so I took a passage in her.

I may mention that there was a small Russian man-of-war, the "Seivitch," in the river at Neuchwang, but it could not venture out to run for Port Arthur, on account of the Japanese torpedo boats on the look-out beyond the bar. Some of the officers were keenly anxious to make a rush for it, but such was not allowed, and the end of the ship was eventually destruction by her own people. The night before we left Neuchwang the commander of the "Seivitch" sent to have our lights put out; otherwise they might be useful to the Japanese torpedo boats for a

rush up the river to destroy the ship. We were lying just ahead of her.

The blockade runner, now with an innocent grain cargo on board, had managed when coming up to get past the Japanese torpedo boats by going round on the west side of the Gulf of Pechili. In troubled times queer, patched-up ships manage to get employment, also queer skippers. The supercargo had, it appears, kept a diary of the voyage up. Someone saw it. One observation was, "Monday, skipper drunk. Tuesday, skipper drunk. Wednesday, skipper drunk. Thursday, skipper D.T." I heard of this, and also could not help hearing an arrangement being made connected with the insurance of the steamer for the coming trip, so thought it advisable not to take my clothes off, and to sleep in the chart room on deck until we arrived at Chefoo. The skipper referred to on the voyage up could not have been the one on the voyage back, as the one with me never exceeded. We passed a floating mine close to Iron Island, a Japanese torpedo boat found it and destroyed it the following day.

On the way down we noticed two Japanese men-of-war doing some shooting towards the land, but were too far off to make out what was going on. I may mention that a niece married to a naval officer whose ship was at Chemulfoo took a passage to that place, and on her way there had a distant view of the affair when the flag-ship, the "Peter-paulusk," of that grand sailor, Admiral Makaroff, was sunk by a floating mine.

Arriving at Wei-hai-wei, I found the 'Times' steamer had to be taken off, so there was nothing for it but to return to Japan and try again from there.

At Wei-hai-wei I was able to see what an advantageous possession that was to us as a *pied-à-terre* of our own for trade in the north of China, and a place which from its splendid and open all the winter harbour would not only be a counterpoise to the German possession a little further south at Kow-chow, but might in time become a North China Hong Kong. In a lecture on our naval coaling ports and their garrisons, which I afterwards gave at the United Service Institute, I was able to point out the very great value Wei-hai-wei was to us, and I think it is just possible that my lecture may have been of use in combating the scheme of giving up the place. The territory in our charge was even then self-supporting, and in tussac silk and mineral wealth had a fine future before it. I had in 1860 found rich gold quartz just opposite at Talienwhan, and felt certain it would be found at Wei-hai-wei also. But there was in addition a valuable asset at Wei-hai-wei of which our authorities at home did not know the immense importance, viz., the Chinese Regiment with British officers. That regiment had showed its worth during the Boxer rising, when fighting against its own countrymen. Unfortunately, like a rough diamond which an ignorant man would throw away, the regiment, instead of being made the foundation of a system which might be useful in another '57 in India, was disbanded; really, I was afterwards informed, from the entire ignorance at headquarters of its organisation, power of expanse and proved value.

On arriving at Tokio I could not help being not only amused but also flattered when Captain Brinkley, the 'Times' correspondent, told me that

there had been a scare about me, and that my friends, the Japanese authorities, had been uneasy about a rumour, viz., that I had gone off to the Russians and joined Kuropatkin as one of his principal staff officers. Brinkley said that the authorities had sent to him twice to inquire as to the truth of the report.

I found a crowd of correspondents still at Tokio, several old friends amongst them, all fretting at being kept so long waiting. Arrangements were being made for a conducted tour of the correspondents round the recent battle-fields, but as for allowing them to act as correspondents usually had done and take their chance of a bullet as with us, those permitted to go were hardly allowed to get within sight even of the shooting line. That the Japanese were most unquestionably right in stopping correspondents and so through their letters possibly very important information getting to the enemy, there could be no question, but I felt somehow that I should have been differently treated. Working with the Japanese, I could, with my experience of Intelligence Department work, have been trusted. I said to Brinkley that I would do my utmost for the 'Times,' but could not in my position take any payment for my work. My actual expenses only would be sufficient. The other correspondents heard of this and said I must take payment, or I would otherwise be doing them injury. I was told by one, an old friend, that he was receiving £200 a month and expenses.

I endeavoured to get the Japanese authorities to see things from my point of view, that I had really come out to see soldiers' work again, and could be

relied on with reference to correspondent duties, but I was unsuccessful, and as it was evidently hopeless my remaining, I decided to return to England again *via* America.

I may mention that before leaving Tokio Sir Claude Macdonald decided that there ought to be a K.C.B. lunch, so Sir Claude, Sir William Nicholson, Sir Ian Hamilton, myself, a Japanese admiral and a Japanese general had lunch together as knights of the round table. We were afterwards photographed. Unfortunately, I had no uniform, so had to sit on a chair in the centre, with the Japanese officers sitting on my right and left, and Sir Claude, Nicholson and Ian Hamilton standing in a group behind, all in uniform, with their K.C.B. stars on. Melton Prior, now, alas! with the great majority, got permission to send the photo, really an excellent picture, to the 'Graphic.' By some people at home the seated figure with a straw hat was supposed to be the Mikado.

Having some time to wait for the C.P. steamer to Vancouver, I managed to see a little of Japan, but that country has been described so often that it would be superfluous for me to attempt it. I had a Japanese servant with me who could speak English sufficiently, but somehow I managed often by myself to make the people understand me, although the Japanese words I knew were few and far between. The silkworm breeding in the little farmhouses I entered was particularly interesting. In the principal room of one farm I noticed a small cabinet on the wall. Examining it I saw a little image, a deity or saint, and beside it a photo of a young Japanese officer in uniform. It was the photo of their only

son, killed in action. The family performed their devotions morning and evening before the little cabinet. Could there have been a more touching example of the higher life and hopes.

I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the Rev. Walter Weston, a name to conjure with in Japan with Europeans as well as natives. Had we men like Weston in dealing with the so-called heathen, instead of too many of those uneducated failures whose yarns are so delightful to the dear old ladies of what used to be Exeter Hall meetings, true Christianity would have a chance. One Sunday I was present at a service of the United Churches, all Japanese. No Highland congregation could have been more devout or more earnest, very different from what I saw as regards Mission services in India. On returning to England, I sent some letters to the 'Times' on Missions, which I heard rather horrified my old lady friends, but I trust may have been useful information to them.

Japanese agriculture was particularly interesting, but possibly more so was the system of juvenile education. The little boys and girls on their way to and from school, lively as they were, were in behaviour little ladies and gentlemen. Once I was startled by hearing three little girls as they walked along suddenly begin singing, "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye." This as they walked on they kept repeating—evidently a lesson they were learning—so I added, "Four-and-twenty black-birds baked in a pie." This amused them greatly, and they learned it very fairly. The word "baked" puzzled them, they could only pronounce it "ba-kit," but they doubtless astonished their schoolmistress

when they gave the addition. I was told that these little English nursery rhymes are taught in Japanese children's schools as part of their educational system.

The voyage across the Pacific was uneventful. Not a ship of any description did we see until close to the American coast. Vancouver is certainly a grand country in every way, and ought to be a paradise for men who care for sport and magnificent scenery. From a farmer's point of view, the country we afterwards passed through, viz., Alberta, is perfect as regards soil and climate: cattle can be out all the winter. No wonder the American farmers, now they have heard of it, are swarming over there in their tens of thousands, and this whilst our small hard-working farmers at home are barely making a living.

That the immense American population now pouring into Western Canada and the commercial undertakings now being arranged between Canada and the United States must have an effect in Americanising Canada, it is impossible to doubt. Part of the Empire it will always remain, but also in sympathy with the States. Is it not possible that this may be the beginning of a practical union of all the English-speaking communities of the world. If such does come about, then as an irresistible power and peace preserver might come the time when "the war drum would throb no longer and the battle flags remain unfurled." The words of old Tatnai at the Peiho in 1859 that blood is thicker than water, are as true as ever. In 1882, when we were rather hard pushed at Alexandria, in came at once the American flag-ship, and we and our kinsmen were again shoulder to shoulder, as we had been when they helped all that was left of the crew of the

sinking "Plover" to work the guns until she went down. The determined action of the commander of the British squadron in supporting the American squadron at the Philippines when there would otherwise have been trouble with another nation has not been forgotten, nor the policy of the British Government to prevent European interference during the war with Spain. Say what the authorities may, Commander Sims at the Guildhall spoke rightly and truly when he said what the American navy felt for the old country.

There was nothing special to note with reference to the five days' journey in the train of the C.P.R., except that after it, the warm bath at the hotel at Boston was something to be remembered. From more than one quiet unobtrusive act of attention and kindness, I came to the conclusion that my name was known in the States. I heard only lately, that some enterprising publisher had reprinted "Recollections of Forty Years' Service" on his own account, and that the book was well known. I could not help being pleased with the free and easy, but kindly remark of some minor official, I think belonging to the Customs, who said good-bye to me in the smoking-room of the Cunarder as I left. Patting me on the shoulder, he said, "Good luck to you, General, wherever you go." Luckily only one newspaper noticed my name on the passenger list. I had, however, to undergo a ten minutes' interview with a reporter just as we were leaving the wharf, and I trust satisfied him. The only incident worth remembering on the very comfortable trip—voyage it could hardly be called—in a 14,000 ton steamer, was a telegram being brought

to me to explain something about the Japanese war. On asking where on earth it came from, I was informed it was an aerial message caught on the wire from some steamer apparently about 100 miles or so in a northerly direction. Even at sea now, a quiet time away from shore news and worries is not possible in the new large mail steamers.

With 10,000 ton steamers and the living equal to the best hotel on shore, one hardly feels that one is afloat, so I shall simply refer to my journeys the two following winters to India and South America respectively as trips abroad. Although there was nothing in the sailing line, the information given may be useful. On returning from the last named trip, I gave a lecture at the United Service Institute, simply for the benefit of service men who had interests in South America. The lecture was named "The Argentine Republic and its Neighbours." To my astonishment, a great part of it was wired out to Buenos Ayres, where it gave great satisfaction, all the papers and politicals referring to it, and naming me an "amigo del paie." I afterwards presented the lecture to the Royal Mail Company, when it appeared as a guide-book. The only special personal interest in the trip was that I had a very near escape indeed of Davy Jones' locker in a squall in Rio harbour, all owing to the pig-headed stupidity of a boatman. I just managed before it was too late to attract the attention of a Government torpedo launch, with quick waves of my straw hat. To me, even then, it was a matter of indifference whether I went down or not, but I was very anxious about the three other passengers, two ladies and the husband of one of them.

It is not an uncommon thing with some men to fancy from their apparent recollection of strange places they see for the first time that they have lived before. Such has more than once been my experience. At Buenos Ayres, when with a friend I was going round a grand church full of huge silver candlesticks, crowned virgins and such like, the spirit of former days on the Spanish main seemed suddenly to come over me, and I blurted out, "Lord! what a place this would be to plunder!" My friend was rather startled, and I believe some old ladies in the city were uneasy when they heard of it.

My soldiering experiences during the five years I was in Australia are all fully given in my "Recollections of Forty Years' Service," but not being sailing, are not now referred to, but somehow I naturally drifted, whenever I got a chance, in the direction of the Victorian naval forces, whose flagship, an old sailing line-of-battle ship, the "Nelson" was moored at Williamstown. One of my proudest possessions, next to my "Invincible" cap ribbon, is a splendid photo in a grand frame of the winning team of the naval brigade for my battle firing challenge cup. The picture was presented to me as a token of "esteem and regard." I have also another proud memorial of my service time in Australasia. When federation of all the Australian colonies was accomplished, and a federal army established, the Governor-General, Lord Northcote, wrote to me, saying the Australians wished me to be honorary Colonel of the 5th Australian Regiment, whose headquarters were at Melbourne. Lord Northcote then wrote, on my accepting, to say that a special

order in council had to be passed to give me the rank, and that it had met with universal satisfaction in Australia. Naturally I was more than pleased that the hard taskmaster was so pleasantly remembered. An old and valued friend of Australian days, on my asking if I should send a centre-piece for the regimental mess, said he thought a large photo of their colonel would be better, as there was no established mess, so I sent my portrait, a large one in oils, for their drill-hall. I heard that the regiment was very pleased to have their old general with them again. In return I received a magnificently framed photo of all the officers of the regiment, each a separate portrait. I am indeed proud of the two memorials, which now hang side by side.

Having an engineer son in India making railways, I was one winter, as already mentioned, tempted by his accounts of the big game shooting. Splendid was no name for the sport I had. To my great satisfaction, I found I was still all there with my heavy 577 rifle in snap-shooting in the jungle, or taking long steady shots with a light small-bore at black buck, twice with the 300 yards sight up. Although I had not been in India since the Mutiny days, I still remember enough Hindoostanee to get on with.

When in India, I gave Davy Jones one decided chance. After tracking a slightly wounded panther for about two miles, it took refuge in its cave. I crawled in after it, and managed a quick snapshot at its spine as it was crouched for a spring. I had barely half a second after I distinguished the beast, and then by an extraordinary bit of luck, the concussion of the six drams of black powder brought the

back part of the roof of the cave on to the animal. Its head worked about, but it could not move its body, and then died from the shot. I found afterwards that my bullet had grazed the left side of the spine, and then went through the left hind paw underneath. How men at home, even if they have good pheasant covers, can remain in England if they have friends who can put them on to jungle shooting, is a puzzle to me.

Such a thing as a sailing ship is a rarity now at sea, but I manage occasionally to save enough for the hire of a big sailing yacht for July and August; then life is again worth having. On my last cruise I had a friend with me who as a youngster was on the "Plover" at the Peiho in '59, and had one of the two 24-pounder howitzers in charge. He got off forty-seven rounds before the little gunboat went down. My old friend helped me to work up navigation again. I was ambitious of passing as master of a fore-and-aft, so as to be my own captain of a yacht I was hoping to purchase. When at Plymouth, we saw the old "Calcutta," a ship we had so well known about half a century before in China; she was moored astern, and attached to the Cambridge gunnery ship. We went on board, and then, like two ancient Rip Van Winkles, potted on to the quarter-deck, and looking unhappily at the vacant ports, anxiously asked what they had done with our 32-pounder carronades which used to be there. We afterwards went into the ward-room, and amused all there with yarns of the old ship. Not long afterwards, I heard she was being broken up at Cassel's yard, but I was in time to get two garden benches

made from her perfect teak ribs. On these my ancient friends join me in a quiet pipe when we spin our yarns of days long ago. Alas ! few, very few, of those who began life with me afloat or ashore are now left. Harry Rawson's sudden death lately was a great shock to me. I had first met him as a little naval cadet in 1858 on board that same "Calcutta," just able to lift a 32-pounder round shot up to the muzzle when at gunnery practice on the lower deck. But we trust to meet again in the great hereafter those whom we appreciated in this life ; for without those dear ones we loved on earth it would not be heaven.

Shall we not also recognise those heroes of old who so gloriously died cutlass in hand on an enemy's deck, and our own comrades, who fought to the last against the enemy and starvation in the frozen trenches of the Crimea, of whom it can truly be said that, like the dying Lawrence at Lucknow, they gave their lives trying to do their duty.

